THE BUDGET

OF

THE BUBBLE FAMILY.

"Frangas non Flectas."

"The business of mankind is strangely trifling and transient. Things are so hollow, and so quickly hurried off, that the world looks somewhat like a scene of necromancy, and seems to be more apparition than real life."—*Meditations of the* EMPEROR MARCUS ANTONINUS.

"Ridendo dicere Verum."—HORAT.

"Bubble! bubble! toil and trouble."—MACBETH.



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BY

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"How strange that a day, nay, an hour, a minute, may bring us acquainted with one that shall be knit with our future destinies, yet of whose very existence we were ignorant the preceding hour."—FRANCIS FLOWERDALE.

"It is not the hunger which interests us, but the distress which that hunger occasions."—ADAM SMITH.

A WALK BEFORE BREAKFAST.—SEEDS, FROM WHICH SPRING CHARITY.—ONE MYSTERY SOLVED, ANOTHER BEGUN.—CECIL AND THERESA MEET—NOT IN A CROWD.

LOVE's creed is an Athenian one, that peoples the world with deities; the object of his choice being the great Jupiter, that inhabits the region of the heart; Jealousy the Neptune, that lashes into storms the restless ocean of thought; Fear and Incertitude, the watchful Nereides that haunt the mysterious streams of imagination; and Hope, the mighty Dis, that rules over the vast and undiscovered future: while not a hue, a tint, a sound, an echo, of this visible and material world; not a blush upon the flower, a

shade upon the forest, a ripple upon the wave, the murmured secrets of the winds and the trees, the vigils of the stars, or the gushings of the fountain, but what become the voices and the omens of the tutelary divinities on his self-elected altars; till the mythology of the heart, like that of the Greeks, multiplies its creation beyond the power of the wide Pantheon of imagination to contain its images. Yet, among this plurality of gods common to both, what is wanting to each? Reality. This craving for the real it was which made the Athenians, amid their myriads of imaginary divinities, still erect another altar, "To THE UNKNOWN GOD;" this craving for the real it is, that makes all who love cling to the present; and it was this feeling which made Cecil shrink from communicating with Lord John on the subject of his marriage with Theresa; for he felt that so doing might end that present, which, in their scale of happiness, was all that they could call their own. Differing, too, as he did from him, not only in politics but in most things, he scarcely knew what even to ask, much less to hope, from him; besides, in order to deal with a man, you must know his temper, by which you can lead him—or his ends, by which you can persuade him—or his friends, by whom you can govern him; but Lord John was a combina-

tion of negatives. He had no temper, or if he had, it was of so stagnant and sluggish a nature, that it was difficult to know of what properties it consisted; for his ends, they were equally inscrutable; as ambition had been "thrust upon him," and was therefore neither the bit that he champed, nor the spur that urged him onward: and as for friends, even the members of his party had never shackled themselves with so empty a name.

Among the mass of mankind all are idolaters: some of interest (and these are the most numerous); some of fame; some of power; some of wealth, which is power, for it matters little what may be the virtue, knowledge, and integrity of one man,—or the profligacy, villainy, and hypocrisy of another,—let but poverty cast a shadow over the former, and wealth a halo around the latter, society is ever ready to turn its back on the one, and open its arms to the other. Some few worship Love; some fewer Wisdom,—or what they deem such; for there is a mysterious circle in the economy of human affairs, which, after the most laborious and extended researches of philosophy, the deepest and most careful excavations of science, forces wisdom to content itself, or, at least, to sit down with so large a portion of negative knowledge, that it

meets ignorance half-way, by still taking refuge in doubt; and never shows itself greater, than when it prudently submits to taking things as it finds them. There are also human as well as animal sloths, and Indolence is the ignoble deity at whose shrine they worship. Thus, then, nearly all men have their idolatry; the art of governing them consists in finding out the idol. This is the master-key to the heart. But if men have neither idols nor hearts, as does sometimes, though rarely, happen, then does the management of them become almost an impossibility, as the ordinary laws of nature are not only to be waved but surmounted. In their case, it is a common error to suppose, that the human nature of the mass must necessarily be the human nature of all; and this arguing from analogy it is that has afforded protection and impunity to some of the most iniquitous characters of all ages. The strength, depth, and undying nature of maternal love has passed into a proverb; and yet more persons than Savage, the poet, have had unnatural mothers; while those of China sacrifice their female children without hesitation or remorse, merely because it is not geographically criminal to do so. So much for the universality of maternal affection. There is no error more common nor more fatal, than confounding

knowledge of human nature with knowledge of the world; they are two separate and distinct things. As well might we conclude, that because a man was a first-rate husbandman, and could interpret every shade in the earth or heavens as connected with his calling, that he must of necessity be an equally skilful architect or coachmaker. A Savage might be a profound adept in human nature, and guage to a nicety the ebb and flow of every separate passion, and yet on his first entré into civilized life might be duped and cajoled at every turn, which would be no proof of folly, as what is called knowledge of the world can only be acquired in the world, and by an intercourse with the very worst portion of it.

Cardinal De Retz's answer to his secretary, Joly, when the latter remonstrated with him upon his misconduct, evinced great knowledge of the world. "What you say is all perfectly true," said his eminence, "and I am as well aware of it as you are; but you'll never get the world to believe it, and in that is my security." The world is always for referring every thing to the 'vraisemblable,' and therefore judge the motives of men's actions by this test, forgetting that 'nullum simile quod idem est,' and that consequently nothing is often more unlike truth than truth itself. But to return; with reference

to idols, Lord John was one of the few exceptions that prove the rule. He had no idol, or if he had, Propriety was his divinity; and Cecil was well aware, that her starch and buckram attributes could not receive a greater violation in his lordship's eyes, than for any one to propose making him a party concerned; in fact, an aider and abettor, in a matrimonial alliance, not based upon what the world, and therefore himself (which, as he justly considered, formed a most important part of it) thought suitable prospects. Fully imbued with this conviction, Howard encouraged himself in putting off the evil day, and secured present happiness by ministering to, or anticipating every little wish of Theresa's. What a mistake is it to say, that time that passes happily passes quickly: it is the dull, monotonous, unloved, unloving life, that seems, at the end of each succeeding year, as though it had all been run into one long tedious day; whereas, in the chronology of the heart, every pulsation is an epoch, marked by a victory or a gala; and in a single day of actual time, we often live a century of positive life.

Theresa had been wishing to obtain some hibiscus, or musk-plant seeds, of a particular sort; but there being thirty-six different species, Cecil thought the best way of procuring

what she wanted would be to get them all. For which purpose he set off to Shrewsbury one morning early, before breakfast; and after going to every seed-shop in the town, had secured every kind but two, which he had been recommended to seek at a nursery garden at the back of the suburbs. The morning was intensely cold, but as the sun was bright, and the air dry, this prolongation of his walk was rather pleasant than otherwise. As he was passing through a narrow, gloomy lane, his attention was arrested by the loud sobbing of a child, that issued from a small baker's shop, accompanied by the broken, but determined asseveration of—

"No, I ne—ne—never will eat parish bread; I'd starve first."

"Aye, and better starve, too," rejoined a shrill adult voice, "Miss Carlton, than your father should cram you with such unbefitting pride, when he's nothing else to give you, and can't pay honest folks their due."

"He has paid you honestly always," sobbed the first speaker, "till my poor mother's—" Here the child burst into such a paroxysm of tears, that the remainder of the sentence was inaudible.

Under the pretext of enquiring his way, Cecil entered the shop.

Charles Lamb has truly and touchingly remarked, that common people's children "are dragged up, not brought up." There is a precocity—not, indeed, of intellect, but of prudence and worldly wisdom—in them, that is truly painful. Care has usurped the empire of carelessness, that legitimate monarch of a child's being, and, like all usurpers, has, in the vehemence of his achievements, anticipated the slow march of Time. Life itself, which among the children of the rich is an exuberant overflowing, that, lavish it as they may, still seems inexhaustible, among those of the poor is a lean phantom, grasped at with pain, and maintained with a struggle; in short, they know nothing of youth but its feebleness and its wailing; its bloom and its buoyancy being, like every other luxury, beyond their reach. To me the most painful sight in this world is a poor, that is, a destitute child. Whatever misery a grown person may be plunged into, a thousand suppositions are left for its palliation: they may once have been well off, or they may have been the artificers of their own ruin, and they may live to see better days; but children—they can have done nothing to deserve that the one blessing, unmortgaged at the fall, the carelessness of youth, should be taken from them.

The little girl that now stood before Cecil, though bearing every outward mark of poverty, and shivering from the intense cold of the morning, and the scantiness of her clothing (which consisted of a threadbare brown-stuff frock, and a thin, ragged, black silk handkerchief, pinned like a shawl over her shoulders), yet bore evident marks of gentler birth than her present position seemed to warrant. Her features were beautiful, though disfigured by an expression of care and famine that was truly appalling: though apparently not more than eight or nine years old, the lines in her face were strong, as though the marks of tears so prematurely shed would not be effaced; her lips were full and beautifully chiselled, and looked as if they would have been red, had they ever known the sunshine of a smile; her eyes were large and dark, with such an expression of intense watchfulness, that she actually appeared to listen with them; the only part of her person that seemed to have received much attention was her hair, which was rich, dark, and glossy, and plainly twisted up with a comb. She shrunk back upon Cecil's entrance, while the woman to whom she had been speaking,—a large, coarse, zoneless female, with a fat white face, rendered still whiter by flour; light eyes, with red rims; a linen cap, half at the

back of her head, displaying well floured hair, that might have been any colour; her bare arms a-kimbo; a short blue bed-gown; a blue apron, also well floured, and turned over under one hand; black worsted stockings, and slip-shod shoes,—advanced, and, changing the bullying tone she had used to the child into one of obsequious civility to Cecil, said,

"What may you please to want, sir?"

"Can you tell me?' said he, keeping his eyes all the time on the little girl, "which is the way to Wilmot's nursery garden?"

"Take the first turning on your right, sir," replied the woman, pointing through the shop window, "and go straight along Mile Lane, till you comes to Fine's brewery, and then turn down Frier Street; but, dear heart, sir," added she, wiping some of the superfluous flour off her arms, "I'll go a bit of the way with you."

"By no means, thank you," said Cecil; "at all events, attend to this little girl first, and give her whatever she wants."

"Lor! love ee, sir!" cried the Fornarina, with a contemptuous smile, that would have been a frown to anything less than a gentleman, "if I were to give she what she want, I'd have enough to do; it would be a thriving trade to make, and bake, and then give away the bread

for nothing. Why, sir, her father do owe me a sight of money already, and it's a chance if ever I see a fardin of it, for he be only one of them stage-playing people, that's never no good, and his wife went and died a-Friday: she was a very good, quiet, 'dustrious sort of woman, and did pay when she could; but now she's not there to take in work, I don't suppose as I ever shall set eyes on my money. There's no use in your crying and bellowing in that way," continued she, turning to the poor child, "as I was a-telling you afore this gentleman comed in, parish bread is much the wholesomest for your complaint."

Disgusted at the unfeeling brutality of the woman, and pitying the deep affliction of the poor child, Cecil turned to the former, and said, "And how much does this poor man owe you?"

"Lor! sir, a matter of five-and-twenty shillings, all within the last fortnight; for latterly, nothing would serve them but they must have dainties—chickens, and such like, as I have been ordered to bring for 'em."

"You know it was for my poor mother, who was dying," sobbed the child, convulsively.

"There are your five-and-twenty shillings," said Cecil, indignantly flinging down two sovereigns; "and now go out and buy more chickens

with the rest of the money; you ought to be ashamed of such inhumanity to your fellow-creatures; how should you like to be so treated yourself?"

"Lor! sir, very well; for I'm sure if I owed money, it would be long enough afore I'd find gentlefolks ready to come and pay it; though, thank goodness, I don't owe a farden, nor James Sutton, my usban', though we have rent and taxes to pay, and work hard from morning to night; but, then, to be sure, we don't set up for gentility," concluded Mrs. Sutton, flinging a look at the poor child, as she made her exit.

"What is your name, my good little girl?" asked Cecil, patting the child's cheek kindly.

"Blanche—Blanche Carlton," replied she, in a low voice.

"Blanche is a pretty name."

"It is a pretty name, for it was my mother's," and here the little girl again burst into tears.

"Where do you live, my poor child?" said Cecil; "perhaps I may be of some use to you."

"I live here in this house, at the very top."

"Well, let me go up-stairs with you?" urged Cecil.

"Thank you; but—but my father is out," hesitated the child.

"And is there no one at home?" said Cecil,

at a loss what to say, and not liking to press the little girl against her will.

"No one," replied she, in a broken and hollow voice, "but my mother and brother."

"Then it was not this child's mother that that unfeeling woman mentioned as having died on Friday," thought Cecil, as he added aloud, "And will they be angry at my going up-stairs with you?"

"They will never be angry at anything again," said the child, in a calmer voice than that in which she had yet spoken, "they are dead!"

A shudder came over Cecil as he took the little girl's small shadowy hand, and thought how soon she might join her dead mother and brother.

"Poor child!" cried he, "take me into some room up-stairs, and tell me what I can do for you."

"You cannot bring my mother and little Henry back again, can you, sir?" said the child, clasping her hands, and looking imploringly, yet half doubtingly, up in Cecil's face through her tears.

"No, my poor child, I cannot," replied he, brushing away his own, "if God has taken them; but I may be able to do something for you."

"I wonder when God will take me?" sighed the child, burying her face in her hands, as she leant her head against the wall.

"You were getting bread for your breakfast," said Cecil, offering her a roll to divert her attention, "when I came in, and interrupted you."

"No, no, not for my breakfast; there is something in my throat that chokes me, and I cannot eat; I was trying to get some for my father's against he came home; but I've no money, and she would not trust me."

"Poor child, I will trust you; you shall have bread, only take me up-stairs with you."

"I wish I might love you," said the little girl, timidly placing her hands on Cecil's arm.

"And so you may; but why?"

"Because you speak so kindly to me, and call me 'poor child;' and my mother used to speak kindly to me, and call me poor child often. Oh, so often at night, when she thought I was asleep; but now it's four whole days since she has spoken, and my father says she'll never speak again, for she's a great way off with God."

"Then she is happy," said Cecil, quite overcome with the child's words.

"God won't be angry with her, then, because

she can't eat, will he?" asked the child, almost in a whisper.

"Angry!—no—but I don't understand; what do you mean?"

"Why, God is our father, you know, and—and my father used to be so angry when he had sold something, or been a great way to get things for my mother, and that she could not eat them when they came; but now he cries, and is so sorry about it, that I don't think he'd ever scold her again if she'd come back."

Luckily for Cecil, Mrs. Sutton now returned, which saved him the necessity of making any reply, as he felt the same choking in his throat of which the child had complained. No sooner had the baker's wife made her appearance, than the little girl turned into the narrow passage off the shop, and proceeded up-stairs, whither Cecil followed her as soon as he had told Mrs. Sutton to roast the chickens, and get a bottle of wine. At the end of the fourth flight of the narrow, dark, creaking, sanded stairs, the little girl stopped, and, by the feeble light that issued from three panes of greenish bull's-eyed glass in the roof, looked even paler than she had done below stairs. She took a key from her bosom, and gently unlocked the door, as though she was afraid of disturbing some one within.

"Tread as lightly as you can, although they cannot hear you," said she, turning to Cecil, and speaking under her breath, as he followed her into the room.

The shutters were closed, but the light that streamed through a round hole at top of one of them, displayed a largish, desolate-looking room, the lower end of which was partitioned off by a blue and white check curtain. On a small narrow chimney-piece, stood two empty medicine bottles, an old silver thimble, a pair of scissors, and a reel of cotton. On each side of the chimney-piece the yellow-washed wall projected; from one buttress of which, from a rusty nail, hung a dilapidated pair of bellows, one of the handles being burnt off; while from the other was suspended a very rusty tin rushlight box. On the right side of the mantel-piece, on a small square sofa, without a cover, and the horse-hair appearing at different openings, lay a scarlet theatrical cloak, a hat and feather, and a pair of gauntlets; while under it were two basket-hilted rapiers, and a pair of very thick dusty old shoes. Over the sofa hung a piece of deal, suspended by pieces of rope, for a book-case, on which was placed a small old edition of Shakspeare; an odd volume of Ben Jonson; an incomplete edition of Beaumont and Fletcher; "The Diary and

Thoughts of Richard Tarlton, with an account of the right merrie laughs her highness vouchesafed to his humbel endeavour to pleasure her," supposed to be authentic, and reprinted from 1665; "Adam Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments;" three odd volumes of "The Parliamentary, or Constitutional History of England, from the earliest times to the Restoration of Charles the Second;" "Tom Jones;" an old volume of plays, containing, "The Married Philosopher," "Vanetia," "Love and Ambition," "The Modish Couple," "Athelwold," and "The Modern Husband;" which, with Bentivoglio's Letters," and "The Prophecies of Michael Nostradamus, Physician to Henry the Second and Charles the Ninth of France," completed the collection. In the narrow grate were a few cold embers, or rather ashes, that looked as if they had been extinguished for several days. In a dark corner of the room, opposite the fireplace, under another projecting wall, stood a narrow low bedstead, without curtains; the whole bedding of which consisted of a mattrass and a small stable rug; beside it was a small square rickety deal table, with a cracked white washhand bason and jug; an old bible, a comb, and brush; the remnant of a sponge, a small square looking-glass, one half broken, and a piece of brown

paper appearing from the back: another deal table, rather larger, before the sofa, with a leaden inkstand on it, two or three old pens, and a slate; with two rush-bottom chairs, much broken; a shelf, containing three cups and saucers, four plates, a tea-pot, two saucepans, and a kettle; constituted the whole of the furniture of this miserable apartment.

As Cecil followed the little girl into the room, the sun-light, that came through the aperture in the shutter, forcing itself through a medium of moats and dust, enabled him to perceive two fiery eyes glare from the head of the narrow bed in the corner of the room, which presently advanced towards the child, accompanied by a plaintive howl.

"Poor Cato!" said she, taking a large cat in her arms, "you'll have to starve too; for even the good young lady never comes near us now."

"Cato!—young lady!" repeated Cecil. "My good little girl, where did you get that cat?"

"A beautiful lady, who used to be so good to us, and so kind to my poor mother," replied the child, still speaking in a whisper, "brought it here, and gave us so much a-week to feed the cat; but a great deal more than it could eat."

"And is not the lady good to you any longer," asked Cecil, "that you say she used to be good to you?"

"Oh, yes, she is good to us again, for it was only last night she sent my father money; but he is gone to buy a coffin for my mother and little Henry with it all," said the child, bursting into fresh tears.

"Poor child; but has not the lady been to see you lately?" resumed Cecil, in the hope of turning her thoughts into another channel.

"No," sobbed the little girl; "poor lady, she caught the small pox the last time she came to see my mother, when my little brother was born. I'm glad she did not die too; it was enough for it to kill them."

"But you have a father, have you not, my poor child?" asked Cecil, not knowing well what to say.

"Ye—ye—yes; but he's not my mother," said the child, crying still more convulsively than before.

"Well, but I'm sure he must be very fond of such a good little girl as you appear to be."

"Yes, he is fond of me when he has time; but my mother never was too busy to love me, and I could help her in all she did, and I can't help my father; so when he reads or writes he often tells me to go away. I used to go to my mother, but now I shall have no one to go to," and the child sat down on the narrow bed, and covered her face with her hands.

" Have you no water up here?" said Cecil, fearing she would cry herself into hysterics.

" Water—oh, yes; that reminds me—" and she rose and, taking the broken water-jug, walked to the window, and opened a bit of the shutter. On the floor beneath stood a flower-pot, with a shrub of some sort, but so withered that it was impossible to discover what, which she began to water assiduously.

" I fear that is past the power of water, or even sunshine to revive," said Cecil; " but I'll bring you a fresh one, if you'll tell me what it is."

" Ah, sir, I don't want a fresh one, for I'll never part with this although it is dead. It was such a sweet rose geranium; my mother planted it herself. I well remember, it was of a summer's evening, we had not been out for a long, long time; she walked into the country, and took me with her, and when we were a great way off, we stopped to look at a pretty garden—oh! so large, and filled with flowers; my mother cried, and said she had once had a garden like it. A good-natured little girl, who was walking in it, gave us some flowers, which we brought home, and my mother planted this geranium, and used to watch it, and be so fond of it, for she said it reminded her of home, and made her feel young;

and I loved it too, for it was the only green thing we ever saw. But when my mother got ill, it was neglected, and it died even before she did; but perhaps it is gone to heaven with her, and nothing ever dies there. Oh, sir, if I am very—very—very good, do you think God will take me soon? for I cannot bear being here alone."

"I am sure," said Cecil, much affected, "that if you are good God will take care of you as he does of all; but you are young, and—"

"Ah, my mother used to say I was young, but I don't think I can be, for she said when she was young she was happy, and other children that I see in the streets seem happy, but I never was."

"I think you would be better in another room," said Cecil, attempting to lead her to the door.

"We have no other room," sobbed the child, "and if we had, I'd not leave my mother and brother while they are here."

"Here!—where?" asked he, with a slight shudder at the solemnity of the child's look and voice; who made no other reply to this interrogation, than by walking slowly to the other end of the room, and withdrawing the before-mentioned check curtain, which discovered, on a

miserable looking bed, the dead bodies of a woman and an infant, whose faces were covered with a white cambric handkerchief.

"Do not look," said the child, in a hollow whisper, gently raising the handkerchief, "you would not like to see their poor changed faces; but I remember them so pretty, I do not mind their being ugly now," and so saying, she was about to fling her arms round the two loathsome looking corses before her, when Cecil dragged her forcibly back. "No! no! you sha—" shrieked the child, and sank senseless on the floor.

"Poor wretched little being," said he, as he raised her, and carried her down stairs.

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Mrs. Sutton had all of a sudden become wonderously tender-hearted, and in reply to Cecil's query, "if she had not another room where he could take the poor child to, out of the infected atmosphere of that miserable garret?" she got much nearer the ground in a downward movement that she intended for a curtsey, as she replied:—

"Lor ah, sure sir, there be the 'partments on the first flure, as I could put her in, but I do ask a guinea a week for un, and I ave had as

much as five-and-twenty shillings, but I don't mind letting they have 'un for a trifle (if so be as I don't get a let), till such time as the poor ooman is buried."

"Let me see the rooms," said Cecil, again taking the insensible child in his arms, without even alluding to Mrs. Sutton's excessive magnanimity and generosity, in driving as hard a bargain as the exigence of the business and the shortness of the notice would allow.

"Martha!" screamed Mrs. Sutton, to a slipshod handmaiden, who was dividing her attention between half-quarterns and half-pence in the shop, "Martha! the key of the first-flure 'partments;" and Martha took a key from off a hook, and threw it with such dexterity and address, that instead of breaking any of the panes of the glass door, that divided the shop from the back parlour (by the bye, this has always struck me as a most superfluous distinction, where the primogeniture of a front parlour is merged in a shop), it lighted in the very centre of Mrs. Sutton's ample bust.

"This way, sir, please," said the latter, as she waddled up the narrow sanded stairs before Cecil, and with no small degree of pride, unlocked, and flung open the door of the "first-flure 'partments," which displayed the following luxuries,

heightened by a subdued perfume, at once horticultural and zoological, or in common parlance of apples and cats. A small three-windowed square room, painfully clean as far as paper and paint went,—that is, a buff paper, with alternate pink and blue pyramids on it, and a light blue surface picked out with white,—a Scotch carpet, of very brilliant orange, green, and scarlet geometrical flowers; six mock rosewood cane-bottomed chairs, ranged three and three, ogling each other from the opposite walls; scarlet moreen window curtains, trimmed with a strip of black-cotton velvet, a piece of straight moreen by way of drapery, drawn across the top, with four distinct and separate black-velvet Vandykes, after the fashion of dame Quickly's petticoat; a very small short sofa, much resembling a slipper bath, also covered with red moreen, and surmounted by a very small convex looking-glass, upheld by a gilt crow and three gilt balls; opposite was the chimney-piece, which like the French painter's Helen, that could not be made handsome, was at least made fine, for in the centre was a small glittering basket, that looked like azure sugar candy, or a sample of the blue grotto at Capri; on one side of it was an inoffensive gentleman, composed entirely of small shells, with a Bolivar hat; on the other, a lady,

(probably his wife, or a maiden aunt, by the indifference he manifested towards her), of the same material; the rest of the mantel-piece was taken up with egg-shells charmingly painted, with panoramic fragments of the metropolis. Such as Langham Church and half a tree, or Paradise-row and the residue of an omnibus. Over the mantel-piece was about a yard of looking-glass in length, and half a yard in breadth, in a gilt frame, elegantly bordered with black fluted wood, and hung slantingly, so as to reflect all the beauties of the room. Surmounting the looking-glass, was a portrait in oils of Mrs. Sutton, as she was in the habit of appearing on a Sunday; that is to say, in a black silk dress, the body of which was elaborately braided in whirligigs of satin pipings; a large gold chain, and equally large watch graced her neck, and decorated her left side, while on her head was a cap of very stiff tulle, with a mirage of rampant mock blonde, and different coloured flowers round it; at either side of her forehead were miniature sausages of hair: in the foreground of the picture was a round three-legged tea-table, upon which was placed a red tray, two Indian China cups and saucers, a silver tea pot, and a plate of muffins! In Mrs. Sutton's fat red right-hand she held a tea-cup, half way to her

lips, with her little finger extended, doubtless pointing at Mr. Sutton, whom it might be presumed would in reality have been at the opposite side of the table; while in her left hand, the wrist of which rested on the edge of the tea-tray, she held by the stem, between her finger and thumb, a large cabbage rose, which from a peculiar shade given by the skill of the artist, she actually appeared to twirl. On the opposite wall hung another picture, of Mr. Sutton, in a bright blue coat, gilt buttons, drab 'vade mecums' and gaiters, sitting before another three-legged round table, with a black tray and black bottle, supported by a large tumbler, half full of an amber-coloured fluid with a spoon in it, and seconded by a stone jug with a fox hunt on it, from which, with a little grey and white paint, issued an admirable diorama of steam, rising majestically from behind a bason piled with lumps of white sugar; the thumb of Mr. Sutton's left roosted in the arm-hole of his buff waistcoat; in his right was a newspaper, upon which however he did not seem to bestow much attention, for though his straight black hair was combed smoothly down over his low forehead, nearly hiding his small black eyes (which gave him a look of unfathomable dullness, well befitting a politician), yet his ruddy face, high cheek bones,

fine display of teeth and gums, owing to a facetious smile, that caused his mouth to turn the corner, gave to his whole physiognomy a taint of condescension, that seemed, as he leered at Mrs. Sutton, in the opposite frame, to denounce all politics beyond those of the home department. Before the empty bars of the grate, were three perpendicular brass fire irons, polished as Lord Chesterfield but awkward as his son. On one side of the fire-place hung a toasting fork and a pair of bellows, on the other a hearth brush and a kettle holder, representing a kettle on a blazing fire, beautifully executed in orange and slate-coloured worsted in cross stitch; while in a small recess a little farther on, was a card table, upon which stood what Mrs. Sutton called a "tea-caddy," namely, a small square satinwood box, lined with red morocco paper and lead within, and divided into two compartments, while on the lid without, a large shell was represented, by sundry narrow slips of inlaid white wood. A door opened from this charming saloon into a small bedroom, containing a tent bedstead with what had once been yellow curtains, with a fine flowing pattern of green geranium leaves over them, but which now, from sundry unskilful ablutions, much resembled badly boiled vegetable marrow, or 'aubergine,' the new French

vegetable; a bamboo wash-hand stand, three ditto chairs, and a high walnut-tree chest of drawers, completed the furniture of this apartment; while beyond it was a still smaller dormitory, containing a turn-up bedstead, wash-hand bason, table and chair.

Having laid the child gently on the uninviting red moreen sofa, and surveyed the beauties of the locale, Cecil turned to Mrs. Sutton, offering her fifteen shillings a week for all he surveyed, which after some few objections and remonstrances on the part of that lady, she was graciously pleased to agree to: whereupon Mr. Howard farther stipulated that Mrs. Sutton should instantly light a fire and lay the cloth, and then bring down the few books and other things belonging to the occupant of the garret; all of which orders were executed with such alacrity, that in less than a quarter of an hour these new arrangements were completed, and Cato purring by a bright fire, the withered geranium in the window to catch the rays of the morning sun, and the key of the deserted attic upon the chimney-piece, while Cecil, with the aid of a little fresh air and some wine and water, had succeeded in reviving the little girl.

"I wish," said the child, rubbing her eyes and looking at the fire, "that we had such a

nice room when we were awake, and yet I've had a horrid dream too."

"You are awake," replied Cecil kindly, "and this is your room, and you are not to be unhappy any more."

"What then, am I in heaven?" asked she, "but where is my mother? where is my brother?"

Before Cecil could make any answer, the door opened, and Mrs. Sutton, at the top of her voice was heard exclaiming, "This way Mr. Carlton, this way, ma'am, if you please, you've no 'casion to go any furder, for a gentleman have tookt the first flure 'partments for Mr. Carlton, not half an hour ago, and all his things is moved in quite comfortable." So saying, she flung open the door, and Miss Manners entered.

"Cecil!"

"Theresa!"

"How did you find out?—how did you know?"

"I have found out nothing—I know nothing, but that you take walks before breakfast without me," said Cecil, half jestingly, half reproachfully. But a second person had entered the room with Theresa, and sunk into a chair, from whence proceeded such a convulsive sob, that Cecil turned round, and beheld the little girl clinging

to the identical man in black who had occasioned him such uneasiness, by giving a note to Theresa at the Talbot, about two months before.

" Father, do look up," said the child, imploringly. " See, here is a good, kind gentleman, as good as the pretty lady, who has brought us to this nice warm room."

" Thank you, dear Cecil," whispered Theresa, as she pressed his hand, in gratitude for his kindness to the two unfortunate beings before them.

" What!" said the man, staring wildly at Cecil, " is there another human creature with a heart?—then is the world coming to an end."

" You appear exhausted," said Cecil, " and will be the better for some refreshment, which I have ordered, and by-and-bye you will perhaps tell me how I can serve you."

" I ought to be, I am grateful to you," said the man, leaning his head upon his hand, " but I am too miserable to show it, for gratitude is a luxury. As for you," continued he, turning to Theresa, " you are an angel, therefore never marry unless you marry wealth; for poverty is a sorcerer, that converts love into a demon, which devastates earth to people heaven. Ha! ha! ha! it's a brave trade when famine makes angels." And as the maniac-laugh rattled in the

wretched man's throat, Cecil and Theresa exchanged looks, while the child stole round and whispered Howard—

"Oh, sir, don't let him laugh so; you don't know how dreadful it is when he begins."

"Try and calm him, dearest," said he to Theresa, "and I will go for some advice."

He soon returned with a doctor, who, from his description, brought a composing draught with him, which they had some difficulty in getting the unhappy man to swallow; after which, the medical man prescribed food as the best restorative he could have. When Mrs. Sutton brought up the roast chickens Cecil had ordered, they had much trouble in prevailing on him to taste them; but no sooner had he done so, than the inordinate cravings of long accumulated hunger made his voracity quite alarming.

"Stop," said Cecil, "you had better take a little wine before you eat any more; and now," added he, as soon as the man had complied with his request, "I should like to know what I can do for you, as it is getting late, and I fear we must go."

Carlton looked first at Cecil, and then at Theresa, with a scrutinizing, but much more sane and collected look than he had yet assumed, as though the ignoble body once satisfied, could

reduce the noble mind to subordination and docility, and then said, as if in answer to his own thoughts,—

"I may be right, or I may be wrong in my conjecture, but, at all events, you shall have the benefit of my history;" and having put his arm round her neck, and drawn his child towards him, he related, as soon as the doctor had taken his departure, what will be found in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

THE STORY OF CARLTON.

"For I full many a dream had wove,
Such dreams as cheat the hopes of youth,
Of meeting souls, that meet to love;
Unchanging love! undying truth!
What have I reap'd?"—KENYON.

"He says he'll keep his honesty;
What will he do with it? go beg with it?
For in this age 'tis of no other use,
But like a beggar's child to move compassion;
Yet never gains the half it costs in keeping,
For all men will suspect it for a bastard."
ROWLEY'S *Noble Spanish Soldier.*

"As generous a passion as love is accounted," commenced the stranger, "it will on due examination be found tolerably selfish. Love it was that caused me to make one human being miserable. Love it is that from the recollection of having done so, will make me hate myself for the remainder of my wretched life. I was not always the poor attenuated outcast you now behold, dependant upon charity—which, till lately, I never met—for food to prolong the misery of existence. The younger son of an ancient, and not undistinguished family, the halo of my

father's wealth gilt all my attributes, physical and intellectual, into the world's admiration. Although a younger brother, my connexions were so powerful, and my prospects so bright, that I was not beneath the notice of the most worldly mothers in the kingdom, especially after they had found my two elder brothers unattainable. Like most very young men, my ambition, if I had any, was more to 'briller' in society than to attain a solid fame. Notwithstanding that at all the debating societies, both at Cambridge and in the metropolis, I had been voted a second Cicero, still oratory had only charms for my own sex; and my aim being to attract the other, I assiduously cultivated my musical talents, which my friends pronounced equal, if not superior, to Mozart's. The consequence was, that at the end of six months I produced an opera: four rehearsals were to be given at my mother's, and all London manœuvred for invitations. The people, who could get no farther than the hall, pronounced it wonderful! exquisite! divine! and having some knowledge of the then lessee of the opera, I had the satisfaction, in almost three weeks after its first production in Grosvenor Square, of seeing placarded: 'The new grand opera of Clodius, by a gentleman of fashion and extraordinary

musical talents, will be brought out on Saturday next, with splendid scenery and decorations.' This announcement was also heralded forth in every newspaper by a legion of the most subtle and zephyr-like puffs.

"The subject I had chosen for an opera was the celebration of the mysterious rites of 'The Good Goddess,' among the women of ancient Rome, at which it was death by the law for any man to be present. The plot was Clodius braving the penalty, by going disguised as a singing girl to meet Pompeia, Cæsar's wife, whose passion for him being suspected, she was never allowed an opportunity of meeting him elsewhere. The first act merely represented the preparations for the rites, and the female slaves, going their rounds to ascertain, by a strict scrutiny, into every crevice, that no male animal profaned with its presence the mysteries of the goddess, which business was chiefly carried on through the medium of choruses. The second act opened with Pompeia's slave watching for, and meeting the fair-haired Clodius disguised as a singing girl. And, after a duet or two, exiting to acquaint her mistress, who instantly comes to him, when much love is sung between them, till Clodius is alarmed by the approach of the priestesses from the other end of the gallery, and wishes to escape. But Pompeia still clings

to him, till the lamps of the vestals actually flash upon them, when he makes a precipitate retreat behind a pillar, and Pompeia joins in the rites and passes on. The next scene discovers Clodius avoiding the light, and wandering through the darkest rooms, till met by a slave, who, taking him to be really what he appeared, importunes him to sing, which he no sooner does than his voice betrays his sex. At the sound of which the lamp falls from the hand of the young slave, who shrieks and flies from him. The alarm being instantly given, he is surrounded and captured; and though in the middle of the night, the matrons precipitately disperse, to impart the horrible tidings to their husbands, first throwing a veil over the sacred mysteries. The last act is Clodius before the judges, who, though eager to condemn so sacrilegious a mortal, yet, as the populace declare for him, are obliged to acquit him,*

* Cicero, on the contrary, speaking of the acquittal of Clodius, in a letter to Atticus, says that he was acquitted by the influence of Crassus; and expresses himself as follows:—"In two days he completed the affair, by the means of one slave, a gladiator. He sent for him, and by promises, wheedling, and large gifts, he gained his point. Good God! to what an infamous height has corruption at length arrived!" He then enters into the minutiæ of other and more disgraceful influences, by which judges were tampered with, and justice made unattainable; and yet old ladies of both sexes insist upon it, that the world is worse than ever it was! 'Credat Judæus.'

when he is borne home in triumph past the Forum, where groups of senators are discussing the matter. I am thus minute in my details of this opera, because its representation gave the impetus that turned the cast of the die which decided my fate. I was witnessing the representation from a stall near a pit-box, when the shriek that the slave gives on the stage at discovering Clodius, was echoed from behind me. I turned and beheld one of the most beautiful faces I had ever seen, reclining in a fainting-fit on the shoulder of an elderly gentleman. I raised my glass, and in the gentleman, recognized a 'ci-devant' private tutor of mine, of the name of Nugent. I had never liked the man, for he was pompous, worldly, and encroaching, and had looked much more after my father's livings, than my Latin. Nevertheless, I was now seized with an unaccountable desire to shake hands with him, and lost no time in repairing to his box. I found him in the anti-room, seated on a sofa, with the young lady who was partially recovered from her swoon.

" 'Carlton,' said he, 'I'm delighted to see you, and congratulate you most sincerely on the brilliant success of your splendid opera. This must be a proud night for your father! I always knew that you had gigantic talents; but I had no conception that—'

"'I fear,' cried I, interrupting him in the middle of his fulsome harangue, that the heat has quite overpowered this lady.—Can I be of any use in getting her anything?'

"'Oh by the bye—I believe you do not know my youngest daughter, for she was at school when you were with us,' said Nugent, 'but she knows you thoroughly by report. Blanche, my dear, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Carlton, whom you have often heard your mother and I talk of as the most promising young man of the present day.'

"'Mr. Cobham you mean, papa,' said the young lady.

"'No, my dear,' frowned her father,—'Mr. Carlton. You have a bad memory for names.' Mr. Cobham was the son of the then Premier, and had also been a pupil of Dr. Nugent's—so no doubt his daughter was perfectly correct as to the name of the person she had been in the habit of hearing so belauded: moreover, it was Mr. Cobham's box they were then in. No sooner had the introduction taken place, than Miss Nugent said to me in a sweet low voice—'I have been so charmed with your opera, Mr. Carlton—not that my praise is worth having; as, being the first that I have ever heard, I am no judge—but every one else appears equally delighted with it—so I suppose I am right.'

" 'Blanche is a sad bluntgirl, so you must not be offended with her,' said her father; and then clearing his throat with a sonorous hem, said, by way of indemnification, in a friendly whisper—'Ahem—ahem, you are aware that my son John is connected with the daily and periodical press in all its branches. I see him very attentive in the pit, and I've no doubt I have only to give him a hint of my wishes, and, as far as a flattering notice of your opera goes, he'll do the thing in style.'

" 'I should be sorry he praised it at any one's instigation,' replied I, 'unless he really thought well of it—besides, I was not aware that he understood music.'

" 'Nor does he, a note,' said the doctor, 'but you understand little of these matters, my young friend, if you think any species of criticism, now-a-days, requires a knowledge of the subject—or the facts to be criticised. No, no, it is conducted on a much easier and more sweeping principle. Party and personal feelings decide everything; and a review often depends as much upon a ball to which the vulgar wife or family of the reviewer is asked, as a puff does on a bank-note lent to the reviewer.'

" 'Then I would rather be for ever without a panegyric, than derive it from such contemptible channels.'

" 'You are wrong, my dear young friend, depend upon it,' again asserted the doctor. 'Now, there is my son John—it is astonishing all he does in this line, and without possessing a particle of what even the partiality of a father can call talent; I expect to see him an Under-secretary before I die, from the obligations he is continually laying rising men under, in the political and literary world. He is also engaged in a biography of eminent statesmen, which enables him to draw complimentary parallels between those of the past and present times—indeed, he has been of such material use in city politics, that Mrs. Nugent's brother, the Alderman, intends making him his heir.'

" Much disgusted at the tone of this conversation, I changed the subject as soon as possible, by asking Miss Nugent 'if she intended remaining long in town, or returning to Guildford, where she lived?'

" She said, she believed her father intended to remain six weeks in London. Never had any piece of intelligence given me so much pleasure. Shortly after, I took my leave, telling the doctor that I should call upon him the next day. My mother was about to give a grand ball in the course of a week, and I had set my heart upon Miss Nugent's gracing it; accordingly,

from their box I repaired to my mother's. She was not in the habit of refusing her children anything; and it was not likely, upon the first night of my opera, that she would begin: so, after having received her felicitations and those of the lady with her, on its success, I told her I had met my old tutor, Dr. Nugent and his daughter, and that it would greatly oblige me if she would let me ask them to her ball. 'My dear,' said she, without making any direct reply to my request, 'I thought I had heard you say that you did not like Dr. Nugent?' 'Nor do I very much,' said I; 'but I should like to pay him the attention of asking him, as he is only in town for a short time.' But that my mother was near-sighted, she might have perceived how I coloured at the falsehood I had uttered; but she made no farther remark than 'Oh, very well—just as you like, Henry;' as she drew one of her 'at homes' from her reticule, with which I instantly prepared to leave the box, in order to write 'for Dr. and Miss Blanche Nugent' on it, when my mother said, as I reached the door, 'All I hope is, Henry, that the daughter is not vulgar.' 'Indeed she's not,'' replied I, which piece of truth was very refreshing after my recent subterfuge. I returned to the Nugents with another—namely, that my mother was

most anxious to have the pleasure of seeing them at her ball. The doctor made what his son would have reported as a suitable reply, of which I heard nothing but 'most proud,' and a volley of 'ladyships.' The next morning found me at Dr. Nugent's lodgings in Holles Street, by one o'clock. If I had thought Miss Nugent beautiful on the preceding night, I thought her doubly so the next morning. I had often dreamt of, but never before seen the ideal embodied in the real. My poor Blanche!" exclaimed Carlton, pouring out a glass of water, which having drank, he sobbed convulsively, and buried his face in his hands.

"Father," said the child, raising her tearful eyes, "don't cry; for, as you told me, she is in heaven, and all are happy there."

"Come with me, dear," whispered Theresa, drying her own eyes; "I think you'll be better for lying down a little."

"Do you wish me to go; for I'll do anything for you; but I'd rather stay here."

"I do wish you to come, dear," rejoined Theresa, as she led her into the next room, where there was also a bright fire and the bed ready made, in which after undressing her, Miss Manners placed the little girl.

"Oh, what a nice soft bed!" said she, as her

head sank on the pillow. "If my mother had but had such a one, she might have been alive now," and the child hid her face in the pillow, and cried bitterly. Theresa merely put her hair out of her eyes, without attempting to check her, foreseeing what the event proved—that she would cry herself to sleep. For some minutes she watched the little sufferer's quick, feverish breathing, till it gradually became more calm and sound, when gently opening the door, she left her, and returned into the sitting-room, where she found Cecil and Carlton as she left them, the latter still violently excited, and the former looking compassionately at him, without attempting to interrupt his affliction. Theresa sat for some minutes in silence, after she had joined them, and then rising, said to Carlton:

"I think we had better leave you for to-day; and to-morrow, I hope, you will be better able to let us hear the remainder of your story, in which we are so much interested."

"No, no—now or never," said he, placing his hand upon her wrist, and pressing her down into the chair. "To-morrow! if God is merciful there will be no to-morrow for me! You have served me; let me, if I can, do one thing that is right before I die—and serve you." So saying, he poured out another glass of water, and with a great effort, resumed:

"Let me see—where was I?—oh, I remember," groaned the unhappy man, passing his hand tightly over his eyes, as if to pluck from his memory some painful vision. "Well, Blanche came to my mother's ball, dressed in simple white, with no other ornament than one large red rose, and its fresh leaves, in her bosom, her dark hair plainly parted over her polished brow, and her wondrous eyes alone forming a galaxy of beauty. So dazzling was her appearance, that a murmur of admiration ran through the rooms wherever she passed, with a question of 'Who is she?' This, however, was no sooner answered, than the fact of her being the daughter of my private tutor seemed to have the magical effect of dispelling her beauty; for a disqualifying 'oh' was the only farther comment made upon her. Even my father, who had seldom eyes for anything less than a princess of the blood, a cabinet minister, or a blue-ribbon, came up to me, and said, 'Who is that beautiful creature you have been dancing with, Henry?' But when I told him, 'Pish!' said he, peevishly; 'I was in hopes it had been the youngest of the Cobhams, Lady Mary, who was presented yesterday, and who I hear is beautiful. You must find her out, and dance with her.' And for the rest of the evening, my father overwhelmed me

with such an influx of Lady Charlottes and Lady Janes, that I had no opportunity of again dancing with Blanche Nugent.

"There is no use," continued Carlton, "in taking up your time with the minutiæ of this epoch of my life, which, to recall, is to me torture that amounts to madness. You will probably have divined, before this, that I loved Blanche. Loved her! oh, God! it was not love—it was idolatry! or, in other words, I harboured that concentrated quintessence of selfishness which goads a man into sacrificing all objects for one, and makes him ultimately include that one in the sacrifice. For love, at least with men, being a complex passion, cannot be pure. Esteem, or the real, and enthusiasm, or the supposed, excellence of the person beloved, joined to vanity, or the reflection that we possess what is the object of desire to others (to say nothing of a strong substratum of sensuality), are generally the tyrants that sway the republic of our affections. But to return,—I was not long in ascertaining that, if I loved, I was also beloved. Yet, when I offered my heart to Blanche, and to devote my life to her, both were refused. She said she knew my parents never would consent to what the world would deem so unequal a match, and, therefore, she never would be accessory to my

incurring their displeasure. I, of course, resorted to all the sophistry and all the entreaties generally used on such occasions; but in vain. Meanwhile, her father and the rest of her family evidently encouraged my visits, while my own were not aware of my frequent flittings to Guildford. At length I summoned courage boldly to ask my father's consent to my marriage. To describe his look at this request is utterly impossible. After measuring me with his eye from head to foot, and walking round me, he pointed to the door, and bade me remember, in his own peculiar dry, husky voice, that there was such a person as Dr. Willis in the world, and that he had such things as straight waistcoats, and among his collection, no doubt, one could be found to fit me!

"The result of this conference was, that I took to my bed in a brain fever, which reduced me nearly to a shadow. This quite subdued my mother, and she interceded for me with my father, but without producing any other effect than an order to quit his house if I even presumed to think any more of Miss Nugent; and he wrote to her father saying that if he did not forbid me his house, neither he nor his family need ever hope for any patronage at his hands; but, quite the reverse, he would cross their path in every possible way.

"This arbitrary proceeding on the part of my father roused me into rebellion and defiance. I repaired once more to Guildford, and what my best looks had never been able to accomplish, my haggard and altered appearance achieved. Blanche consented to be mine at all hazards. We had just arranged everything for our departure that very night, when her father entered the room with my father's letter in his hand.

"'My dear young friend,' said he, in a Jesuitical voice, 'I grieve to say that I must for the future dispense with what has been a source of such pleasure to me and Mrs. Nugent—your visits. Exclusive of the high honour I should deem it for our daughter to form an alliance with you, the almost parental (if you will permit me to use so familiar an epithet) affection Mrs. Nugent and I entertain for you, would make such a union most desirable to us; but, on the other hand, gratitude, my dear sir, has strong claims upon us, and I could not offend so generous a patron as your father has been to me.'

"'And,' replied I, in an equally hypocritical tone, 'I would not for the world you should.'

"'Such docility and correctness of feeling, my dear young friend,' said the Doctor, flourishing his white pocket-handkerchief in a circular direction and ultimately placing it before his

eyes, 'does more than credit to the pleasurable task I had in forming them.'

"'I then took my leave of the family, the Doctor and his wife doing their best to look miserable, and, no doubt, unaffectedly chagrined that my father could not be brought to consent to my marriage with their daughter; while my poor Blanche trembled violently, and was pale as monumental marble, which passed off as the natural effect of parting from her lover, and gave her an excuse for keeping in her room for the rest of the day; while my excitement, and parting whispers to be ready in the garden at midnight, appeared equally consistent with a last interview with one for whom I had professed so much love. Never shall I forget that night! Although it had been a sultry day in June, with not sufficient air to ripple the waters, or stir the leaves, about eleven at night the weather changed; it blew a hurricane. Notwithstanding which, and vivid flashes of lightning, the clouds opened and the rain descended in torrents, I found Blanche at the appointed trysting place in the summer-house. We had to traverse rather a long lane, at the end of which I had left the post-chaise. Half-dead with terror, and drenched with the rain, by the time we reached the carriage, she was unable to stand. As I was lifting

her in, a flash of lightning struck her, and deprived her of the sight of one eye. Poor girl! was she not blind enough already? To describe the agony of mind I endured at this opening of our career, is utterly impossible. Truly was it an omen that she alone was to be scathed by the storms of fate, while I was to live on outwardly unharmed, but carrying a hell within! Oh, God! oh, God! my punishment is more than I can bear!"

Again Carlton seized a glass of water, and again Cecil and Theresa both implored him to postpone the remainder of his painful history to another day.

"No—no," resumed he, tearing off his neck-handkerchief, and wiping the big drops from his forehead, "now—now—now, or never! Affliction is the real well in which truth lies: the heart dives for it there, and discovers it without varnish or disguise. I feel it a slight expiation, that I should probe myself to the quick by going over all,—by describing the minutest circumstance graphically, as though it were a pleasant fiction that I were relating. Ha! ha! ha! and truly it is pleasant."

Theresa and Cecil exchanged looks, and shuddered at the appalling laughter of the wretched man.

"Well," continued he, "I knew England too well to attempt to live there. Poverty is very supportable—nay, is nothing more than a sort of wholesome discipline—where it is unconnected with reproach; but in opulent countries, where ignominy overtakes its mere suspicion, it taunts into frenzy the most magnanimous patience. We—oh! there is a blessing in that little word that I shall never know again."

Here Carlton sobbed like a child, and was once more, for a few minutes, obliged to discontinue his history; without, however, receiving any further importunities from his deeply sympathising auditors to discontinue it altogether.

"It is over," said he, at last, "you shall see no more of this woman's work with me. I reached Dover early the next morning, where we were married by a special license, and embarked for France, determining to make Versailles my head-quarters. Its delicious gardens, glowing with our own hearts, and re-peopled from the past by our own imaginations, found a temporary paradise, from which fear and the future, like our first guilty parents, were expelled; while its gorgeous but silent and deserted palace, furnished us with a fine poetical code of comparative philosophy, tending to prove how much superior was our humble home, in which

Love held his court, to the desolate splendour of its gone-by glories. We actually went so far, as to believe that we were much happier than if we had had enough to live upon, as it gave us daily and hourly opportunities of proving our disinterested devotion to each other, by innumerable little self-sacrifices. This was all very well for a time, for poverty, as well as love, has its poetry, and while it is new, and we do not know it beyond the surface, it is neither bitter nor repulsive. My father's first act was to stop my allowance: this was only what I had anticipated; my brothers, however, contrived between them, with the covert assistance of my mother, to supply the deficiency, and this was somewhat more than I had expected. For the present, therefore, I had no cares; and for the future, I not only built castles but churches with the produce of my pen,—and so I might had I lived forty years sooner; but the march of intellect is a sad tariff on the labours of intellect. In order for authors to flourish, there must be a proper quantity of ignorance, as well as of knowledge, in a nation; for it is possible, that there may be too many well-educated persons in a state, which will always create too many writers in proportion to the readers, which not only depreciates literature—bv increasing its quantity, and lessening

its quality—but enhances the value of the lower orders beyond a healthy standard, by making mere mechanical labour of paramount consequence; in which case, success does not so much depend upon an author's genius, as upon his good fortune in hitting upon a popular vein,—for there might be an age in which a Hudibras would be of more account than a Shakspeare. Although I calculated upon John Nugent's, under but widely ranged, influence in the press, still I published my first book anonymously, for which reason I received, as is always the case under such circumstances, a comparatively small sum from my bookseller; yet I was more than repaid by the unbought and unbiassed success of my book, which had, to use the trade phrase, such "a run," that my publisher strongly urged me to put my name to the next, with the offer of a largely increased price for so doing. This was an irresistible temptation, and I consented.

"Although the Nugents one-and-all had carefully avoided directly or indirectly taking the slightest notice of us since our marriage, or answering my wife's letters, still I thought Mr. John Nugent, for his sister's sake, would continue his literary friendship, as the periodical he was chiefly connected with, had been the warmest in praise of my first anonymous pro-

duction. Alas! I knew little of the world, and less of Mr. John Nugent;—but I anticipate. I had remarked that the most voluminous writers (of fiction) are always the most popular. Whether this arises from fecundity, being as it undoubtedly is, a proof of genius, or that the public are naturally grateful to those who cater so incessantly for their amusement, I know not, but so it is. I toiled indefatigably at my new book; too indefatigably, for it injured both my health and my temper,—the nervous irritability, arising out of overwrought mental exertion, was fast corroding my nature; and the gentle being whom I would have in reality laid down my life to shield from the most trifling annoyance, was the first to reap its fatal effects. Often have I selfishly kept her sitting by me till two or three in the morning, when her health required early hours. And when she would remonstrate with me upon the injury I was doing my own, I would unfeelingly taunt her with not being able to endure the slightest privation or inconvenience; while I was sustaining such an accumulation for her! Mean dastard that I was,—but she is more than avenged!

"Another mode in which my selfishness began to manifest itself, was by gratifying my vanity in making costly purchases, to adorn my beautiful

wife, despite her remonstrances and admonitions, that we should soon have another claimant on our very slender means; and yet on the very days that I had expended some (for me) unpardonably large sum of money, upon a shawl or a dress, that she did not want, have I harshly upbraided her for disbursing a few sous on some household matter, of which I did not see the actual necessity, or in other words, reap the palpable and personal comfort; and although I always silenced her into a conviction that I could well afford ten pounds for a picture, or a bronze for the house I was to have, yet she could never succeed in making me believe that an extra bunch of carrots, consumed in the 'potage' of our only servant, was not to be the cause of my incarceration in a jail! All this had its natural result. At length my poor Blanche dared to look harassed and unhappy, though a murmur never escaped her lips, and I began to walk out more frequently alone, look oftener at the stars, and come to the conclusion that my wife was not so perfect as the heroines of my own books; and yet where the falling off was, I did not exactly know; except that the latter, however poor, continued to have all the elegancies of life, without spending a farthing, and looked minutely after every thing in their menage, without ever for a

moment withdrawing their eyes from their husbands, or absenting themselves for an instant from their sides. But real wives, at best, they were made of different clay!

"The second summer of our marriage was marked by two events, the birth of our first child, and the publication of my second book; the former I then thought had arrived at an auspicious moment, as I expected to find an El Dorado in the success of the latter. Alas! little did I think, when I held the poor infant in my arms, and asked God to bless it, the misery that was in store for it. I had taken great pains with my second book, and it was in every respect indisputably superior to my first, which had been so extolled. I waited with feverish expectation for the reviews from England. At length they came. Imagine my surprise and indignation, when the periodical with which Mr. John Nugent was principally connected, and upon whose support I had calculated, in conjunction with numerous others, more or less under his control, abused and decried my book, in every possible, and almost impossible way. The unkindest cut of all, was a retrospective sneer on the part of Mr. John Nugent at my opera of Clodius, where he took an opportunity of launching out as to the national demoralization and

effeminacy, music over-cultivated was likely to produce; he then honourably acknowledged that he had praised my first work, and concluded by a pitying regret, that as I had by accident stumbled on one work above mediocrity, I had not stopped there. "But in order," continued Carlton, reaching down an old magazine, "to make you understand how disgusting his sneer at my opera was, I must trouble you by reading some extracts from his fulsome review of it, when it first came out.'

"After the most exaggerated praise of my opera in particular, he goes on to say, 'When we consider the absolute sway music has over the mind, especially in conjunction with words having at command a great variety of emotions, it may, like many objects of sight, be made to promote luxury and effeminacy, but with respect to the purer and higher order of it, music unquestionably humanizes, raises and polishes the mind; it becomes a national obligation! therefore, when such an opera as Clodius is produced, Lord Shaftesbury remarks, that 'the goddess Persuasion must have been in a manner the mother of poetry, rhetoric, and music, for it is apparent, that where chief men and leaders had the strongest interest to persuade, they used the highest endeavours to please; so that in such a

state of policy, not only the best order of thought and turn of fancy, but the most soft and inviting members have been employed to charm the public ear, and incline the heart by the agreeableness of expression. Almost all the ancient masters of this sort, were said to have been musicians; and tradition which soon grew fabulous, could not better represent the first founders of these large societies, than as real songsters, who by the power of their voice and lyre, could charm the wildest beasts. Nor can it be doubted that the same artists, who so industriously applied themselves to study the numbers of speech, must have made proportionable improvements in the study of mere sounds and natural harmony; which of itself, must have considerably contributed towards softening the rude manners and harsh temper of their new people.'

" 'Polybius, too, speaking of the people of Cynætha, an Arcadian tribe, has the following train of reflections, which fully assert the astonishing influence of music on society and manners: 'As the Arcadians,' says he, 'have always been celebrated for their piety, humanity, and hospitality, we are naturally led to inquire how it has happened that the Cynætheans are distinguished from the other Arcadians by savage manners, wickedness, and cruelty? I can attri-

bute this difference to no other cause but a total neglect among the people of Cynætha of an institution established among the ancient Arcadians, with a nice regard to their manners and their climate: I mean the discipline and exercise of their genuine and perfect music.' Quintilian is even more copious in his praise, extolling music as an incitement to valour, and an instrument of moral and intellectual discipline, an auxiliary to science, and an object of attention to the wisest men. As a proof of which, Socrates, in his conversation with Cebes, just before he swallowed the poisonous draught, appears to have had qualms of conscience for having neglected to accomplish himself in this heavenly art.* We could adduce a thousand other instances, both ancient and modern, to prove the efficacy and importance of music; but we trust we have said enough to convince both the distinguished composer of Clodius (who from modesty suppresses his name, which is, however, well known in the 'beau monde') and the public, that in giving them Clodius he has conferred a benefit on his country!'

" Accompanying the reviews were two letters, one from my publisher, bewailing the money he was likely to lose by my work, from the large

* Plat. Phœdon, sec. iv.

sum he had given me, and from the 'set that had been made at it' to cry it down; accompanied by a hope that I would write him another for a very small remuneration, to indemnify him for the failure of this one; and to let it be something very amusing, that must take with the public, in spite of all the unfair play in the world. The other was from my eldest brother, lamenting the unnatural and persecuting spirit by which my father seemed actuated in his conduct towards me; and that John Nugent and the whole family being in his pay, there was no engine he was not resolved on setting to work to prevent my making myself independant by my writings, which would completely foil his vengeance against me; for once independant, my footing in the world was secure; but poverty, as he knew full well, is the mill-stone that levels all with the dust. My brother kindly ended by sending me a hundred ponnds, and regretting he was unable to send me more. I thanked him for his letter, but returned him the money, with a very great falsehood—namely, that 'I did not want it.' Once more then I went to work;—but oh! in what a different spirit!—a burning head—a heavy heart—no hope to cheer, no gold to lure; yet had I, like a poor clown, whether ill or well, to paint my face and tumble

before the public!—I had to write a merry book! At all times, new authors have much to surmount and to struggle against. The public are too apt to test abilities by the genius of others, whose reputations are made: to discover is beyond them—to compare is the utmost within their power; and even for that they require a leader, and like hounds await the opening of one whose cry they may venture to follow. It seems a strange anomaly, though a melancholy fact, that the greater portion of those who pass their lives in conducing to the happiness of mankind (at least, in labouring to instruct or to amuse them) should themselves be miserable. What do we know of Homer, but that he led the life of a vagabond, and subsisted by ballad-singing? Shakspeare played second to Ben Jonson in his own day, merely because he could not pay the reckonings at the 'Mermaid,' or play host to the jack possets at the 'Triple Tun'; and though he lived tolerably well, it was on the money he got by his bad acting, and not from that he gained by his inimitable plays. Milton was also tolerable well off, or 'Paradise Lost' would not have purchased him a month's sustenance. Butler and Cervantes were half starved, Camoens and Savage might have drawn lots which were the most wretched; and there was

not one living 'Parson Adams' or 'Squire Allworthy' to rescue Fielding from his obscure and neglected grave in the Factory's burying-ground at Lisbon, or to raise a stone to mark out where he lies. But to go back, the catalogue would be endless: in our own times, Byron died an exile in a foreign land, after having been a wanderer over many, as the penalty of eleven months' conjugal misconduct. Alas! had he been a worse husband and a worse man, he could have filled up the measure of her wrongs by morally annihilating his victim, and striding triumphantly over the arena of society, on the stilts of falsehood and hypocrisy; but *he* had a heart, and that is the very worst soil vice can be grafted upon; for, like the upas, it requires to be surrounded by a hard and sterile clay, before its deadly fruits can flourish.—While, as a last, though by no means least, instance, the ever-welling genius that delighted, and still continues to delight millions, in a Scott, like those mighty volcanoes that time reduces into ponds, was harassed into drivelling by pecuniary embarrassments—to relieve which, three grateful kingdoms have subscribed to erect a monument to his memory! Without, of course, presuming to name myself in the same breath with these, I had one difficulty to encounter that they had

never known :—my father was my bitterest enemy! By nature, haughty, overbearing, taciturn, and reserved, I had left him the most unliked and unpopular man in London. But now he had a game to play: the stake was great—it was the ruin of his own son! He rattled Fortune's dice, and threw sixes; or, in other words, he became friendly and familiar to his inferiors, amiable and sociable with his equals—a gastronome among gourmands—convivial among bacchanals, 'devoué' to women, debonair to men; in short, I was not to be left, at any price, even a negative friend;—alas! what others have the unfortunate? But all this I could bear—all this I could understand; for the world resembles two opposition 'cabarets' that in my solitary walks home from Paris I used to note at Passy. The sign of one was, 'Au Rendezvous des Bons Enfants,' that of the other, 'Au Rendezvous des Bons Vivants.' And though the former appeared infinitely the more comfortable, and better-ordered house, yet was it always deserted, while peals of boisterous mirth never failed to issue from the crowded porch of the latter. But the blackest page in the book of human life I had yet to turn; and when turned, in vain endeavour to decipher. Just before the publication of my third book, several individuals

of some literary reputation, but personally unknown to me, went out of their way to come forward with offers of assistance, warmly condoling with me upon the injustice and cruelty with which I had been treated, and as warmly eulogising what they were pleased to term my brilliant talents. These being all persons differing from my father's political opinions, and coinciding in my own, without diminishing from my gratitude for their promised services, I thought I could analyze their motives, and for that very reason depend upon their sincerity, as I knew from bitter experience how strong are 'the bonds of mutual hate.' Imagine, then, my consternation and disgust, when, on the appearance of my third work, the very persons who had volunteered the most, either shrunk into cowardly silence, or were the most clamorous among my enemies, while others had Janus pens, which, while they lauded my book and advocated my cause in one review, with incredible dexterity, d—d the first and denounced the latter in another. These, it was true, were miserable adventurers, who found the specious arguments of my father's gold conclusive and irresistible. And where the man who had been silly enough to promise me support and protection, was beyond the reach of a golden bait,

there was still some would-be Aspasia, and had-been Messalina, at my father's command, to flatter him into the belief that he was a Pericles, and, as such, should not countenance such a dullard as myself. Thus, from the vapid and ephemeral whispers of the drawing-room down to the venomous and deadly stings of the press, did my cold, calculating, subtle and implacable parent contrive to enlist all against me. There is something awful, almost supernatural, in the enmity of those persons whom nature's laws have ordained should be friends; and to avenge their rebellious madness, she seems to have pronounced upon all such hatreds the same 'Esto perpetua' that anathematized the wandering Israelite; for, when parent fights against child, child against parent, husband against wife, brother against brother, how undying, how relentless, how ever-watchful is the feud! This was the blackest and most insupportable period of my existence. My father had so overwhelmed me with injuries, had so mocked me with sneering and triumphant insults, that I hated him with a hatred burning and deadly as his own. My struggles for existence—my love of my child, nay, of my wife—all were as specks swallowed up in my parching, maddening thirst for revenge!—revenge! on whom?—on my father!

Yet no act of mine could compass it; it must be a judgment from heaven—God himself must be my champion. He could not tamper with Him! I did not curse him, at least with my lips. Alas! curses are fearful things, even for the most desperate to traffic with; for, like the spirit of man they may go forth to devastate and to destroy, but they will return to him who sent them.

"I continued to toil, not, indeed, in writing books,—for I had relinquished that Sisyphian employment,—but in writing anonymously for periodicals, which, with my brothers' occasional contributions, and giving lessons in English to half-a-dozen French families in Paris, procured a tolerable subsistence for the modest wants of my little family. This latter avocation I pursued unknown to my wife; for women have their little prides which poverty takes longer to eradicate in them than in us. I had for a long time given up looking at English newspapers, for every thing in them tended to annoy me, and some things to do more. In all the 'fadeurs' of what came under the head of 'fashionable arrangements,' and 'fashionable movements,' I was sure to see my father's name glaring at me conspicuously; even balls and concerts, which he had never attended before, he now infested;

for party-going and popularity are synonymous in society. Often have I turned with bitter indignation and disgust from these paragraphs to the pale face of my young wife, and the too serious face of my young child—'And this monster,' thought I, 'can flit about from banquet to banquet, while he leaves no stone unturned to crush me and to starve them!—but if there's justice in heaven'—my little girl, who was then about five years old, and who was leaning her head on her mother's lap, suddenly looked up and said,

"'What's the matter, papa?'

"Seeing my wife's anxious face, I replied, 'nothing, love,' and then added, 'I was only thinking, Blanche, that it is now full seven months since I have heard from either of my brothers. I don't mind Gerald, for he was always lazy about writing; but Aubrey's silence I can't at all account for; besides, he used to send the £50 as regularly as the three months came round, whether he wrote or not—'

"'Oh, twenty things may have occurred to prevent them,' said my poor Blanche, ever anxious to make the best of every thing.

"'No, nothing,' said I, 'but that which occurs to prevent every thing.'

"'Dear Henry,' cried my wife, who perceived

from my bent brow and clenched hand, the train of thought that was coming over me; 'don't begin thinking, love; or, if you will, think of our little Blanche here, and of me. Suppose you come and take a walk with us?'

"Instead of making a direct reply, I remarked what an unusually melancholy expression of countenance our child had for her age."

"'You forget love,' said my wife, 'she has no play-fellows like other children, nor,' added she, covering her with kisses, 'has she ever yet had a single toy.'

"'Well,' replied I, 'that defect shall be soon remedied, for I'll go this very day to Paris and get her one.'

"My wife kissed me, and our poor child actually smiled! and clapped her little hands with something like joy, as she turned to her mother and asked, 'But what is a toy, mamma?'

"I know not why, but my eyes filled at the child's question, and I took my hat and left the room, with a strong presentiment of evil that I could not account for, but which made me return and embrace my wife and child as though I had been about to separate from them for a year instead of for a few hours. The passions will sometimes ruffle the stream of happiness in every one, but they most frequently do so with

those persons whose minds, through the aristocracy of letters, range through the fairy regions of imagination, while fate places their realities amid the lowest and most sordid privations of earth. The classical refinement, which, under happier auspices, has so strong an influence in refining the feelings, and consequently amending the heart, and promoting, if not virtue itself, at least virtuous aspirations, only serves, under a severe pressure of adverse external circumstances, to create a morbid sensitiveness of feeling, destructive to the possessor—just as refined tastes and habits render all the coarsenesses and vulgarities of life insupportable. But the real evil of poverty is, that from the fortuitous associates it brings us in contact with, we become acquainted with a much worse sort of people than we should have ever known in an opposite position—nor is it only the dregs of their natures that are made known to us, but our own, for poverty forces us into a minutiæ of thought and action, that is, to say the least of it, revolting, if not deteriorating to a finely organized mind, since it destroys that virgin delicacy of feeling, which is to principle what modesty is to a woman.

"All this I daily and hourly experienced—and if it did not lower my standard of moral excellence, it effectually succeeded in souring my tem-

per, and impairing my health—from feeding my daily increasing sinful abhorrence of my father; but it was the false pretences under which he triumphed that exasperated me. In the world he was merely looked upon as a father angry with his son for having made an imprudent marriage—a common occurrence, for which he was sure not only of support but sympathy: but the worst part of that world was ignorant of his deadly rancour—his incessant persecution—his mean, paltry, unmanly insults, wherever one could be wedged between an injury and an injustice;—they knew not how indefatigably he laboured to cool my friends and heat my enemies,—or the worst among them would have deprecated his conduct, if not for its cruelty, at least for its meanness.—What wonder, then, from such repeated stings, I should writhe into madness, since it is an inherent principle in our nature, when we see a virtuous man amidst all his virtue is persecuted and unhappy, to feel sorrow and astonishment at his misfortunes; and in proportion to our sympathy with his unmerited affliction, the higher is our anxiety raised that he should be delivered from them all, and meet with an adequate reward—while, on the other hand, with regard to the vicious, nothing excites so strongly our indignation against vice, and our desire that

it should be punished, as our beholding the vicious successful, and in the midst of their crimes enjoying prosperity. Were we always to see them meeting a suitable punishment for their guilt, or wretched and unhappy, our eagerness for that punishment would subside, and our hatred against them would be converted into compassion, their guilt would be forgotten, and their misery, though well merited, by exciting our pity, stifle every feeling but mercy and forbearance. What must it be, then, when these feelings of indignation and resentment emanate from and centre in our own individual wrongs? the effect is certainly not likely to subside, as long as the cause triumphs. With me, my feelings against my father, amounted to monomania: a man could not jostle me accidentally in the street, but what I looked upon him as some willing and supernumerary emissary of my father's petty tyranny;—and now, from my brothers' long silence, I concluded that he had at length, with his Machiavelian genius, succeeded in alienating them from me too!

"I quitted Versailles in no enviable mood, and walked hastily on without relaxing my pace, till I reached Paris; when, crossing the Place-Vendôme, I beheld a crowd gathered round the column. A man had just thrown himself from

the top—his blood and brains bespattered the pavement, while his mangled remains were still undergoing the speculations of the spectators.

" 'Le Malheureux !' exclaimed several voices, 'Ah! sans doute c'était un dépit amoureux,' said a young girl with a sigh.

" 'Je parie qu'il a joué trop haut,' cried a haggard shabby-looking man, peering at the body over the girl's shoulder, 'Parbleu ! peut-être qu'il était encore caporal ?' said a fierce-looking old man, with a scar across his cheek, in the uniform of the national guard.

" 'Pauvre garçon, c'est qu'il avait faim-allez,' muttered a toothless old woman, extending her withered hand, 'charité, mon bon monsieur, s'il vous plait, moi, je suis beaucoup misérable.'

" Par exemple, messieurs,' said the driver of a gondole, who had left his vehicle in the middle of the place to join the crowd, as he pointed to a remnant of the suicide's coat that was hitched on the iron railings, 'voilà un joli échantillon de l'entreprise des chemins de fer dont on en parle tant.'

" 'Good Heavens, how dreadful !' exclaimed an Englishman, " I wonder what was the cause of it ?'

" 'His father pushed him off I suppose,' said I, abstractedly.

" 'His father?' repeated the Englishman, 'how very horrible!'

" And this repetition of intuitive assertion recalled me to a sense of what I had said, and I hurried on. I had scarcely reached the Rue de la Paix before every one I met looked as if they had no other object in life but amusement, and were hastening to a fair, or some other place of public recreation. When I looked round at the incitements to pleasure, and the business as it appeared to be of the whole nation, I did not so much wonder at the frequent suicides, among those who not having the means of attaining it, also lacked sufficient principle to fetter them to existence. Again my thoughts reverted to the poor suicide I had just seen; and thus taken out of myself for a short time, I walked leisurely on to the Rue St. Honoré, till I arrived at a toy-shop; I rejected all the dolls,—they looked too still, and too quiet; and, moreover, too, like another person to be provided for, so, after much deliberation, I chose a Chinese tumbler, which at all events was a tolerable imitation of merriment, and might give my poor child some idea of it. The first sheet of paper the man took to wrap it up in was not sufficiently large; and, after ineffectually trying two or three more, he at length put it up in an old newspaper, and I

departed with my purchase. I returned more leisurely than I had set out, so that by the time I reached home night had set in. My wife and child were watching for me. 'Thank God!' cried I, embracing them, 'that I find you safe, for I left home with a foreboding of evil that has harassed and oppressed me all day.'

"'Dear Henry,' said my wife, 'how silly; I hope this will cure you of forebodings; the only unusual thing that has happened,' added she, with something like a blush, 'is that a little friend of Blanch's, whom she made acquaintance with in the gardens, sent us some partridges, and we'll have them for supper.'

"'But the toy, papa," said my little girl, clambering up to give me another kiss, 'is that great big, big, parcel it?'

"'Yes,' said I, undoing it, and pulling the string, so as to set the tumbler in motion, 'is he not a fine fellow?'

"'Oh, indeed! he is,' said she, clapping her little hands, and actually laughing joyously for the first time in her life. Her mother seemed scarcely less delighted,—and I felt quite grateful to the piece of painted wood that had made them so happy. We sat down to supper, less miserable than we had been for sometime; I rallied my wife upon the wine, which was any-

thing but the vin ordinaire that we were in the habit of drinking, and asked if it had accompanied the partridges. I thought she coloured slightly, as she replied that she supposed the wine-merchant must have sent it by mistake. I made no further remark, but, leaning back in my chair, took up the old newspaper, in which I had brought home the toy: it was an old *Galignani* of about five months' standing. I looked carelessly over it, till my eye was suddenly attracted by seeing my own name. You may imagine my feelings, but I cannot describe them, when the following paragraph, extracted from an English paper, met my view:—

"'It was our melancholy task, about three months ago, to record the death of those two estimable and highly-promising young men, Mr. Carlton, and Mr. Aubrey Carlton, by the overturning of a pleasure boat, within sight of Lady Carlton's villa at Richmond: we have now the additional pain of announcing the death of their exemplary and amiable mother, whose grief for their loss has consigned her to a premature grave, universally beloved and regretted. The affliction of the worthy and distinguished baronet is augmented from the circumstance of his being unacquainted with the present sejour of his younger (now his only) son, who, having

some years ago incurred his father's displeasure, by forming an imprudent marriage with an amiable, though portionless, young lady, has passed his time on the continent ever since, though, we believe, we are correct in stating, that Sir Henry Carlton, with that magnanimity for which he is so distinguished, soon allowed the resentment of the man to yield to the affection of the parent, and has been indefatigable ever since in trying to trace out the abode of his absent son, in order to restore him to his heart and home.'

"Will you believe it," continued Carlton, "but the ruling passion was so strong upon me, that even in reading this withering paragraph, the latter part aroused my very despair into resentment; and I exclaimed — 'hypocritical friend,' as my clenched hand descended heavily on the table, and I fell back senseless in my chair. When I came to my senses, I found myself in bed, where I remained for several weeks, more or less delirious: my illness might in all probability have continued longer, but for the iron necessity that ever attends poverty, both bodily and mental exertion. The weather was intensely cold; and my poor Blanche's incessant attendance upon me, had

brought on a severe cold, which ended in a pleurisy. During this illness, our child seemed to jump twenty years of youth, and spring at once to womanhood—in the care, the judgment, and the perseverance she appeared to be gifted with, in nursing her mother;—it was an humbling of man's boasted superiority, to sink into insignificance by the side of a little child—but while I poured out expressions of affection, that might disturb, but could not relieve the poor invalid; or gave way to an equally clamorous grief, the noiseless footsteps of our child never once betrayed their mission, as she bore everything to and from her mother's room;—her's were the little hands that smoothed the pillows—her's the eyes that waked and watched, when other's that had professed more, were surprised by sleep. Much has been taken—but oh God! I thank thee for not taking ALL! I have still that child. * * * * *

"When my wife was sufficiently recovered to leave her bed, she earnestly advised me to write to an aunt of mine, a sister of my father's, a very amiable woman (who having suffered herself, could feel for others), to inquire the particulars of my mother's and brother's death. I answered gloomily;—was it not sufficient to

know that they were dead—and that if my aunt knew where I was, she would tell my father? and now that it might gladden his heart—tush, he never was so burdened; but now that it might soothe his blighted hopes to know where the unworthy heir of all his wealth, of all his honours, is! he shall receive no such happiness at my hands, added I, laughing bitterly. In vain she tried to reason me out of this resolve, for our child's sake, and for the Christian spirit of returning good for evil. As for our child, said I, when I am gone, I have left full instructions about her welfare;—and as for him—why God must decree that he should have his punishment even in this world; and why not give me the compensation of being its instrument? Blanche had too much tact to argue against this madness, when it was strong upon me, and therefore merely urged the interest of our child, and asked me if I would, if I could sacrifice her?—for of what avail would future wealth be, if I now deprived her of the commonest advantages of education? This was too home a thrust, I could not bear it; so I walked away, and took especial care that the subject should not be renewed. I had yet ten pounds remaining of the last money my poor brothers

had sent me: it now went to buy mourning for them.

"As soon as I could at all compose my mind, I again began to write, for how were we to exist? But it was writing of a laborious and disagreeable nature, fearing, that by again publishing, I should give my father a clue to my present abode. I undertook, for a small but certain profit, to translate English works into French, and vice versâ. The toil of this was great, especially as I was obliged to sit up through many of the long winter nights without the comfort of a fire, which I could not afford. And as to the wretched—most things are sources of wretchedness—I began to be additionally unhappy at the frequent absences of my wife: I could not bear her out of my sight, for there seemed to me both safety and hope in her presence; yet for two and sometimes three hours a-day would she stay away. It was but lately come to her, to study her own comfort more than mine, and she chose a strange time for such a change of conduct, and I did not fail to reproach her with it. Her manner was as kind, as affectionate, as imploring as ever, as she said, 'Dear Henry, I must attend to Blanche's education sometimes; and you know it would disturb

you, were her lessons to be going on in the room with you.' To this there was no appeal, but still my egotistical selfishness thought, though it dared not express it, that all ought to be sacrificed to me; and now that I am up-rooting the very sinews of my heart, I will own to you, I loved my wife less—I was jealous of my own child. The only objection that I ventured to give utterance to was, that I thought three hours a-day a great deal too long for so young a child to study. Blanche tried to humour me, and from that time came to me earlier in the day; but I invariably dismissed her with a cold remark, that I did not want her, or that she was in my way. Still her temper remained unruffled, but I saw her health was waning; and choosing to assume that her love was too, this offended me, and I became so morose, that my child was afraid of me: this maddened me, and in my madness I asked my wife, if she thought herself justified, whatever her own feelings might be, in making my child dislike me? Were I to live a thousand years, never shall I forget the look that accompanied the first, last, and only reproachful words she ever said to me, of—'God forgive you, Henry!' I waded through two years in this miserable manner, unhappy myself, and making every one about me the same.

"It was the beginning of January, and I had just completed the translation of a work, and was preparing to carry the manuscript into Paris, in order to receive the miserable reward of my labours, when a drift of fast falling snow made me turn, with a shiver, from the window to the small but cheerful fire that blazed upon the hearth. My wife watched me, and appeared fidgetty, an unusual thing for her; I thought, perhaps, it arose from a reluctance on her part that I should encounter the inclemency of the weather; but, as I had generally received all her little attention and care very ungraciously of late, she said nothing. My heart smote me, and I said, in a kinder tone than usual, 'Blanche, can you lend me a shawl, or something to put round my neck?—the wind blows keenly, and perhaps I may be detained out the best part of the night.'

"'Then do not—pray do not walk home,' cried she; and then added, 'yes, I have something that I hope will keep you very warm.'

"She left the room, and in a short time, to my astonishment, returned with a large handsome cloak, partially lined with velvet and fur.

"'Good gracious!' asked I, with some surprise, 'where did you get this?'

"'Where there are plenty more,' replied she, with a smile.

" 'That is no answer,' said I, seriously alarmed: 'for Heaven's sake, how much did it cost?'

" 'Only twenty napoleons.'

" 'Only twenty napoleons!' echoed I. 'Blanche, are you mad?—how am I to pay for it?'

" 'Out of this,' said she, with more the look of an angel than a human being, 'if you like to pay for it over again; but it is paid for, and here is the remainder,' added she, showering down fifty napoleons on the table.

" I stood for a few seconds like one in a dream; the worst was so much in the habit of presenting itself to me on all occasions, that some horrible ideas now flitted across my imagination. 'Tell me,' gasped I, 'where—how—did you get this money?'

" 'Do you remember, love,' said she, approaching me, while I still kept her at arm's length, 'do you remember how'—angry, she was going to say, but changed it to annoyed—'how annoyed you used to be with me for being so long away from you of a day, during the last two years, and I own that I do deserve your displeasure for the falsehood I told, in accusing dear Blanche of monopolising my time, when she never had but one hour a-day of it; but

thinking it a shame that I should do comparatively nothing while you worked so hard, I used to give lessons in English to a great many French families in the neighbourhood, and on those days that you went to Paris I was able to give extra ones, which brought my pupils so forward, that they often paid me more than my due. This money I have carefully hoarded till I thought we most wanted it; that time has now arrived, for it used to make my heart ache to see you shivering to Paris this bitter weather in that old threadbare coat; and knowing that you would not buy what you ought for yourself, I got the brother of one of my pupils to bring me this from Paris. And now you have all my secrets.'

" 'Blanche! Blanche!' cried I, flinging myself at her feet, 'shall I ever, can I ever be worthy of you?'

" 'Only be as you used to be, Henry,' said she, throwing her arms round my neck; 'and even when you don't see and hear every thing, still have some confidence in your poor Blanche.'

" I raised her up, and as I kissed the most beautiful and the fondest lips that God ever stamped truth and purity upon, what did I not promise?—what did I not profess? Yet I have lived to break those promises! and she has died

to belie my professions! Oh, God! oh, God! if I must be mad, why have I not the privilege of madness—forgetfulness? Well, well, enough of this, it is well with her now; and I—why, I shall not have breath to tell you all if I do not make haste, and it must be told, or I shall feel the gnawing of the very worms in my grave. You look frightened—there is no need—I had not killed her then; no, on the contrary, I kissed her again, I kissed her child, and I left the house happy—yes, happy! I was happy! for Blanche loved me as much as ever—she had just told me so—just told me so—just told me so. I must repeat it," added the wretched man, in a hollow whisper, "for you know she cannot—" and he fell back senseless in his chair.

Cecil sprang forward to support his head, while Theresa left the room to send for the doctor, who, as soon as he came, had him conveyed to bed, and when he had recovered from his swoon, bled him copiously, from which he appeared to derive some momentary relief, which Cecil and Theresa no sooner perceived, than they prepared to leave the room, in order that he might get some temporary repose, while they went in quest of a nurse for him; but before they could reach the door, Carlton sprang up in bed, and, grasping the clothes like a dying man, implored them not to go till they had heard all he had to say.

"Another day," said Cecil, "you are really too ill now."

"No, no! no other day," gasped he, "time and money should never be squandered, or one lives to want both."

"Very true," acquiesced the apothecary, "but there is such a thing as being penny-wise and pound-foolish; so suppose you just wait till this evening, and take this draught now."

"Very well, I'll take your draught," said Carlton, impatiently, stretching out his thin, tremulous, feverish hand—"but you know, or you ought to know, that my draft is upon death! then why talk of evening, when eternal night is the question?"

Cecil, whispered the apothecary, that perhaps the excitement of opposition, in his present state of mind, might be as bad for him as the exertion of talking, and therefore, it might be as well to let him have his way; while on the other hand, the apothecary, thinking that it was not of very much consequence whether a man lived or died, who had apparently not sufficient means of doing the former in any degree of respectability, or to pay for his funeral, in the event of his doing the latter; or, what was more to the purpose, of discharging his bill, in either case, made no further

obstacle, and quietly took his leave, with an admonition to the invalid to speak low and not sit up in the bed more than was necessary.

"Where was I?" said Carlton, pressing his forehead, as soon as the latter had closed the door.

"Hush!" cried Theresa, gently raising his pillow; "if you don't lie very still, and speak as quiety as possible, I positively won't let you say another word."

"I am—quiet—I will be quiet," murmured Carlton, "but I must tell you all—all but my real name—that you don't know; nor shall any one till I'm dead. Yes—let me see—let me see. —Oh, I remember—Versailles—the cloak—Paris—Nugent—the money," added he, tapping his forehead. "Well, I left her, and went into Paris with my manuscript. The bookseller was not at home;—he had left no money for me—but a message—that I was to call again next week. I did not want money—I had money—and never had I loved money before—never could I love it again as I loved that money. I determined that they should be warm too. So I left the Rue du Coq St. Honoré, and walked on to the Palais Royale, to purchase some dresses for Blanche and our child. The lamps were light. The crowd of cigar-smokers, chestnut-

eaters, coffee-drinkers,' and billiard-players, was as great as ever. I entered a shop filled with velvets, and merinoes, and made my purchase. Next door to this shop was a gambling-house. If ever the devil comes in person to tempt mankind, he now came to me in the guise of a young man, in black mustachios, a 'Jeune France' hat and a large cloak, who was leaving the gambling-house with a companion, to whom he was boasting, in a loud exulting voice, of having made his fortune—and all out of a risk of two napoleons! I had in my possession, at that moment, forty-five. Yes—but they were my wife's hard earnings. True; but with two of them I might make it unnecessary for her to earn more. Aye, but if I should lose? 'Nothing venture, nothing have,' again whispered the tempter; and if I should bring her back three times what I had taken out, oh what a happiness it would be! This was decisive. I entered: two men were before me, and as they swung the green doors after them at the end of the passage, a man rushed out—his whole dress was disordered, and his hat was slouched over his eyes; and though the night was bitterly cold, his neckcloth was off and his chest bared, while large drops rolled from it; his whole appearance being that of a desperate man—no

unusual sight in such a place. I intuitively impeded his progress, by placing my arm across the narrow passage; he staggered back a few paces, under a large green-shaded billiard lamp, when his hat fell off, and discovered—the haggard and convulsed features of John Nugent! He raised his clenched hand, as if with the intention of felling me to the earth; but the light glaring full on my face, his arm remained uplifted and paralysed; his eyes glared fearfully, his mouth distended, his jaw quivered, and he at length faltered out, in a voice supernaturally thin and hollow, 'Carlton! Henry Carlton! M—Me—Mister Carlton!' and then, as if a sudden revulsion had taken place in him from despair to triumph, he attempted to embrace me; but I spurned him as I would a serpent that had made a similar advance.

" 'So,' said I, folding my arms, and mocking him with a bitter smile, 'so, my amiable and honest brother-in-law—for honest you are after the fashion of this world, where honesty is worn like a cloak, that is thrown aside whenever it is inconvenient—fortune has been reviewing you, has she? Pleasant, isn't it, to be ruined out of hand, and then be laughed at by the whole world for attempting a work, or game, if you like the phrase better, in which we don't succeed—ha! ha! ha!'

" 'For Heaven's sake, sir,' said he, arranging his dress and resuming his wonted cringing manner, 'be merciful. You see before you one who has injured you 'tis true, but who sincerely repents of having done so, and who would lay down his life for you to-morrow.'

" 'Ha! ha!' laughed I, disgusted at the wretch's meanness; 'that means, I have no doubt, that you would risk your neck and brave a halter for ten pounds, in any dirty work I, in common with the rest of the world, might be disposed to employ you upon.'

" 'Come, come, Mr. Carlton, sir,' almost whimpered the reptile; 'you are really too hard upon me. Remember, sir, too, the ties of blood between us?'

" This was too much. 'Blood! blood,' echoed I, seizing him by the collar and shaking him; 'I'd tear my heart from my bosom and trample on it before your face, if I thought there was a possibility that by any chemistry of nature, any juggling of hell, one drop of your base Judas blood could pollute mine!'

" 'Of course—of course, sir,' said the white-livered dastard, quailing beneath my grasp, 'I am aware of the honour you did our family by the alliance; but still, you know, we are allied; and I'm sure, whatever our little differences

may have been, you'd be sorry to see me at the Morgue to-morrow.'

"'I broke from the contemptible wretch with unmitigated disgust. He followed me, and, laying his hand on my arm, which had the effect of a torpedo, said,

"'Sir, you behold a ruined, a desperate man. You can save me if you will; for my sister's and your wife's sake, lend me ten napoleons, and as I'm a living man, I'll pay you to-morrow.'

"His sister and my wife! it was but too true. I thought I should have suffocated, and, throwing back my cloak, whose richness might have given him an erroneous notion of my circumstances (though how he could have supposed them other than what they were, I know not), I asked him, pointing to my shabby and threadbare dress, if he thought the pockets of such a coat were likely to produce ten napoleons?'

"'Well, then,' said he, relapsing into his former cowardly despair, and drawing a small hair-trigger pistol from his pocket, 'it must come to this at last,' so saying, he deliberately raised it.

"'Hold,' cried I. 'This is a memorable night in your existence; in it you have done what you never did before—you have uttered one truth—she is your sister! That at least is worth

ten napoleons; but remember, no more, had you twenty lives to lose,' and so saying, I beckoned the reptile after me, who followed without resistance into the play-room. The clink of the gold that one of the markers was raking up seemed to inspire him, for the wretch said, almost with a gay, careless air,—

"'Now, my dear sir, the money, if you please?'

"The man who was crying out 'Rouge gagne—Noir perde,' as we entered, had a most peculiar and mysteriously disagreeable face. The skin was dark, furrowed and leathern, as if it had been made out of bats' wings. His upper lip was unusually long and straight, and the lines on each side from his nose strongly marked. His nose was straight and pinched. His eyes small and dark, the strongly contrasted white of the eye-balls giving a supernatural glare to his whole countenance. His forehead was low, his head high, his hair gray and thin. The expression of his face was neither solemn nor melancholy, nor severe, nor earnest; it was only rigid, but so rigid that it seemed to petrify one as one looked at it. Without the slightest variation or change of countenance, he now looked at Nugent, and merely said, 'fais' votre jeu.' The latter staked five napoleons on the black.

"'Vous avez tort,' said a man next him. 'Rouge gagne ce soir.'

"Nugent made no answer, but kept his eyes eagerly fixed on the heap of gold before him.

"'Noir gagne,' cried the marker.

"'Sacre nom de diable, c'est la première fois ce soir,' cried several disappointed voices who had staked their all upon the red as being the lucky number.

"The marker shovelled over ten napoleons to Nugent, who instantly staked twenty again on the black, and this time won also. Fired with success, he walked to the roulette table and staked ten napoleons on zero: it turned up—he won £380!

"'My dear sir,' said he, turning to me, 'here are your ten napoleons, with ten thousand thanks. Will you not yourself try your luck?'

"'No,' said I, looking at the miserable faces before me. 'No, you have beggared enough for one night.' I left the room. Nugent followed me.

"'You must, indeed, you must, my dear sir,' said he, in a more than usually cringing voice; 'indeed you must allow me to accompany you home, in order to try and express my gratitude, and in the hope of convincing you how sincerely I wish to serve you, which may be more in my power to do than you imagine.'

" 'Never,' said I, 'never with my consent shall you darken my doors.'

" 'Oh, sir,' continued he, 'you know not what you have saved me from, or you would not, you could not doubt the sincerity of my gratitude. In a moment of temptation I staked and lost a large sum of money that was not my own. You have enabled me to regain it—you have saved me from dishonour.'

" 'How, then,' cried I, laughing bitterly, 'can you ever forgive me for having deprived you of what you have been accustomed to all your life?'

" 'Sir,' said he, trying to detain me by the cloak, 'you are too severe—you are indeed. Be merciful!—only let me go home with you!—only let my sister plead for me!'

" 'Never,' cried I, breaking from him and rushing down the passage d'Orleans till I reached the Rue Vivienne, where I jumped into the first omnibus that passed; but as it was bound for the Porte St. Martin, I got out on the Boulevards, in order to get into one that was going to Passy. This second omnibus was full. Several persons were standing in groups, who were disappointed of places as well as myself. I had nothing for it but to get into a citadine. As it drove on, the coachman whipped behind

several times, but this being no unusual occurrence, it gave me little or no concern. It was nearly midnight before I reached home; for, the night being dry, I dismissed the citadine at the Barrière before I got into Passy, for the sake of economy. Blanche saw that I was ruffled and excited, and I, therefore, detailed to her, as delicately as I could, my adventure with her unprincipled brother. She seemed deeply affected, and, turning very pale, tremblingly inquired if I had asked for her father and mother. I don't know how I must have looked; but she put her arm round my neck, and with one of her deep-drawn sighs that always reproached me more than words, said,

"'Well, don't be angry, love,' kissed me and went to bed.

"Next morning, as I was sitting with my writing-table drawn close to the fire, and my wife at the opposite side, settling some work for Blanche, the servant came in and said that a gentleman from Paris was below, who wished to see me; he said he came from a bookseller. It was too cold to keep any one shivering in the court, so I desired her to show him up, which she accordingly did.

"'I had better go,' said Blanche, rising.

"'No, no, stay where you are,' said I; 'it's only another book to translate, I suppose.'

"I was sitting with my back to the door when the man entered, nor did I look up till roused by a loud scream from my wife, when I turned and beheld John Nugent springing forward to support his sister!

"'Touch her at your peril!' said I, placing one arm round her waist, and pushing him back with the other.

"Not to exhaust your patience and my own strength," said Carlton, "I'll skip the scene that followed, and tell you at once that Nugent persevered in staying the day with us—nay, half the night. Finding that I would not listen to a syllable about a reconciliation with my father, he shifted his ground—flattered me upon my 'brilliant talents,' which could of themselves make me independent of the whole world—and ended by proposing to me to write up Lord John Bubble and his party (here Cecil and Theresa exchanged looks), and said, this it was, in the hope of repairing his former conduct by now giving my talents fair play, that in spite of all my repulses, had made him jump up behind the first omnibus I had got into, and next behind the citadine, and so dodge me till I had reached home on the preceding night.

"'And pray,' said I, coldly, 'what confidence could my Lord John or his party possibly have in me? We scarcely ever find deserters

from their principles to be in any estimation with those to whom they revolt, especially when the probabilities of emolument or personal interest accompany their defection; nor is it in the power of any human authority or position to preserve such men from the reproach and infamy they deserve.'

"'But conviction, my dear sir,—conviction obviates all that.'

"'Yes; but I am not convinced,' said I; 'except of one thing.'

"'And of what may that be?' asked Nugent.

"'That it is very cold,' said I, contemptuously kicking the unoffending log of wood that was burning on the hearth. But why should I dwell upon the disgusting incidents of that day? enough that John Nugent was before me for the whole of it—that he fondled my child! Oh! if there is one thing more loathsome in this world than another, it is to hear precepts of morality issuing from the lips of adult infamy into the ear of innocent childhood! And during his frequent exhortations to Blanche to be good, always to do what papa and mamma told her, and above all, never to tell a story, I was obliged to leave the room. Another trial my temper had to sustain was seeing the dinner my wife prepared for him—for him!—when we were so

often without any! But I curbed myself; for my resolution was taken, as I saw that stratagem was the only way to deal with him. At dinner he said he was ordered to drink brandy and water: brandy was accordingly sent for. I soon perceived that towards the water he preserved a temperance amounting to abstinence. In the course of the evening, I affected to relax in my resolution about not writing for his party, and asked him what he thought would be the most I could possibly gain by it? According to him, there was nothing I might not command. I then went farther, and sounded him if he thought that although I kept personally aloof from my father, he might be brought to use his influence for my political advancement, if I espoused his political opinions? This so delighted Nugent, that it threw him completely off his guard; and, after frequent additional libations of brandy, he let it out, that he had come to Paris on a direct mission from my father, to seek me out; and that if he succeeded in finding me, and bringing me back to England, he was to have two thousand pounds down in money, and a place in the excise of four hundred a-year; that he had given him two hundred pounds to defray his expences, which, with another hundred entrusted to him by a friend to

take to his daughter at school in Paris, he had lost at the gaming-table, when he met me the night before. As the wretch began to unravel himself, I commenced weaving my plot with the thread of his deceit.

" 'All you have said is quite true,' said I: 'there is no use in starving when one might be rich; besides, it is wrong when one has a family. But you see I am busy just now. I wish you could give me three or four days to think over your proposition; for to-morrow I have to go to the other side of the country near Montmorency.'

" 'Oh, ce-certainly, certainly,' hickupped Nugent, who was now quite drunk, 'I de-don't wish to hurry you, nor myself neither, for I'm at the Hotel de Mirabeau, where I live like a prince at your governor's expence; but I don't care, no, d—n it, I don't care, my dear fellow, what expence I go to, so long as I bring things right between you and him; and you see how cleverly I've managed him, because, it was all his own doing you see, all his own doing; but you were restive, and there was the difficulty; but I ge-got over it, and without your knowing that he had anything to do with it, the—that's the way to manage every thing in the shape of a plot, never let your left hand know what your

right's about; if you want to keep things steady,' added he, rising, and nearly pitching forward on his head, but that it came in contact with my shoulder, when he placed his hand upon my other, and stammered out, 'so, ho, steady my boy, steady, you must give up the bottle, Harry, when you get into office. Drink's the d—l; where would my head for business be, if I did not stick to w-wa-wa-water.'

"I thought it high time to rid my house of the pollution of Mr. John Nugent's presence, and writing upon a slip of paper, as, in his present state, his memory could not be depended upon, that I should be happy to see him on Monday, but not before, as I should be absent from home; I slipped it into his pocket, and led, or rather dragged him down stairs, and from thence into the street, where giving him in charge to a policeman, I told him to put him into the first omnibus that passed for Paris, and consign him to the Hotel de Mirabeau. That very night, on my return up stairs, I made preparations for quitting France, and two days after we crossed in the Boulogne packet for England, leaving word with an ancien militaire of the name of Le Roue, in whose honor I could confide, not to betray my address; that I would, from time to time, write to him for any letters

that might be lying for me at the Poste Restante.

"Once more landed on my native shores, I felt more desolate than ever. Where to go, I knew not. Certainly the world was all before me where to chuse, but my place of rest was not on earth! It was about seven o'clock of a drizzling winter evening, when we landed at St. Catherine's docks. My chief luggage being books, as soon as I could get them out of the Custom house, I took a hackney coach, and told the man to drive us to some coach office; he took us accordingly to the 'Bull and Mouth' in the city.

"As soon as the hackney coach stopped at the door, a sort of hostler let down the steps, taking it for granted that we were going by one of the coaches. I got out, and told my wife and Blanche to remain where they were. Three mails were standing in the yard, with the lamps lit, and the horses to. I went into the office and asked the man what places were vacant; he in his turn very naturally inquired where to? easy as this question was for him to ask, it was very difficult for me to answer. Seeing me hesitate, he informed me that the three coaches that I saw in the yard, where the Liverpool, Manchester, and Shrewsbury mails. Liverpool and

Manchester sounded horrible. Shrewsbury; I knew no one in Shropshire, and so hastily resolved upon bending my course that way.

"'Have you three inside places in the Shrewsbury mail?' asked I.

"'There's the whole inside vacant,' replied the man.

"I instantly paid the money, and transferred my wife and child from the hackney coach to the mail. Neither of us spoke till we stopped to take up more passengers in Piccadilly, when a man called out to know, whether there was an inside place by the Shrewsbury mail. Blanche asked me if it was thither we were going. I told her it was. She then inquired if I knew any one there, and I had scarcely answered 'No, and for that reason I am going there,' before the door opened, and a long thin man got in. At the end of the first stage, while changing horses, he asked if I was going all the way to Shrewsbury? Being answered in the affirmative, he settled himself to sleep, and did not awake till about five in the morning, when he talked much of the 'Nobility and Gentry,' in the neighbourhood, and lamented that what he called the drayma, was so little patronized by them, and at parting put a play-bill into my hand, hoping that I would sometimes honor the

theatre, of which he was the manager. I did honor the theatre the very next day, for no sooner had I taken the miserable garret that you found my poor child in, and settled her and her mother there, than finding the whole of my worldly wealth to consist of twelve pounds, and knowing how soon that would melt away, and the importance of procuring some present means of subsistence, I walked down to the theatre, and asked to see the manager, who instantly came to the box office cap in hand, overwhelming me with expressions of gratitude, for so soon patronizing him. I cut him short in the midst of his harangue, by saying that I wished to speak with him in private, whereupon he led the way to the green room, and I then and there told him, that I was come, not to engage a box, but to engage myself.

"The manager's hat instantly returned to his head, his hands to his pockets, and himself to his chain; while blinking his eyes very quickly, as if to chastise them for the delusion they had laboured under with regard to myself, he said with equal rapidity, 'What line? what line? what line, pray?'

"I modestly answered, 'in whatever line he pleased.'

"'It is not in what line I please, sir, but in

what line you will be likely to please, that is the question,' replied he with a nasal drawl, looking longer and thinner than ever.

"'Tragedy,' murmured I; and accordingly, after a little more chaffering, I was engaged by Mr. Simcoe, alternately to win or lose Bosworth Field, and murder Banquo, at five-and-twenty shillings a week!

"When I returned home and announced my new calling, my wife burst into tears.

"'Why should you cry?' asked I; 'acting is far less laborious than writing, besides there is an excitement in it that takes one out of oneself, and the remuneration, such as it is, is immediate.'

"'Oh, very well,' said Blanche, 'if it is less laborious, I am satisfied.'

"This, however, she soon found to be a subterfuge, for, after acting all night to 'a beggarly account of empty boxes,' I would write all day, till, from over-exertion of body and mind, I became one discordant quiver of nervous irritability, which rendered our miserable home still more miserable. Although the editor of the county paper (having one night witnessed my performance of Othello—gave me a most elaborate panegyric in his next week's journal, still the house did not fill, and soon Mr. Simcoe be-

came less punctual in his weekly payments, especially as he had frequent recourse to 'stars' from London, whose exorbitant salaries swallowed up the greater part of our lilliputian treasury. These non-payments on the part of the manager, reduced us to a still lower ebb of destitution. My wife took in needle-work, and our poor child filled the menial office of a servant. Her mother could not bear it, and she ventured to entreat that I would apply not to my father but to my aunt—or at all events allow her to appeal to her family, rather than our child should die of want. I answered her savagely, that she was not worse off than we were —my poor Blanche! she looked at me with horror, but said nothing. From that time her health began visibly to decline—there was the too bright eye—the hectic cheek—the hollow cough.—Monster that I was, even these warnings could not loosen the adamantine rivets of my deep-burning hate.—Love is indeed a child! but hatred is a giant whose single grasp can uproot worlds. As my wife's health declined, she grew more and more home-sick. One night she woke crying. I asked her what was the matter? She said she had been dreaming that she was at Guildford; and added—'Oh Henry, if I could but hear from my mother once more, I should die happy.'

" 'Well,' said I, moved by her distress, 'I will go to the post to-morrow, and should Le Roue have forwarded any letters from France, I will bring them to you—but remember you must not write home.'

" 'Not if I were to put no date, Henry, and send the letter to London, and have it put in the post-office there?'

" 'Why, yes, if you can do that, you may—but of this I must be quite sure,' said I sullenly. Poor soul, she kissed me and thanked me as if I had been her preserver, instead of her destroyer. The next day I fulfilled my promise, and went to the post—there were no letters. On my return home she met me at the head of the stairs, with her hand stretched out—I shook my head—she said nothing, but seemed to grow paler and weaker from that hour. The week dragged on—I acted every night, but being unable to obtain a sous from the manager, I stoutly refused to act on Saturday night, which gave him the trouble of changing the play, and me the pleasure of counting the contents of my purse, and discovering that three shillings was all that it contained.

" It was a bright summer's evening, and every thing seemed cheerful and happy beyond our wretched domicile. I remembered my pro-

mise to my wife—the very insects seemed to hum with pleasure in the air—we—we alone were unhappy.

"'Blanche, love,' said I, rising, 'I'm going to the post—and I've a presentiment that I'll bring you back a letter.'

"She pressed my hand in silence, and I saw one big tear roll down her cheek, as she turned her head away.—'To-day is Saturday,' said she, as I was leaving the room—'will you give me some money for dinner to-morrow?'

"'I will,' said I, 'on my return,' and hurried out of the room. As I was going through the hall, the woman came out of the shop and asked me if it would be convenient to pay her the fortnight's rent that was owing?

"'On Monday—on Monday,' said I, and rushed into the street, where I walked rapidly on till I came to that in which the post-office was situated.—'Are there any letters for me?' asked I.

"'What name?' said the man.

"'Carlton,' I replied, knowing that Le Roue would have re-directed any that might have come to Versailles for me in that name.

"After searching for some time, he handed out two—one was for Blanche in Mrs. Nugent's hand-writing, the other was to me from my aunt.

"'How much are they?' said I.

" 'Five-and-fourpence,' said the man.

" 'Then,' replied I, laying down my own letter, 'I must call for this again to-morrow.'

" 'As you please,' rejoined the postman, as I gave him my last three shillings! and received a few pence in exchange. I walked slowly away, balancing the letter in my hand, till I remembered the pleasure it would give Blanche—and recollecting how dearly it had been bought, I determined it should not cost still more by delay—and again hurrying on, I never stopped till I reached home. We had eaten nothing since breakfast. I had remarked that at dinner-time our poor child had whispered her mother, who gave her a small bit of bread that had remained from breakfast, which she quickly eat and asked for more; but her mother silently shook her head, and the child returned quietly to her seat, and continued her work for the rest of the day. As I went through the shop I bought some bread they had just taken from the oven, with the few halfpence that remained out of the three shillings, and with this I went up stairs.—'Here love,' said I to my wife, 'here is your letter—and here, Blanche, is some bread for you.'

" 'Oh thank you, papa, for I am so hungry,' said she—and then cut off a bit of the loaf,

leaving the rest for her mother and me. My wife had torn open her letter, and while she was thus occupied, I walked over to my books and selected from among them a handsomely-bound 'Livy,' and the 'De Rerum Natura of Lucretius'. Placing them under my arm, I again sallied out, and walked to a bookseller's in the main-street, where, after a considerable demur upon his part about purchasing them at all, he generously gave me eighteen shillings for the two! With this money I returned home; and this, together with the half of my salary, which I endeavoured to extort from the manager on the following Monday, paid our rent and supported us for a few days. Still hope, that 'ignus fatuus' of the wretched, upheld me.

"I had for the last three years laboured indefatigably upon a work suggested to me by a question of Monsieur le Duchats, which I believe has never yet been answered. Singular as it was, he asks, what has become of the book 'On the admirable power of Nature and Art,' attributed to Bacon in the Dedicatory Epistle of the Fourteenth Book of Amadis? Taking up this idea, I composed a work entitled 'A Treatise on the admirable power of Art and Nature, as a substitute till that attributed to Bacon shall be found.' This I completed after

I had been here about a year, and forwarded it to an eminent publisher in London, with a synopsis of its plan. My hopes were not a little raised by his returning me a speedy answer—that his reader had dipped into it, and thought that the subject was very ably treated, and had no doubt of its being a work of great merit; but that I must be aware philosophical works never had so great a sale as those of fiction; and, therefore, he should be much obliged by my allowing him to keep it a little longer before he decided on the purchase. The longer the better, thought I; for it was a sort of book that skimming could not do justice to. Upon this chimera did I exist for three months longer, when, hearing nothing further from the London bookseller, I thought it high time to inquire whether it was in Nature that the admirable power of Art was again prevailing against me; and, accordingly, I wrote to demand the return of my MS. or the purchase-money, which, at all events, I sanguinely imagined could not be less than £100; and paltry as the sum was, at that time it would have been wealth to me.

"The next mail brought me a parcel that came to half-a-crown, containing my MS. and a letter from the publisher, couched in the blandest terms of regret, that just at that time

he had such a press of matter, by distinguished authors, that he feared, much as he should like to have had the honour of giving to the public so admirable a work, it would not, under his present engagements, be desirable for him to undertake it. Here, then, were the hopes and labours of three years annihilated! Would that I had been so too; for it is full time, when one has lived to agree with Madame du Deffand, 'que le plus grand malheur et l'unique (puis qu'il produit tous les autres) est celui d'être née.'

"From this time my wife's health began to decline rapidly. Will you believe it, I did not, I could not feel the one sorrow that I feel now! My feelings had been squandered upon too many afflictions—my heart was exhausted—nay, my very nature was warped, till, like a wild beast, I became savage from the mere animal misery of hunger! With all this, I painted my face and 'strutted and fretted my hour' upon the stage every night. Yes, while a few well-fed pleasure-hunters were applauding my mimic deaths, she was dying in reality! And I!—I cannot die!" continued the wretched man, clenching his hands and throwing up his arms so vehemently that the blood gushed out afresh, and for a few minutes he sunk back exhausted

on the pillow. Cecil gave him some sal volatile and water, which revived him; and Theresa, as she bound up his arm, entreated him not to excite himself further, but to endeavour to be calm.

"Calm! yes, I will be calm," resumed he, "for all now is nearly over. I am coming to the time when I first met you; but not yet—not yet. I continued to dispose of everything I had of the slightest value to procure us, from time to time, the commonest necessaries of life; and often did I forego those, for my child and myself, to get delicacies that I thought she would like. And yet, monster that I was, how often have I taunted and upbraided her with harsh bitter words, because she could not touch that which had cost much, and which, when refused by her, was not sufficient to satisfy the hundredth part of her child's craving and mine.

"One day Blanche whispered to me that her mother had expressed a wish for some grapes. I had that morning paid our rent; grapes were half-a-guinea a pound; where was I to get half-a-guinea? I had found from experience that the binding of books brought more than the books themselves; and all those of this external value I had already parted with. I walked over to my much-diminished book-shelf; the few

volumes that still remained, seemed like the only friends that I had left. What wonder, then, if for a moment I felt reluctant to part with them, and that for ever? The only two volumes amongst them that had any pretensions to binding were two of my greatest favourites—Charles Lamb's *Essays of Elia*, and John Wilson's *Isle of Palms*. A tear fell on the books as I took them down; it was foolish, I own; nay, it was extravagant. I would give worlds now for the tears I have so often wasted on trifles; but no, my heart may break, my brain burn, and not one drop will come to quench it. I took them to the booksellers: all I could get was five shillings for the two; that was better than nothing: it would at least get some grapes. I went on to the fruit shop; I asked for the best hot-house grapes; the woman eyed me from head to foot, as if she thought it great impertinence in a person of my shabby appearance to ask for such things.

"'How much do you want?' said she at last.

"'Half-a-pound.'

"'We never sell less than a pound,' replied she, sharply, and turned away to attend a lady who had just come into the shop to buy some pomegranates. You were that lady, or rather that angel," added Carlton, turning to Theresa.

"In the one glimpse I had of you I knew I could not be deceived; so my resolution was taken. I had gone through every stage of misery but one; that still remained for me;—I determined to beg! But it was from you. I watched for your leaving the shop; but my courage almost failed me as I followed you a little way up the street; nor do I think I should have ever 'screwed it to the sticking place,' had I not been suddenly nerved by the impotent revenge of imagining what my father's feelings, or rather, his wounded pride, his indignation, his fury would be, could he, at that moment, see his son, his only son, the heir of all his greatness, begging in the streets of Shrewsbury!

"This was enough; I wanted no farther impetus. I slouched my hat over my eyes, and accosted you: what I said I know not, but I remember your words were, 'Ill, is she? poor man, where do you live?' 'No where,' was my answer; 'I starve a few streets off,' and walked away: you followed me. As I passed the fruit-shop, I stopped mechanically, and looked at the grapes, and, as you have since told me, muttered, 'Too dear—she cannot have them.' I then retraced my steps homeward, nor was it till I reached my own door, that I perceived you were there, with a basket of grapes

in your hand. What followed I need not repeat to you, or how you used to come and read prayers to her in your low, gentle voice; when you read to her, she said her heart felt healed, for the tones were so kind, so soft, that the words seemed to come direct from heaven. She has got them all there with her now; and oh! may they turn to blessings for you."

Cecil sobbed audibly, as he leant his forehead against the head of the bed.

"Stop, not yet—not yet," resumed Carlton; "tears are precious things, never waste them on any thing but death. About two months after we knew you, my son was born. Oh! how kind you were to his poor mother; but she grew weaker and weaker, in spite of all the care and kindness you bestowed upon her. Well do I remember the morning our poor baby was christened, it was about six weeks old; you said it was too young for Blanche to play with, and that you had therefore brought her a cat, and with it you gave her ten pounds to buy, as you said, food for the animal: this I thought perfect robbery, and remonstrated accordingly, but you said it had been given to you as a birth-day present, and you did not want it. For the time you prevailed; but as your only superfluity seemed to be generosity, I could not bear the

idea of taking advantage of it. Accordingly, after you left us that morning, I remembered that Simcoe had often said, that if I could get any influential person in the neighbourhood to patronize a benefit for me, he would advance me twenty pounds on the strength of it; calculating, no doubt, as he thought, upon an impossibility. Now, although you had studiously concealed from me your name and place of abode, yet I could not look at you and not know that you were in a position to do me that service; and as I had heard you say that you should drive into town again that day, I resolved upon going to Simcoe, and getting him to renew his promise, which he did. I then wrote you an urgent note, imploring you to obtain this money for me, by writing to him a promise of supporting my benefit. With this note I hovered about the Talbot, where I knew you would come in the course of the day; you did so, I gave it to you, and you complied with my request. That very evening, Simcoe sent me the money, with a congratulatory letter, saying, that Miss Manners had promised to exert her influence in my behalf: this was the first time I had heard your name, and I was glad to know by what name to bless you. The first use I made of this money, after subtracting half to return to you, was to call in the best physician in the town for my poor Blanche; it was time.

Dr. Churchill pronounced her, and her child, that very day to have evinced the most virulent symptoms of small pox. For a whole fortnight I was so engrossed by them, that I never once remarked the cessation of your visits, till reminded of it by one day receiving a peremptory letter from Simcoe demanding back his money, as he had seen or heard nothing of or from you since; all that remained of it I returned to him, the rest you may guess. I thought, she thought, you too had deserted us; but in death, as in life, all her conclusions were just, and towards the last she feared you had caught her fatal complaint. Four days ago," concluded the wretched man, with a convulsive rattling in his throat, "God took what was fitter for him than for me, two days after my child followed her, and I—I live on, and while I live Blanche must starve as they did; but when I am gone," added he, grasping Cecil's hand, "you will find, in a small black iron trunk (of which Blanche has the key), a large sealed packet, tear off the outer cover, deliver the inclosure according to its address, and, as you value the blessing or curse of a dying man, obey, implicitly and minutely, every injunction contained in the first paper within this packet." As he ceased speaking, Carlton raised his eyes to Theresa's face for about a

minute, and then, without uttering another word, turned his own to the wall.*

Theresa asked him if she should send Blanche to him, but nothing could induce him again to open his lips.

"Poor fellow!" sighed Cecil.

"Indeed you may say so," rejoined Theresa; "just sit by his bed-side, will you, till I go for a nurse; Mrs. Brand lives somewhere near this; and, as the pony chaise is below, I shall not be long gone."

Cecil nodded assent, as she gently closed the door, and departed.

The noise Mrs. Brand made on her arrival (for common people can do nothing, not even think without noise), roused Cecil from his painful reverie: after commending Carlton and little Blanche to her especial care, and promising to return on the morrow, he and Theresa left the house of mourning—but not before they had made every arrangement with Mrs. Sutton, about the funeral of the mother and child.

* Que le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable; there wants no additional proof. Many, no doubt, will think it unnatural, that a man labouring under the violent grief Carlton is represented as suffering, should be able to go into such minute details of his past life. The author can only say that she was once made the repository of an equally painful history, far more graphically described, upon the part of a man, who had lost his bride, to whom he had only been married a week; after surmounting the difficulties of a four-years' attachment—and who died himself two days after.

CHAPTER III.

"Mon dieu, mon dieu, quelle différence il y a d'une âme à une autre! j'y trouve une aussi grande que d'un ange à une huître!"—MADAME DU DEFFAND *à propos de* MESDAMES DE LUXEMBOURG *et* DE MIREPOIX.

"Inasmuch as there cannot be a good orator, who is not a poet, says Cicero, (!) though I don't remember where, but it is sufficient that I say it; for a man is not to go with his sleeve full of citations, when he goes out to take a walk."—DOMINE ZANCASLARGAS.

SIR ROMULUS TAKES THE REINS IN HIS OWN HANDS, AND IN THE COURSE OF THIS CHAPTER, MAKES A QUOTATION FROM A PRIZE POEM OF HIS OWN, THAT DID NOT GAIN THE PRIZE.—A DINNER PARTY AT THE HALL, DURING WHICH, MISS MANNERS SECURES A BENEFIT FOR CARLTON—AND MISS PRUDENCE MAKES A PROFESSION OF FRIENDSHIP TO MRS. DAMNEMALL, WHICH SHE KEEPS TO THE LETTER.

WHEN Cecil and Theresa left Carlton's house, it wanted only a quarter to two.

"What a lecture we shall get!" said the latter, looking at her watch; "but it was impossible to avoid it; for I got a note yesterday from poor Carlton, that was forwarded to me from the Talbot. I sent him the money he required: and, on coming into town this morning, I met him walking, in a distracted manner, towards an up-

holsterer's. Knowing his errand, I persuaded him to turn back—the rest you know."

"There is one thing I do not know," said Cecil: "where you get the money that you give so lavishly in charity?"

Theresa shook her head as she replied: "In the first place, I am sorry to say, my charities are not very extensive; so it is only a dress or a bonnet the less occasionally; and when it is an extreme case beyond that, my dear Marmaduke is my Fortunatus's purse."

They had turned into a narrow and secluded lane, that was a shorter road home. Cecil looked round, and seeing no living thing was near, reined in the ponies, and, as he looked under Theresa's bonnet, said:

"Do you know I have been deceiving you all this time? I have been swearing that I loved, that I adored you—and you believed it; but it was all false—I never, till this moment, did either!" And so saying, Mr. Howard snatched a kiss much after the manner in which schoolboys snatch cherries, when they are afraid of being caught. But lest the lip-deep virtue of my late immaculate censors should be outraged at such a proceeding, I must, in vindication of the young gentleman who figures as the hero of these pages, explain how he came to be guilty

of such an apparently unpardonable impropriety. The confession he had just made had rendered Miss Manners' cheek as white as the snow over which they were driving; and, with prompt resource—that unerring test of genius—Mr. Howard merely took the most effectual method of restoring its Lancastrian beauties : 'Eh bien, en êtes vous contents, Messieurs les Cæsar Borgia en homme, et Platon en critique ?'

"Poor Carlton !" sighed Theresa, arranging her bonnet, as if that could do him any good; "I wonder what his real name is ? I wish, for that poor little girl's sake, he could be brought to let his father know his miserable destitution ; but he is in no state at present for any one to try and persuade him on this point. You never saw such a lovely creature as his wife was !"

"Your voice sounds like truth itself; but your looks belie your words. I have seen one much more lovely," said Cecil.

Whatever motive she could have had for so doing I know not—but Miss Manners, at the conclusion of Mr. Howard's last speech, suddenly pulled down her veil, and renewed the subject of the Carltons.

"It is, indeed," sighed Cecil, "one of those terrible every day domestic tragedies that far outweigh all the stilted blank-verse miseries of

imagination. I don't know how it is," continued he, musingly, "but the whole time he was relating his story, I felt as if he was talking at me. Theresa, could you ever forgive me, were I to be the cause of reducing you to such utter poverty as Carlton entailed upon his wife?"

"No, I never could forgive you," blushed Theresa, raising her eyes fondly to his; "for in order to forgive, one must first feel angry,"—as Sir Romulus Bubble most assuredly was, to judge by his voice—as at this identical moment, just as Mr. Howard had let the reins drop from his hands, which were otherwise employed pressing those of Miss Manners—he popped his head from behind a hedge, and vociferated:

"Ho! there, you Algerine, you'll be in the ditch!—and what will my calamity say, if you smash her phaeton and break her pony's knees? My dear, my dear," continued he to Cecil, as he cleared the hedge, and ran to the ponies' heads, "even if it is disagreeable to you to drive Theresa, you ought to be a little more careful; for no cork legs she could get would walk through the world as well as yours contrive to do—here, get down." And Sir Romulus suited the action to the word, and dragged him forcibly out, when seating himself beside Miss Manners, he resumed: "See here, this is the way you should

hold the reins, and keep your eyes steadily on the horses' ears all the time you are driving; but if ever an accident should happen, the very worst thing you can do is to let go the reins, and seize hold of the person's hands with you, as you did just now. But the fact is, the youngsters of the present day have no gallantry; and the Algerines would rather be breaking their necks in a steeple-chase than be commonly civil to the girls. But as you are in such a hurry to be off, I'll drive Theresa home, as we are close to the first park gate."

In vain Cecil remonstrated—Sir Romulus touched the off pony's ear with the lash of the whip, squared his elbows, advanced his person much nearer to the splash-board, and would have given Mr. Howard a lesson in driving, had not that gentleman, in order to get home as quickly as possible, doubly changed places with the worthy Baronet, by getting over the hedge, and walking rapidly across the fields till he reached the house, in time to receive Theresa at the portico.

"Well," cried Sir Romulus, as they drove through the first lodge, "I should have thought Howard had been more genteel (a favourite word of his on all occasions), than to have behaved so scurvily to a young lady! But never

mind; hold up your head, Theresa—there'll be money bid for you yet—who knows what the tournament may do for you? But where on earth have you been all the morning? The Duke and Duchess of Arlington were to have been here at twelve to see one of our rehearsals; but they sent over to say they were prevented coming, and would not be here till dinner time."

"I was detained," replied Theresa, "by some poor unfortunate people, who are in great distress. Indeed, dear uncle, I hope to get you to do something for them."

"Oh, my dear—my dear, the country swarms with those Algerines of beggars! Besides, you should remember the small-pox; it is really not right of genteel women to go to such places."

Theresa remained silent, and consoled herself with the reflection that Marmaduke would be more 'genteel' than his brother, in the only acceptation in which the word is admissible. When they arrived at the hall door, Cecil was on the steps, speaking to Miss Prudence, who had been warned home by the luncheon bell, and who was now standing in her slate-coloured beaver bonnet, mud-coloured snow boots, duffle cloak, green cotton umbrella, and hare-skin gloves, turning up her eyes, as though she had just seen sacrilege and murder committed.

"Oh dear;" she commenced, as soon as Theresa had set her foot upon the steps, "I call it downright sinful!—I'm so glad Dr. Damnemall dines here to-day: I'll certainly make him speak to you about it."

"About what?" asked Theresa, in amazement.

"Oh dear! you may well ask!—nothing at all. Mr. Howard tells me you have had no breakfast yet! and have actually eaten nothing to-day! It's downright shocking—for it's nothing more nor less than making away with yourself by instalments!"

"Retail suicide, my dear—retail suicide—do you approve of that expression?" said Sir Romulus, taking a profound pinch of snuff.

"Oh dear! beyond everything! Romulus has just said it—that's just what it is; and I'm sure Dr. Dammemall will say exactly the same thing. Now that's what I like in Mr. McPhin, he's so punctual to his meals—and 'tis such a good example to Cosmo."

Theresa pacified Miss Prudence by assuring her that she would make ample amends at luncheon for her desertion from the breakfast table; and so saying, they entered the house, where they found Marmaduke in the hall, rubbing his eyes.

"Why, you little jade, where have you been all the morning?" cried he. "Here have I been up since ten, thinking you'd take me to see the poor d—l you told me of yesterday, though I've no doubt, beforehand, that he's an impostor."

"Indeed, no, dear uncle," replied Theresa; "and to-morrow I do hope you will come and judge for yourself."

"Oh, dear!" mumbled Miss Prudence, with her mouth full of fricnadeau, "I'm confident it was going among the pigs and the poor people that gave you the small pox."

"Not only that, my dear," said Sir Romulus, assuming a magisterial air, and looking like fifty justices of the peace rolled into one, "but Theresa, and you womenkind, are not perhaps aware that, according to an old statute, still on the books, namely, a-hem—a-hem—the 17th of George the II. c. *5*, s. *25*: 'Women wandering in and begging in parishes and places to which they do not belong, if any such have a child or children, and become chargeable, the churchwardens or overseers may detain such woman in their custody, until they can safely convey her to a justice (me, for instance, a-hem), who shall examine her and commit her to the house of correction, until the next session, who may, if

they see convenient, order her to be publicly whipped, and detained in the house of correction for any further time not exceeding six months.' "

"Hum! 'Vous avez changé tout cela!' What becomes of the new poor-law?" groaned Marmaduke.

"And what becomes of the '17th of George the II. c. 5, s. 25?' " asked Theresa archly, "if the vagrant, as in the present instance, happens to be a man, uncle?"

"Oh, my dear—my dear! there would be no use in explaining these things to you, for women have not capacity for jurisprudence—and—and all that sort of thing."

"Well, I'm sure Lady John won't refuse to give me something for my poor man;" said Theresa, as her ladyship entered the room and rang for her chicken-broth, which, with the pleasing variations of water-gruel and tapioca, constituted her usual luncheon.

"Who is it?" asked Lady John.

"Oh, a poor wretched man who is in deep distress, and whom I very much fear will die."

"I'm sure I shall be very happy," replied her ladyship. "Johndina completed enough cuttings yesterday to make two more paper pillows, and they are quite at your service; and if the

individual should go to London, I'll give him some soup-tickets."

"That bone to another dog, for I'll none of it," pshawed Marmaduke, as he rose, and, buttoning his coat, hastily left the room.

Cecil and Theresa, as they followed him into the library, could with difficulty suppress a smile at Lady John's charitable benevolence and generosity of disposition.

"Well," said Marmaduke, poking the fire as if he would assassinate it, "England's an enviable country between my Lady John's paper pillows, and my Lord John's paper projects. Now, what can the Recording Angel say of a woman whose life is divided between stabbing canvas, which she calls Berlin work,—cutting paper, which she calls charity! and physicing her child, which she calls education?"

"I don't know what the Recording Angel will say of her, but I know what he will say of you," said Theresa, coaxingly, "if you will do something for my poor man. I would not have mentioned him to the rest, but that I want to get up a benefit at the theatre, the profits of which shall be for him, and so I was obliged to make them a party concerned."

"Well, well," said Marmaduke, throwing himself into a library chair, and rubbing down

the calves of his legs, "let me hear what it is you want me to do for this impostor."

"First of all, I want your patience to hear his melancholy history, and then I am sure you will not call him an impostor."

"Well, go on—go on—but don't keep me here all day."

Upon the strength of this ungracious permission, Theresa repeated the sad history of Carlton's life, but was frequently interrupted by "poor fellow" from Marmaduke, 'till she came to the part where his wife died, when the big tears chased themselves down his cheeks, as he stirred the fire vehemently, and exclaimed,—

"Stuff—nonsense! I've no sympathy with such infatuated madness! he'd no business to let the poor woman die, and yet it was the best thing she could do. We're all on the same road —a miserable one it is too—and the sooner we come to our journey's end the better. Well, I'll go to Simcoe myself, to-morrow—I'll do more—I'll get my Lord John to edit this Carlton's work on the admirable power of Art and Nature, and see what a wonderful book it will be thought then! for editing is always supposed to be a modest way of publishing. No matter, it will fill Carlton's pockets, and give him another proof of the admirable power of art."

"I do hope," said Cecil, "that you will be able to persuade him to tell you his real name, and become reconciled to his father."

"I am not sure that I have any right to do so," replied Marmaduke: "for, wrong—nay, wicked as the abstract feeling unquestionably is of such deep hatred—yet any feeling so intense, should be sacred from the interference of others. I take it, God alone can conquer or quench all such, and that through no outward or human means, but by the influence of the Holy Spirit, in His own good time."

"I believe you are right," said Cecil, musingly.

"But you will come with me early to-morrow, will you not, dear uncle?" said Theresa, kissing his forehead.

"At day-break, if you like, child, for assistance is the medicine of affliction, and like all others, when the malady is imminent, to be of any service, it should be administered immediately."

Theresa had just bestowed another kiss on Marmaduke's silver hair, which Mr. Howard thought ill-placed generosity, when the first dinner bell rang, and Miss Manners started from her chair, with one of Miss Prudence's "Oh! dears," which set Marmaduke laughing, and the trio separated to dress.

Dr. and Mrs. Damnemall were the first to arrive. Mrs. Damnemall was a little skinny woman, with dark eyes, and spikey features, a very shrill voice, and a broad Yorkshire accent. She was one of those persons (of which there are many), who, while she would have pulverized her teeth, and worn her tongue threadbare, in talking Richard the Third's back, or Mary queen of Scots' character straight, did not care how many living figures or reputations she warped. She rejoiced in two children, a son and a daughter, each of whom had been endowed with two names, both of which their mother invariably gave them. Her son, Mr. George James Damnemall, was an ensign in a marching regiment, and what his parents called of an extravagant turn, that is, he could not live on his pay. Her daughter, Miss Anna Martha Damnemall, was an embellished edition of her father, and at that time being on a visit to a friend, whose husband being quartered at Windsor, Mrs. Damnemall always expressed her fears that her daughter would for the future never be able to endure living away from court! Her husband she invariably called *the* doctor, justly concluding that there was not another doctor in the world, and whatever his contemporaries may have thought, and posterity may think, of Cicero

as an orator, it was, and is, nothing to what Mrs. Damnemall thought of her sposo's powers of elocution. Mrs. Damnemall's dress was, to use Sir Romulus Bubble's phrase, quite out of the common. She had on, for the present occasion, a crimson velvet dress, braided in a most elaborate and extraordinary Hungarian, or Russian fashion, with gold about the body, and long tight sleeves, while on her head was a high square Polish lancer's cap, composed of the same material, with the addition of a long drooping feather.

Trip had found his way into the drawing-room, and as Miss Manners sat, petting him on an ottoman, and Marmaduke and Miss Prudence were the only members of the family yet down, the latter had her friends the Damnemalls, all to herself.

"Oh dear! what an edifying discourse the doctor gave us yesterday, to be sure," said Miss Prudence, "and he reads quite as well as he preaches."

"He does read remarkably well," assented his wife; "to give you an instance of it; most people, if I am roightly informed, quoite laugh when they read 'Don Quixotte,' and 'Nicholas Nickleby;' now I assure you the Doctor read us out Nicholas of an evening, till Anna Martha and I croied."

"Ah, that shows now how they ought to be read, for I have always heard, that people laughed a great deal at them, especially 'Nicholas Nickleby,'" said Miss Prudence: "pray how are your son and daughter?" added she.

"Quoight well, thank ee; Anna Martha is deloighted with the officers, and they with her, in fact it is the first toime she's ever been among the red coats. She sees the queen, and all the whole batch of them every day; as I tell her, I'm afraid she'll get spoilt at court, and never be able to put up with a quoiet country parson, as I always call the doctor. As for George James, he's terribly extravagant, to be sure; he wrote to his father for another twenty pounds the other day, tho' it's only six months ago, since the doctor sent him ten! and unknown to his father I sent him two queen Anne guineas, that I'd had for a many years."

"Dear me, how shocking!" cried Miss Prudence, "but you can't put old heads on young shoulders. I do declare I'll write to him, for oh dear! I'm so partial to you and his father, that I think he'd attend to what I say."

However this might be, Miss Prudence now began to attend to what Marmaduke was saying, as she thought he was complimenting Dr. Dammemall upon his late sermon.

"Your preaching wants poetry, my dear doctor, as my brother would say," said Marmaduke.

" Poetry ! my dear sir, how ? when ? where ?" and Dr. Dammemall looked as he felt, astonished.

" Why this sort of thing," said Marmaduke, taking up Francisco Lobon de Salazar's admirable book, which he had got ready for the occasion, and reading from it the following passage, in a voice almost as sonorously pompous as the doctor's own : " Let the energy of the lips cease, and let my eyes, like festive anchors, contemplate a very literal text which the Canticles present ! it says thus, 'vox turturis audita est, flores apparuerunt in terra nostra.' 'The beautiful turtle sung in our barren country, flowers came to adorn it,' &c. &c. a text so literal, that it needs not an application."

" Pardon me, my dear sir, but I don't understand a word of it !" cried the doctor, elevating his eyebrows.

"Ah, indeed," said Marmaduke, " then I have achieved two great points, first, I am out of your debt, for I did not understand one syllable of your sermon yesterday, and by your not comprehending what you are preaching about, you will always place yourself on a level with your congregation ; then there's an appropriate (!) hymn, on the emperor Claudius Drusus, which you

might sometimes quote: it runs somewhat like 'Iste Confessor Domine Colentes;' I forget how it begins, but I know it ends with—

'Ille Britannos, ultraquei noti
Littora ponti, et ceruleos
Scuta Brigantes
Dare Romuleis colla catenis
Jussit, et ipsum nova Romanæ
Jura securis tremere Oceanum, &c.'"

Now like Friar Blas, the doctor was a sincere man, and did not like a burdened conscience, for which reason, he confessed that this was too much Latin for his grammar.

"Sir, with due deference," said he, "I don't quite catch all you said; I know there was something about Sir Romulus, Romuleis, and about Britain, Britannos, and I think about the collar of a cat, Colla, Catenis, which latter may mean the yoke of the Catholic; but still I don't see what comparison there is in any of these similes to my parishioners."

"Don't you know," said Marmaduke, "that comparisons are odious."

"So says the copy-book," replied the doctor.

"Well, and is not that the text?" asked the other.

The poor doctor was tired of asserting that he did not understand (how should he?) and, there-

fore, remained with his eyes and mouth open, when Lady Bubble and Sir Romulus, to his no small relief, sailed into the room. Their salutations over, and her ladyship well framed in a bergère, the door again opened, and the duke and duchess of Arlington were announced, followed by lord and lady John, and the young ladies; Mademoiselle Perpignon, Mr. Mc Phin, and Cosmo, bringing up the rear; while Cecil glided in, unperceived, and took his place by Theresa. On the entrée of the duke and duchess, Mrs. Damnemall rebounded from her seat as if she had been galvanized, while, on the contrary, her spouse shrank into the wall, till he became a sort of breathing 'bas reliev.' The duchess was a tall lady-like woman, with a cold manner, and a warm dress. The duke was a handsome distinguished looking man, with a very soft voice, and soft manner, who gave one the idea of having never walked any where but at a coronation all his life. Lord John, bent upon doing the popular, introduced Dr. and Mrs. Damnemall; had be been a mitre, the former could not have bowed lower, while the latter wondered (to herself) if all the noblemen Anna Martha saw at court were as handsome.

"Ah! Mr. Howard, how do you do?" said the duke, shaking hands with Cecil, "have you been long in this part of the world?"

"About three months."

"I don't wonder at your deserting us," resumed his grace, glancing towards Theresa, "since there's 'mettle more attractive' here."

Miss Manners, who overheard the compliment, had recourse to Trip, upon whose tan-paws, and black satin ears, she began lavishing sundry caresses.

"Really, Theresa," cried Lady Bubble, "I'm quite ashamed of you making such a fool of yourself with that dog. I wish, Mr. Mc Phin, you, who can give Cosmo such advice, would lecture her about it. I'm serious in what I say. Mr. Mc Phin, do you hear me?"

Mr. Mc Phin did hear her, for Madlle. Perpignon was nearly blowing him out of the window-seat with sighs; so, thinking this would be a favourable opportunity for effecting a retreat, he advanced in his new black kersymere curtailments, (which Archy Dunn had sent home on credit, without, to his honour be it spoken, at all sparing the material, but quite the reverse,) and after preluding forth two or three undecided hums and has, he delivered himself much to the purpose as follows :—

"A—hem,—Miss Manners, mum, with all respect I speak it, but my sincere opinion is that you ought to be ashamed of yourself, mum,

for wasting on a dumb baste what ony gude Christian would be glod of!"

"Bravo!" cried Cecil, "the first living I have in my gift shall be your's, Mr. Mc Phin."

"Had you spoken for a year, you could not have uttered a greater truth," laughed the Duke.

"Oh dear!" whispered Miss Prudence to Mrs. Damnemall; "the truth should not be spoken at all times—now, do you think it ought?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Damnemall, "I'm sure I hope Anna Martha never kisses dogs before the officers."

"Whether she does or not," said Marmaduke, "they must know that the world is divided into two great classes—lucky dogs and unlucky dogs."

"That reminds me," said Sir Romulus, "of some couplets in a prize poem, that I wrote at Oxford—(not that I got the prize); but I think you'll admit that there's a great deal of sound philosophy in them, and that they are rather out of the common.—Let me see," added he, pushing his wig still further back with one hand, while he pulled his under-lip with the other; "let me see,—oh! I have it: here they are:

'Life is a ladle full of nonsense and fuss,
And to stir it into tempests is no manner of use.'"*

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* These lines were actually the production of a Cambridge professor!—for heaven's sake, dear reader, don't take them for mine! I am only a woman, and could not write anything so good.

The tributary laugh that followed this charming specimen of Sir Romulus's poetical talents, he took for admiration, and therefore pursued the theme by observing, that he had studiously avoided making use of the phrase—"tureen full of fuss," as that would have given too much importance to the miseries of human life, which he wished to treat with philosophical nonchalance, and had therefore tossed them into a ladle, as that conveyed the idea of their being easily managed; as it must be plain to the most moderate capacity, that there could be no great difficulty in discussing a ladleful of anything, whether soup, punch, or misfortunes.—"Does your Grace approve of my philosophy?" concluded he.

Luckily for his Grace's veracity, good-breeding, and risible muscles, dinner was now announced, which gave him an opportunity of changing the subject from a ladleful to an armful of fuss, by taking Lady Bubble into the dining-room. Miss Prudence of course seated herself next Dr. Damnemall, who had taken her out, while Marmaduke found himself on the doctor's left side.—"I don't quite understand, my dear sir," said he, 'sotto voce,' to the former, as soon as they were seated; "what your ideas of preaching are, that you were good

enough to favour me with before dinner—perhaps you'll have the goodness to explain further."

"There is no necessity," replied Marmaduke, "for every man has a right to his opinion—and your's appears to be the same as Mr. Martin's, who, during the May session of 1781, when a bill was brought in for the better observance of the sabbath—wherein it was proposed that religious debating societies should be closed on Sundays—ironically suggested the following amendment:—'And it is hereby enacted, That all his Majesty's subjects shall be permitted to exercise their reason, and use the utmost freedom of inquiry into religious opinions, and that for six days in the week; but on the first, which is called Sunday, their understanding shall be in a state of rest: And it is further enacted, That six months' imprisonment and a fine of twenty pounds shall be levied on every man who shall profane the sabbath by exercising those rational faculties with which God has endowed him.'"

"My dear sir!" cried the doctor, actually holding his first spoonful of soup in abeyance; "you must have been strangely misinformed. I never attempted to fine any man twenty pounds or imprison him for six months."

"Well, I never said or heard that you did,"

replied Marmaduke—staring him full in the face, and suspending his own spoon on a parallel-level with Dr. Damnemall's.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Miss Prudence, leaning across the doctor; "how can you be so silly as to attempt to argue with Dr. Damnemall, when you must know that you'll be sure to get the worst of it."

"Very true," said her brother, "for I get his arguments and he gets mine."

"Oh dear! how uncommon rude, to be sure," muttered Miss Prudence, popping back her head, which had luckily prevented his hearing Marmaduke's civility.

"Doctor," cried Sir Romulus from the other end of the table, holding up the soup-ladle, "another ladle of nonsense and fuss?—ha! ha! ha! shall we re-christen turtle-soup, and call it nonsense and fuss?—if you approve of this name for it, suppose you perform the ceremony by drinking a glass of cold punch?"

The doctor seconded Sir Romulus's motion, for he drank two, and complimented the baronet upon his choice of names.

"Oh, dear! how droll," giggled Miss Prudence, with her mouth full, and her hand before it.

Dr. Damnemall had began to suspect that

Marmaduke was laughing at him; therefore, meaning to be very bitter (!), on the arrival of his relay of soup, he turned to him, and said, "Well, sir, you'll allow we beat the ancients here, for they had no such thing as turtle."

"I beg your pardon," said Marmaduke, eagerly laying down his knife and fork, speaking very fast, and setting in for an argument, "you might as well say they had no men because they had no dandies; whether they made it into soup is another affair. Juvenal has a couplet—

'Nemo, inter curas et seria, duxit habendum,
Duales in oceani fluctu, testudo nataret.'

by which it would appear, that they held it in no great estimation; and Sir Robert Herbert, after angling with his readers by an elaborate account of what he calls tortoises, 'so great as to suffer two men with ease to sit upon them, and so strong as to carry them,' then adds, with an innocent confusion of grammar, 'Sailors affect to eat them; but are better food for hogs in my opinion.'".

"Well, that proves my assertion," said the doctor, with satisfactory pomposity; "all I said was, that the ancients knew nothing about turtle."

"Not so," persisted Marmaduke; "for as long as Horace is remembered, the honour due

to the 'Testudo,' not that he ever put it to the *test you do,*" said he, eyeing the doctor's third plate of soup, "must accompany his fame; but we moderns, after the metaphysical fashion of our times, devote that attention and affection to its interior excellence, which the superficial ancients only bestowed on its exterior."

"Superficial, indeed, you may well call them," sighed the doctor, as he finished his last spoonful, and the servant removed his plate.

"He is a young man, and has changed from conviction, rely upon it," said Lord John to the Duke.

"Who is that that relies upon anything? I'll be with them directly, for they must be wrong," cried Marmaduke, gulping an untasted piece of sturgeon.

"We were talking of Mr. Tryall's late rat," laughed the Duke, "and Lord John thinks, that is, says, he has changed from conviction."

"Fiddlestick: he has been convicted certainly," said Marmaduke, "but it is of being a bought and unprincipled renegade. I fear, my Lord John, it will require even an abler advocate than you to vindicate Mr. Tryall's conduct. It would be a most desirable thing, if he, and a few more members of the Lower House, could find a professional gentleman lineally descended

from that French Avocat, mentioned in the 'Catalogus Gloriar Mundi,' who, when the parliament of Provence, in 1540, fulminated a sentence against an innumerable body of rats, in the Vaudois of the valley of Merindol, for laying waste the country, started up, and so ably defended the cause of the rats—(who had been cited to appear before the bishop's court, in order to see what spiritual means would do, all human ones having failed against them)—so logically did this illustrious lawyer argue, that the poor calumniated vermin could not appear with any degree of security at the court, according to the summons, since their steps were narrowly watched by their hereditory—or Tory—enemies the cats, and no safeguard was appointed to conduct them to the presence of their judges, that it had the effect of preventing those anathemas which would otherwise have been fulminated against them—if, I say, such another advocate can be found now-a-days, then, but not till then, can Mr. Tryall,—and all the family of Tryalls, be saved from those anathemas they so richly deserve."

"I quite agree with you," said the Duke.

"Now, Marmaduke," cried Sir Romulus, who mortally dreaded that Lord John should be offended, "having helped us to your ladle-

full of nonsense and fuss, let me advise you to try this 'poulet à la Condé.'"

"A *fowl* way of gaining a victory in argument, that no 'Condé' of a logician would ever resort to," said Marmaduke; "but I own it will stop my mouth more effectually than any thing you could say."

"Pray, my lord duke," said Mrs. Damnemall, bowing to and blinking at the Duke of Arlington across the table, "as your grace's sister is in the household, can you tell me if it is true that our young queen is to be married immediately?"

The duchess raised her glass, and looked more scrutinizingly at Mrs. Damnemall, than she had ever done at Van Amburg and his lions, while the Duke merely bowed, and said, "I don't know; I've not seen the papers to-day."

"Oh! it ain't true, then," said Mrs. Damnemall, turning to Miss Prudence, "or of course Anna Martha, being about court, would have mentioned it."

"Oh, that I'm confident she would, for I see by her letters that she has no concealments from you; 'tis such a comfort, to be sure, when young women are so well brought up. I mean," whispered Miss Prudence, "to do something for George James; but I shan't tell you what it is till it is done."

Mrs. Damnemall, who, naturally enough from such a prelude, thought that Miss Prudence contemplated nothing short of purchasing her son a step, pressed her hand, and said, "I'm sure, ma'am, I feel quoite overcome by your koindness."

"Oh, I beg you won't mention it; for it makes me quite happy to be of any service to his father's son—I assure you I mean what I say."

"I know it, I know it," blinked Mrs. Damnemall, overpowered by her feelings, and applying a pocket handkerchief to her eyes that Anna Martha had marked for her with some of the hair out of the horse's tail that the Duke of Wellington had ridden at Waterloo, and which one of the officers had given to her.

"Champagne, ma'am?" asked a servant.

"If you please; dear me, I feel rather better."

"I'm so glad," said Miss Prudence; "but do let me persuade you to take a teaspoonful of brandy; do you know, I always do, when any thing affects my feelings—that is, when I have eaten anything that disagrees with me."

"No, thank you; I'm quoite recovered now."

"A good thing too! It doesn't do for the mother of a family to be ill—does it?"

"No, indeed it does not."

"Ah, I know that by experience," sighed Miss Prudence.

"The d——l you do!" cried Marmaduke, who overheard the conclusion of their conversation.

"How tiresome it is that you always will take one up every word one says!" said Miss Prudence.

"It is better to take up your words than to take them down, if you make many such confessions," laughed Marmaduke. With a few more little pleasantries on his part, at the expence of Miss Prudence, renewed professions of friendship between her and Mrs. Damnemall, and one or two original and philosophical aphorisms from Sir Romulus, as profound as that of the 'ladle,' the dinner passed off, till it was time for the ladies to adjourn. No sooner had they returned to the drawing-room, than without waiting for coffee (for what sacrifice is there that genuine friendship is not capable of?), Miss Prudence slipped up stairs, where she remained for nearly three quarters of an hour. When she descended, she made a mysterious signal to Mrs. Damnemall to come behind the piano, where she placed a very thick packet in her hand, saying that she had sent into the dining-room asking the Duke of Arlington for a frank for the next day, merely as if she had been anxious to possess an auto-

graph of his; so that none of her own family knew a word about it!

Mrs. Damnemall was about to reply, when the door opened, and the gentlemen arrived from dinner. "Hush!" said Miss Prudence; "don't say a word more; but put it in your bag, and pray don't read it till you get home—for I do assure you I've had the greatest pleasure in doing it for him. Oh, poor young man! I shall be so glad to serve him."

So saying, she walked away to secure some coffee which had just made its appearance, while Mrs. Damnemall lighted upon the music stool once more, overcome by her friend's generosity and her own feelings.

Mr. McPhin now entered, feeling that there was safety in numbers, and that Mademoiselle Perpignon would be obliged to keep her distance. Cosmo was sitting cross-legged at a little table, with one elbow on his knee, his mouth open, his shoulders up to his ears, and a book in his hand.

"What are you reading?" said Marmaduke.

"Pliny's Epistles, uncle."

"Pliny's Epistles!" echoed Marmaduke, taking the book out of his hand, "most appropriate truly; for I see it is the twenty-fifth, 'to Rufus, on retired merit.'"

" Nay uncle, don't laugh at me; I must read sometimes, you know."

" Laugh at you, boy!" cried Marmaduke, reading from the book, " not I any more than Pliny laughs at his Rufus, when he says, ' How many persons of learning are concealed by their own modesty, and snatched away from fame by their love of repose!' That is precisely your case, mine ancient."

" Ah, come, uncle, now I know you are laughing at me."

" What is your opinion, Mr. Bubble?" cried the Duke: " your brother says, there is no one in the present day, capable of writing a good comedy; and I differ from him."

" My opinion," replied Marmaduke, turning over the leaves of the book he still held, " is Pliny's; and here it is in his letter to Caninius, wherein he says: ' I am in the number of those who admire the ancients; yet I do not, like some, despise the wits of our own age; for I do not think that nature is so much upon the decay that she can produce nothing at present that is commendable. I have then been to hear Virginius Romanus reading a comedy, to a thin audience, formed from the model of the old stage, yet so well done, that it may some time be a standard itself. I can't tell whether you

know the man, though you should know him; for he is very remarkable for the probity of his manners, the elegance of his wit, and the variety of his words. He has written some iambic drolls, with a lightness, a humorous turn, a beauty, and a diction, that are all perfect in their kind. For there is no manner of writing that, if it be completely touched, has not a right to be called extremely eloquent and masterly.' Now, this eulogium," continued Marmaduke, "I "think Dickens is fairly entitled to."

"Indisputably," acquiesced the Duke.

"Ergo," cried Marmaduke, "he could write a first-rate comedy."

"He has already done so," said the duke." But Lady John, who hated to hear people talk about what she could not understand, remarked in that tone of voice which challenges general attention, "How very putty the pine-cones looked when they were red-hot." A fact that even Marmaduke could not dispute.

"Talking of plays," said Theresa, "reminds me of a very great favour I have to ask your Grace, and Lord John."

"I should think to ask and to receive were synonymous with Miss Manners," bowed the duke.

"I hope they will be in this instance," re-

plied she. "It is nothing more nor less than to allow your names to figure in a play-bill as patronizing a benefit for a poor man who is in very deep distress; and I fear the most pathetic description of his misery would not have half the effect in loosening our good neighbour's purse-strings that your talismanic names would. So pray don't refuse me."

"It would be literally 'contra bonos mores' if we did," said the duke; "and, at all events, it will be a novelty to the public to see Lord John Bubble's name and mine going towards framing the same Bill."

"Let me venture to hope that it will be a favourable omen," said Lord John, looking as dull as Downing-street.

"Of the success of the play?" wilfully misapprehended the duke. "I hope it may."

"As the Duke of Arlington has so kindly promised me his assistance, may I hope for yours, Lord John?" asked Theresa.

"Oh, certainly," said he, coldly. "I feel quite jealous, Miss Manners, that you should leave me out of your charity; and really cannot allow you to separate me from the duke on this occasion."

"I'm sure I shall be most grateful; I was afraid of asking too much, which was the reason

your Grace escaped my importunities at first," said Miss Manners; and then added, "Lady John, I do hope you will follow so good an example?"

"Thank you; but being the wife of a public character, I like to appear in print as little as possible," yawned Lady John: "but I'll be happy to give you any assistance; for instance, if the play is Othello, I'll make a paper pillow, with pleasure, for the smothering scene."

A smile was visible on every countenance, Lord John's and Lady Bubble's excepted; the latter was pushing back her chair and fanning herself most ardently; an infallible sign, as Theresa knew, that her dignity had been offended; therefore, walking over to her and looking coaxingly up in her face, she said, "Dear aunt, and won't you give your name too?"

"No, my dear," replied she, while her fan, according to Mr. O'Connell's plan, continued to agitate, agitate, agitate; "no, you only want my money; and I've no idaya of giving my name where it is not wanted."

"My dear, my dear," interposed Sir Romulus, who always played the Socrates to any Xantippean symptoms in his better-half, "we must all give our names, especially you and I;

for how are they to make up their 'ladle full' of nonsense and fuss without us? But where are those Algerines, King and Russell? they must launch out too."

"They have not come, though we asked them," said the young ladies in one breath, and two sighs.

The next point to be arranged was what night would be most convenient to all present that the play should take place; and, after many demurs, and alterations, first from one and then from another, it was finally agreed that it should be on the twenty-sixth, the evening of Mrs. Whabble's ball, in order, as Sir Romulus expressed it, to kill two birds with one stone. Soon after, the Duchess of Arlington's carriage was announced, and the party broke up. Miss Prudence assisted in packing Dr. Damnemall by fastening on his respirator herself; while, with true generosity, she silenced Mrs. Damnemall every time she attempted to thank her for the letter she had given her.

Miss Prudence always had the carriage out to take the doctor and his wife home; and scarcely were they seated in it, before Mrs. Damnemall, had she followed her first impulse, would have acquainted him with her friend's kindness; but she was deterred by two consider-

ations. It was the doctor's unfailing custom, during the winter nights, to take a glass of hot brandy and water, when in bed; and it was Mrs. D.'s equally unfailing one, whenever she had either a piece of good news to impart or a favour to ask, to defer it till such time as she heard the spoon jingle against the empty glass, when she invariably found that her husband evinced more gratitude for the former, and was more giving and forgiving than during any other hour in the four-and-twenty. Now, having to negotiate a new habit for Anna Martha, she thought that if she gave him the news of his son's promotion immediately after the hot brandy and water, Anna Martha's new habit must be the result.

"My dear," said the doctor, as he lighted a chamber candle at the foot of his own stairs, "I think I should like my bed warmed to-night, for I feel a touch of a sore throat."

"Certainly, my love. Anne, bring up the warming-pan, and put some brown sugar among the coals; it is the finest thing in the world for a cold."

"A-hem—a-hem," grunted the doctor, as he felt his own pulse, when seated in the high-backed dimity-covered arm-chair by the bed-side, while Anne was warming the bed. "A-hem,

I declare I feel quite feverish. Put a spoonful more brandy than usual in my tumbler to-night, Mrs. D."

"I will, my dear; but don't you move. I'll take off your things. Anne, reach the doctor's night-cap, and that black wool off the table." Anne obeyed: after which Mrs. Damnemall proceeded to wad the doctor's ears with wool, and then carefully drew down his cotton night-cap entirely over his face, in order to get it very tight over his head and ears, which done, she again turned it up, and, as he had a cold, secured the whole by tying a red silk pocket-handkerchief under his chin, and transferring one of his black silk stockings to his throat, which, she assured him, would ease it sooner than all the doctors in England. Ten minutes after the doctor's throat had become so intimately acquainted with his foot's next of kin, the maid had left the room, and he was transferred from the arm-chair to the bed.

"Ah! this is something like," said he, stretching down his feet, while his wife was stirring the sugar in the brandy and water, "this is something like! how I envy forced mushrooms."

"Why, my dear?"

"Do you give it up?—because they are always in a hot-bed!"

"Except when they are in a stew, my love," reparteed Mrs. D.

"Very good, again; but none of your sauce, my dear."

There is no knowing how long this brilliant and elegant wit might have played, like sheet-lightning round the bed, had not Mrs. Damnemall been anxious to come to the two points nearest her heart, namely, her daughter's new habit, and her son's promotion. So, after holding her sides in mock extacy for a quarter of a minute, she said,—

"I must remember that for Miss Prudence, for she is always deloighted with your wit; but, my dear, do you know you'll have to give Anna Martha a new habit, for she writes me that her old one is much too shabby to ride out with the officers in any longer?"

"Let her get rid of the habit then of riding out with the officers," said the Doctor, suddenly turning his face to the wall, and tossing up the bed-clothes like waves in a storm. "Unless that extravagant dog George will alter his habits, his sister must go without."

"But suppose, my dear, any one should purchase George James his lieutenancy, what would you say to that?"

"Why, that I was glad they had so much money they did not know what to do with it."

"But suppose it actually was done?"

"Why, then, my dear, I suppose the next thing would be, that the moon would leave the sky to take an airing, and come down and walk out arm in arm with one of your milk-pans."

"Nonsense, my dear! let every one praise the bridge that carries them over, and prudence is my motto!" said Mrs. Damnemall, drawing her friend's packet triumphantly from her bag, and then going into a minute detail of the whole transaction, the kindness of which gratitude caused her in some degree to exaggerate. "And from the bulk of the letter, I do believe," concluded she, "that the dear kind soul has actually inclosed the bank-notes, that there may be no delay in the purchase."

If the Doctor had turned suddenly round to the wall before, he now turned more suddenly from it, and, sitting up in the bed, extended his hand for Miss Prudence's letter, as he said to his wife,

"My dear, bring me the candle and my specks."

A request she instantly complied with.

"What's this?" said he, taking a small book out of the letter, and holding it out at some distance before him, above the candle, "Um—

um—'How to live well on a Hundred a-year, and very well on two.' That will keep," added he, laying it down; "now for the letter."

"Read it out, my dear," said his wife, in a somewhat disappointed voice.

It was a touching sight! those two fond parents! The Doctor, picturesquely attired, with his white cotton night cap tied down under the chin, with a red silk handkerchief and a black stocking round his throat, wiping his spectacles with the corner of the sheet, preparatory to his reading the welcome letter, that was to confer such a benefit on his son. While his wife hung in all the pride of dress and breathless expectation fondly over him, till, previous to reading the precious document, he gently pushed her back with his left hand, saying,

"Don't, my dear, that long feather of yours tickles my nose."

After which friendly admonition, he cleared his throat three times, and, holding the letter still farther out and higher above the candle than he had done the book, read out, in a voice that became tremulous with agitation as he proceeded, the following letter:

"BUBBLE HALL,
December the 18th, 18—.

"Dear young Sir:

"The friendship I entertain for your respect-

ed parents induces me to meddle in your concerns. I am sadly grieved to see that your worthy mother has cause to complain of your extravagance. I wish you could have heard the sermon that I heard your father preach about three weeks ago, about the prodigal son. Oh, dear! poor dear man, I'm sure he felt it; it was quite beautiful where he talked of the fatted calf. I thought of you the whole time. I assure you, I mean what I say, and I do hope you will seriously consider of the evil courses you have lately run, and from this time endeavour to make up for past dissipation, by carefully saving your pay to purchase your lieutenancy. Think also, what a pleasure it would be to you, if, besides getting a step all by yourself, you were able to make your sister a suitable wedding-present, if ever she should be in the condition to require it, as I have no doubt she will, being so much among the different regiments. I must say (and I hope you will not take it amiss, as you know it is only for your own good I speak) that I am surprised you never send your father anything. Dear, good man, he is so hospitable! I like dining at the Rectory better than any place in the county, for I don't care for fine folks;—and as you are quartered at Portsmouth, I should think you could get excellent port-wine in the

docks, and a few dozen now and then coming from you, I'm sure the Doctor would enjoy beyond everything. I hope you will not be above accepting a present from me, which I send in this letter, and which I do hope you will attend to; it is a book that will teach you how to live well on £100 a-year, and very well on £200.

"'The wholesomest meat is at another man's cost,' as the proverb says, which means, dine out as often as you can. As a party is dining here to-day, I must conclude,

But remain your and your

Father and Mother's sincere Friend,

PRUDENCE SOPHIA BUBBLE."

"P.S. I say nothing about your morals, as you have your excellent mother to advise you.

"P.S. Do you know there is a way of turning coats that no one would know them from new."

"To Ensign Damnemall,
158th Foot, Portsmouth."

Mrs. Damnemall remained with her mouth open, but no sound issued therefrom. The letter dropped from the doctor's hands, while his head dropped on the pillow. For some seconds he was silent; but what is the use of philosophy if it cannot elevate us above ourselves?

"My dear," said the doctor at last; "give me another tumbler of brandy and water! and let it be more yes than no."

CHAPTER IV.

"Hic vivimus ambitiosâ paupertate omnes."—JUV.

"We hope it will not be considered that we find no constant manuduction through this labyrinth."—SIR THOMAS BROWN.

ANOTHER VISIT TO SHREWSBURY BEFORE BREAKFAST.—BENEVOLENCE OF MR. SIMCOE, THE MANAGER, IN CONSENTING TO PUT A COUPLE OF HUNDRED POUNDS IN HIS POCKET.—MR. HOWARD BECOMES SUDDENLY FOOLISH, AND MISS MANNERS SUDDENLY SENSIBLE.—MARMADUKE MAKES A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.—TRIP EVINCES A CURIOSITY OF DISPOSITION, BENEATH A DOG OF RESPECTABILITY.

AT eight the next morning, Marmaduke knocked at Theresa's door, and asked if she was ready, as the carriage had come round.

"In a moment," said she, opening the door, and advancing to kiss him, while the maid followed lacing her dress.—"Ah! if all the world were like you, dear uncle!"

"If they were," said Marmaduke, returning the kiss, but rejecting the compliment; "they'd be still more odd than they are."

"It would be a change for the better at all events," rejoined Theresa, drawing out the

bows of the broad black ribbon that always served him in lieu of a cravat.

"I suspect you are what the Yankees call a 'vile sarpant,'" said he, patting her cheek; but where is that lazy dog, Howard? (for in regard to rising, I am what the Khan of Tartary is about dining—when I have risen, all the world may rise—nay! ought and should be risen!) I suppose he is not out of his first sleep yet."

"That lazy dog is here," said Cecil, putting his hand on the top of his hat, and ostensibly looking over Marmaduke's shoulder, but in reality looking at Theresa; "he has been ready this hour, and only wants to know whether he may go inside the carriage, or be a dalmatian, and follow it?"

"Oh! that you and Trip must settle between you," said Marmaduke, "for I told him he was to go inside this morning, and I never interfere with his arrangements."

Trip wagged his tail, and poked his cold nose into Cecil's hand, who understood the dog-language too well not to know what that meant—so patting his head, he said, "Thank you, Trip, then I will go inside, for the morning is as cold as if the north-pole had eloped, and was on its way to Scotland through England."

As soon as they were seated in the carriage,

Marmaduke gave directions to drive to the theatre, and inquire where the manager lived.

"You were saying yesterday," said Cecil, "that you would get Lord John to edit poor Carlton's book. Now, supposing you can get him to do so, which he is not the sort of person to do out of pure benevolence—do you not think he will shrink from the meanness of taking the credit of it, if any credit accrue from it?"

"Don't distress yourself," replied Marmaduke; "while we never heard of but one Virgil, whose friendship was capable of suppressing his lyric vein, for fear of eclipsing Horace, and his dramatic powers that they might not obscure the glory of Varius, there would be no difficulty in finding innumerable La Fontaines and Erasmus's who would pilfer brains even from a woman, as they did from Louise Lahé;* and as to the merit of the book, that of course depends upon its success in all ages—they have been synonymous, whether in politics, tactics, literature, law, or physic—aye, and even in friendship! The same measures which failure brands with folly, not to say guilt, success converts into genius, and crowns with laurel. In mat-

* La Fontaine's fable of "L'Amour et la Folie," and Erasmus's "Praise of Folly," are evidently stolen from La Belle Cordiere's allegory, entitled, "Debat de Folie et d'Amour."

ters of literature, the opinion of friends is seldom to be depended on, either from undue partiality or from the opposite extreme;—besides, for one person who has the capacity to form an opinion, and the honesty to maintain it, are twenty so weak, that they require the assistance and support of thousands, before they can venture to advance one step towards praise. Voltaire was so teased with the objections and criticisms of his friends, at the house of the President des Maisons, upon the Henriade, that he flung it into the fire, and had not the President Henault rescued it at the expence of a handsome pair of point ruffles, France might have remained to this day without an epic. Goldsmith was advised by a few friends of great judgment, not to risk his reputation by publishing the Vicar of Wakefield! and Pope was so damped and discouraged by the innumerable alterations Lord Halifax suggested, to his Iliad, that had not Dodsley, who was well acquainted with the innate pomposity of the man, persuaded the poet to keep his translation by him for six months, and read it to the sapient nobleman at the end of them, in its unaltered state, but with many thanks for his lordship's valuable hints—who then found the untouched poem perfect!—Homer might never have adopted an English costume.

"But it is the same in all things, success is virtue, failure vice, in morals especially; for while Mrs. Jackson, or Mrs. Thompson cannot be seen walking across the street with a man, without losing at least a slice of their reputation, the aforesaid Mistresses Jackson and Thompson may be driven over in that street by some titled and triumphant Messalina, without any cognizance being taken of the affair; just as Mrs. Thicknesse in her sketches of the lives and writings of the 'Women of France,' sets forth the infamous life of Ninon de L'Enclos, without a single animadversion; but on the contrary, innumerable panegyrics upon her wit, her talents, and the distinguished position she held in society, where she was courted by all, including the most virtuous! while she inveighs amain in a fine strain of outraged morality, at the suspected irregularities of the more beautiful and equally accomplished Marguerite De Valois."*

* Brantome says of her, "If ever there was a perfect beauty born it was the Queen of Navarre; even those women who had the most pretensions to beauty were totally eclipsed by her presence. Her figure was so truly elegant, her air so noble, and accompanied with so much majesty, that she appeared more like a goddess than a woman. Her mind, too, was as beautiful as her person; and the eloquent manner in which she spoke, struck her auditors with reverential awe. When the Polonoise, upon a certain occasion, came to pay their respects to her, the Bishop of Cracovie, who was charged with the embassy, made

Though the morning was bitterly cold, Marmaduke had talked himself into a July temperature, by the time they arrived at the theatre, so much so, that had Cecil differed with him instead of agreeing to every word he had uttered, it could not have given him a glow the more.

On letting down the window, he ascertained from the box-keeper, the name of the street Mr. Simcoe lived in, and the number of his house; and being told that he never came down to the theatre before eleven, he resolved upon going direct to the manager's house.

The street in which Mr. Simcoe resided, was long and narrow, the houses were well-built, with high hall doors, and windows with stone copings above them, with rather narrow panes in thick frames; over the door was a pointed arched wood-work, with a respectable elderly gentleman of a satyr, surrounded by bunches of wooden grapes and Pan pipes. The steps of the door would have been a little better for a little soap and water, and the door itself sadly wanted painting, but on it shone a bright brass plate like "The Star of the Desart," upon which was

his harangue in Latin, which the queen well understood, and answered so pertinently, and with so much eloquence, that all who were present heard her with astonishment and delight, and with one voice announced her a second Minerva."

inscribed in bold characters, that might have been read at some distance, the name of

"COLEMAN SIMCOE, ESQ."

No sooner had the servant made, not only the Hotel Simcoe, but the whole street re-echo with the loudness of his appeal for admission, than three or four small heads thickly studded with flat white curl papers, as though several ounces of barley sugar drops had revolted, and made them their head quarters, appeared above the window blind, while presently a larger head, surmounted by a dusty black gauze cap, with crushed yellow roses in it, relieved by a row of drab-coloured curl papers, appeared above the lesser heads; this head was followed by a long white bald one, with a long white face appended to it; but it had no sooner given one look, than it ducked down and was seen no more; the black cap also made a precipitate retreat; but it was visible to the naked eye, through the sticks of the blinds, that an arm was forcibly extended to drag the barley sugar drops from the window.

After a somewhat unreasonable delay, the eldest Master Simcoe, a lad of about fourteen, opened the door, goading himself into a Sunday jacket, while the frost was nipping his face (which had been hastily washed for the occasion) into blisters

"Is Mr. Simcoe at home?" asked Marmaduke, extending his card from the carriage window, "tell him, my boy, will you, that a gentleman wants to speak to him?"

Master Simcoe acquiesced by the same grace-bow, that he was wont to conclude the college hornpipe with, on benefit nights, and instantly vanished, but soon re-appeared, followed by Coleman Simcoe, Esq. who had slipped into Lord Ogleby's flowered damask dressing-gown, and was now, with considerable grace, crossing it to the left, as he advanced towards the carriage door with many bows, when Marmaduke motioned him back, saying he would get out, which he accordingly did, followed by Cecil and Theresa.

The same small heads that had appeared behind the blinds, were now seen, with their snowy decorations, peeping over the banisters, while a voice was heard, in a shrill whisper, saying, "Be quiet, Sarah, or I can't do your hair." And as Mr. Simcoe backed and bowed the way into the parlour, Cecil caught a glimpse of the black cap retreating at the other door. The fact was, Mrs. Simcoe had taken the opportunity of her husband's going to the carriage, to go for a silver egg-stand, two empty chocolate cups, and a newspaper, which latter served to hide the

bread and milk the children had spilt over the table-cloth; but scarcely had she placed these charming additions on the breakfast-table, before Marmaduke and his companions entered, and Mrs. Simcoe made her exit in the hasty manner we have described.

The room was a high wainscotted room, painted white, with black horse-hair chairs and sofa; on the mantle-piece, which was also high, were several shells, and long purple hyacinth glasses; in one corner of the room was a harp, with most of the strings broken; between the windows was a small chaise longue, with a chintz cover, and before it a small sofa table, on which was a work-basket, blotting-book, and envelope case; a slate, a doll, a spelling-book, and child's bonnet, littered the horse-hair sofa; while nothing but a smelling-bottle and a pocket handkerchief, trimmed with broad English lace, appeared on the chaise longue.

Trip marched over to the fire, and after poking his nose and sniffing as near it as safety would allow, raising his eyes up the chimney, and then starting back at the flame, he quietly stretched himself on the rug, first taking the precaution to place his nose carefully between his two paws.

"I fear we disturb you," said Marmaduke, as Mr. Simcoe placed chairs for them.

"Oh, by no means," replied Mr. Simcoe, speaking, as he always did, deliberately through his nose, in a voice that would have been invaluable for a conventicle, "by no means; I am most proud of the honour of this visit, sir, let it arise from what cause it will."

Now Mr. Simcoe was not only extremely thin, but his physiognomy was that of a snipe, who, by some accident, had tumbled into a chalk-pit, and had come out white-washed; and his voice being equally long and thin, from a certain faintness in it, gave one also the idea of being white.* But, notwithstanding these mild symptoms that attended him, he was, nevertheless, very virulent, so much so, that when he had occasion to find fault at rehearsals, either with the actors or theatrical decorations, it was a current joke among the company to say, "The plague was raging."

"You have among your company, I believe," said Marmaduke, "a poor man of great talent, but in great distress, of the name of Carlton?"

"Why, yes, sir, he has talent certainly, but talent won't tune fiddles, without the rosin and catgut of assistance," moralised Mr. Simcoe;

* Blind persons say (those born so), that the sound of a trumpet always gives them an idea of scarlet; and I do not see why, because one goes through the world with one's eyes open, that one should not also be permitted to attach colours to sound, not that white is a colour.

"and in our profession, connexion is every thing, sir, every thing, and Carlton has not a shadow: I don't suppose, if his life depended on it, he could even command two galleries and one pit."

"This lady has taken great interest in his misfortunes," said Marmaduke, "and—"

"I know Miss Manners," and here Mr. Simcoe bowed down to the ground, "has been most kind to him, and I myself have done more than prudence would authorise in advancing him money."

"Which I understood he repaid you," said Theresa, with some warmth.

"I was coming to that, ma'am," drawled Mr. Simcoe, who perceived that Miss Manners knew too much of poor Carlton's history for him to attempt to play the generous before her, "I was coming to that; but the way I argued was this. Now poor Carlton—for whom I had the greatest compassion, and I'm sure Mrs. Simcoe had the same, for she always asked him after his wife every night he acted—poor Carlton, said I, seems to have no family at all to look to him, and I have a very large one to look to me, so 'argle,' as the grave-digger in Hamlet says, if he is to repay me so soon, it will do him no good to lend him a little money, and if he was never to repay

me, why then it would not do for me to lend him any at all; don't you see, sir?"

"I see, Mr. Simcoe, that I am taking up your time, and wasting my own, so I will come at once to the point," said Marmaduke. "How much does the theatre hold?"

"Why, it could hold £600; but it never will do that, I fear, sir," and Mr. Simcoe pulled the few light-brown hairs which, like cat's whiskers, graced his temple.

"Fears, any more than hopes, are not always fulfilled," rejoined Marmaduke; "if I guarantee you an overflowing house, will you consent to give Carlton £300."

"Oh, no, sir, I really could not, for the expenses of the house stand me in £60 a-night."

"What, then, would be the very uttermost you would give him?"

"Why, really, sir, he ought to consider £130 very handsome."

"I don't know what his ideas of beauty may be," said Marmaduke, "but that sum does not at all come up to mine."

"Why, you see, sir, in the first place, they are not play-going people in this part of the world; and in the next, in order to secure anything like a bumper, I must have a star from London. Now, there is young Blubber, a most promising

young man, and a protegé of Mr. McEverpuff's; but it wouldn't do for me to go and have him down upon a chance, and, after having the hand-bills printed, and placarded all over the walls, and animated sandwiches dressed in green surge, walking all over the town between two boards, proclaiming, . . .

'FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY!
GREAT ATTRACTION!!
YOUNG BLUBBER!!!
Who in his style of acting approaches
nearer to the great McEverpuff than
any living Actor!!!'

"It would never do, I say, sir, after all this, to have nobody attracted, and to have young Blubber play to a 'beggarly account of empty boxes.'"

Mr. Simcoe had warmed with his subject, and now walked up and down upon the rug, flourishing his handkerchief to Trip's great annoyance, who was obliged to shake his ears to put them back in their place after the titillation of its silken corners.

"Enough of Blubber, sir, and now for Bubble!" cried Marmaduke, waving his hand, and speaking with mock pomposity,—"Lord and Lady John Bubble,"—Mr. Simcoe stood still—"and the Duke and Duchess of Arlington,"—

Mr. Simcoe opened his mouth and bowed—"my brother,—Lady Bubble and myself"—again Mr. Simcoe bowed, but this time it was with his hands upon his heart,—"are anxious to patronize a benefit for poor Carlton."

"At that rate, sir," said Mr. Simcoe, reseating himself, "I can have no hesitation, under such distinguished patronage, in writing to young Blubber by this night's post, and engaging him for whatever night you will be pleased to appoint."

"The 26th, then," said Marmaduke.

"The 26th—very good, sir,—the 26th is as fair a night as any in the calendar."

"And now for the terms—what will you give Carlton?"

"Would you think £150 enough, sir?"

"No, sir, I should not, nor anything like enough," cried Marmaduke, thumping his stick on the ground with a vehemence that set Trip barking.

"Well, suppose we say £200?"

"Under two hundred and fifty," said Marmaduke, rising and buttoning his coat, "no soul belonging to me shall enter the theatre,—and then see what a benefit young Blubber will have—very like a whale!"

"Well, sir," resumed Mr. Simcoe, with more

nasal sentimentality even than usual, "Well, sir, I'm sure no one can compassionate genius in distress more than I do, and I look upon Carlton as quite a genius—the proof of it is, see the connexion his talents have elicited—he could not have a better one than your family and the Duke of Arlington's. So two hundred and fifty let it be, though I shall decidedly lose by it; but that is of little import when it is to serve a fellow creature in distress;" and Mr. Simcoe's chest seemed to inflate with the sudden growth of his benevolence. "And now, sir, it only remains to decide on the pieces. Young Blubber, I understand, is very great in 'Alexander the Great,' and for the after-piece, 'Popping the Question,' is an exceedingly pretty thing.—Mrs. Simcoe has met with great applause in 'Miss Winterblossom,' and as 'on their own merits modest men are dumb,' it is not for me to speak of my Mr. Primrose, but it has been reckoned a posey, sir, I assure you."

Marmaduke was about to assure Mr. Simcoe that he was at liberty to select what play and after-piece be chose, for, as Carlton himself was unable to act, it was no great matter, when the door opened, and Mrs. Simcoe—not in the black cap, crushed yellow roses, and drab curl papers—but in a very splendid green-velvet bonnet,

black and green feathers, black velvet dress, and velvet shawl, which partially concealed the temporary absence of her stays, entered, making a very elegant theatrical curtsey, followed by three little merino-frocked, light-ringleted Simcoen cherubs, the sweetness of whose barley-sugar curl-papers had been transferred to their looks.

"Will you allow me to offer you any refreshment, ma'am?" lisped Mrs. Simcoe, undulating into a graceful bow before Miss Manners.

"None, I am much obliged to you," replied she; "for we shall return home to breakfast almost immediately," and Theresa turned to caress the little Simcoes, who were really pretty children, while Marmaduke, who always overflowed with gallantry to the sex, provided they had not particularly, that is, individually offended him, stood bowing like a tree in a storm to their mother.

"My dear," said Mr. Simcoe to his wife, as soon as their preliminary ceremonies were ended and she had found a chair, "Mr. Bubble, brother to Sir Romulus Bubble of Bubble-Hall, has kindly come to bespeak a benefit on the twenty-sixth for poor Carlton. You know the interest you always felt about Carlton?"

Mrs. Simcoe understood the hint, and throwing a Niobe look at two of her own child-

ren, who were standing near her, said: "Ah, poor fellow! what a blething it ith that hith wife left no babthes behind her. I believe he hath only one little girl." And here Mrs. Simcoe rounded her elbow, and applied her pocket-handkerchief, for about a quarter of an instant, to each eye; and then, with a deep sigh, let it leisurely descend with her hand upon her lap.

It is a sad thing, but no less true than sad, that under no circumstances does there appear to be room enough for every one in this world; either people are in each other's way, or they fancy themselves so, which, according to Bishop Berkeley, is one and the same thing. Now it so happened, that when Mrs. Simcoe joined the party in her own parlour, Mr. Simcoe (who hated his wife in a truly husbandly manner, and therefore always adopted the best and most gentleman-like, though the rarest, manner of showing it—that of being, on all occasions, exceedingly civil and attentive to her), had risen to place a chair for her near the fire—a movement which, simple and natural as it was, nevertheless had the effect of revolutionizing all Mr. Trip's dreams, who awaking with a sound that was half bark, half growl, started up, and very reluctantly vacated his place on the rug. But Trip was a dog not only of resource but of research;

and being driven from his comfortable quarters, he very philosophically went on a voyage of discovery round the room, with his nose to the ground, making as he proceeded a sort of grunting noise, by way of accompaniment, till stopping short at last opposite the chaise-longue, he crouched down under it, and presently returned with an old shoe, which only raised his curiosity still further; and after three or four more journeys, each of which had been rewarded with a shoe or a pair of dirty gloves, which he deposited on the carpet, he crept under for the last time, and returned with a quantity of very dusty false hair in his mouth, which Mrs. Jinks would have called a front. This last prize so tickled his fancy or his nose, that he raced with it in triumph round the room, shaking and growling at it at every corner,—which obstreperous behaviour roused the attention of the whole party. Mrs. Simcoe looked as if she would have fainted when she saw her head-gear, and the cast-off ornaments of her hands and feet, scattered all over the room, and made an effort to lay the accumulation under the chaise longue upon the naughtiness of the children; but it would not do —their little shrill voices put up a protest against the accusation, by chronologically reminding their mamma of the days, hours, and several

occasions on which she had with her own hands added to the heap.

Mr. Simcoe made a rapid tour of the room, and kindly picked up all the shoes and gloves, which, with great presence of mind, he flung into the next room, and quickly closed the door. Miss Manners and Mr. Howard—to their shame be it said, walked to the window to hide their laughter, while Marmaduke rescued, by main force and a pantomimic blow of his stick, the ill fated grizette from Trip's mouth, and placing it on the high mantelpiece safe beyond his reach, without even looking at it, lamented with many bows and a charitable falsehood, to Mrs. Simcoe, that his dog should have been so mischievous as to tear the horse-hair out of her sofa !

" Oh, it's not the horse-hair out of the sofa ; it's—" commenced one of the little girls, but was instantly silenced by Mrs. Simcoe telling her and her sisters to go up stairs and get ready, and she would take them out to walk.

" Well then, sir," resumed Mr. Simcoe, " I'll have the bills put in hand immediately—and the twenty-sixth is the evening you have finally decided upon ?"

" Yes, the twenty-sixth ; let me see—that is in about ten days."

" I only hope," said Mr. Simcoe, leisurely

rubbing his chin, "that young Blubber won't be engaged at Manchester or Liverpool before he gets my letter."

"Blubber or no Blubber," said Marmaduke, rising, "the play must take place all the same, and the house, I have no doubt, will be just as full. I have the honour of wishing you good morning, ma'am," added he, bowing down to the ground sundry times to Mrs. Simcoe; "and I must again apologize for my dog's ill-bred conduct in tearing your sofa. The only reparation he can make is by taking a box for the twenty-sixth: so have the goodness, Mr. Simcoe, to put Mr. Trip down for a box. He is no great playgoer; but I have no doubt he will lend his box to some of those puppies in the —— Lancers. Good morning to you."

It was impossible to say whether Marmaduke's bows or Mrs. Simcoe's curtseys preponderated, till he reached the carriage.

"Shall we go to Carlton's now?" asked Theresa, as soon as they were seated.

"No," said Marmaduke, "not yet; you said something about his having sold his books. Do you know where it was he sold them?"

"I rather think it was at Palmer's."

"Drive to Palmer's the bookseller," said Marmaduke, as he drew up the window.

"Well, you are a very great darling," said Theresa, kissing Marmaduke, as the carriage drove on.

"Nay, if you get upon that chapter," replied he, patting her under the chin, "you are at the beginning and end of it all, Miss Tessy."

"I only know," laughed Cecil, "that *I* feel particularly ill-used in the turn the business has just taken; but, as Mr. McPhin truly observes, Miss Manners ought to be ashamed of herself for wasting on 'dumb bastes what ony gude christian would be glod of.'"

"Thank you for the compliment," said Marmaduke; "however I accept it for its novelty—for it's the first time in my life I was ever called a dumb beast."

"I don't know," replied Cecil; "as Mr. Simcoe pithily remarked, 'on their own merits modest men are dumb,' at which rate, your dumbness is clearly established; though I must fain confess you are as far from the beast as ever."

"Come," said Marmaduke, as the carriage stopped at the bookseller's door, "you had better get out of the carriage, Master Howard; for you'll find that easier than getting out of your scrape, I suspect."

Mr. Palmer's shop was situated near the Tal-

bot, and as the trio alighted, they perceived a travelling carriage at the door of the hotel. Theresa turned her head to see who the person was, about to enter the carriage. It was a gentleman: his foot was on the first step; but his features were so hidden by the fur collar of his great coat, that had he not also turned his head to look at her, she would not have perceived that the traveller was Mr. Stuart Vernon. The recognition being mutual, he could not avoid coming to speak to her; and after having bowed to Marmaduke, he asked her, with some hesitation, if he could do anything for her in London, whither he was going on his way to Italy.

Theresa blushed deeply as she thanked him, and said, "she did not want anything"—and then to hide her embarassment, asked "if he had been staying all this time at Lord Francis's?"

"Yes," said he, "I have been detained there by illness, and have still a troublesome cough, which they are sending me to Italy to deposit."

"I am doubly sorry for your departure," said Theresa, "first, for the cause of it, and next, that you will not be at the tournament."

"Had not Miss Manners a thousand worthier knights, I should certainly stay to wear her colours and maintain the pre-eminence of her beauty—but as it is, my humble homage cannot

be missed," sighed Mr. Stuart Vernon. As he took off his hat to bow his adieus to Marmaduke and Theresa, the latter intuitively held out her hand, which was for a moment pressed by her rejected lover, who then hurried away to his carriage.

"Poor Mr. Stuart Vernon—what a terrible cough he has got," said she, turning to Cecil.

"You seem to feel it terribly, Miss Manners," said he, with a cold supercilious sneer, while the fiery flashing of his eye formed a fearful contrast to the measured coldness of his words.

"Nay, Cecil, is this kind?—is it just?" said Theresa, in a low voice, placing her head on his arm, and looking up imploringly in his face, as they followed Marmaduke into the shop.

"Very kind. As to the justice of it, that is quite another affair. You doubly regretted his going abroad, because he would not be at the tournament—of course he'll be there after so anxious, so pressing an invitation, or he does not deserve to be a—what he evidently is—the favoured lover of Miss Manners," said Cecil, his whole face working convulsively, as he rudely shook off Theresa's small trembling hand.

For a moment her face flushed, and her eyes filled with tears; but her pride as a woman—her dignity as a woman, being come to her assistance, and armed her against such unpro-

voked jealousy, such unmerited harshness—and she replied calmly and firmly without a particle of temper or a shadow of resentment—"Miss Manners, from this time, has no 'favoured lover,' and consequently acknowledges no one who has the imaginary right of exercising injustice towards her."

Cecil stood like one who had suddenly awoke from a dream, and found himself on the brink of a precipice.—"Theresa!" said he, but Theresa had walked on and was talking to Marmaduke.

"Here is a very curious old book, sir, quite in your way," said Mr. Palmer to the latter, holding up an old black leather book inlaid with gold, and closed with large gold clasps.—"It is 'The Mirroure of Golde for the Sinful Soule, traunslated from the French traunslation of the right Godlie Boke, Speculum aureum peccatorum; by the lady Margaret Countess of Richmond and Derby,' "and what enhances the value of the book, sir," continued Mr. Palmer, "is, that at one period it appears to have been the gift of Sir Thomas Maleverer to Oliver Cromwell's favourite daughter, for in the fly-leaf is written—'To the lady Claypole—the gift of her and his Highness the Lord Protector's faithfull servitor, Thomas Maleverer.—June 13th, 1650;' and really very cheap, sir, only ten guineas."

"I'll talk to you about that by-and-bye," said Marmaduke, "but I want to purchase some other books from you just now. "Did not a poor man," added he, lowering his voice, and taking a memorandum written on a slip of paper in pencil, out of his waistcoat-pocket, as he perceived a tall dark gentleman-like, but foreign-looking man standing looking over a book at the other end of the counter; "did not a poor man dispose of these books to you at a very moderate price, some short time ago—the 'De Rerum Natura of Lucretius'—a 'Livy'—Charles Lamb's 'Essays of Elia'—John Wilson's 'Isle of Palms,' and some other books?"

"He did, sir," replied Mr. Palmer; "not wanting them, I gave him quite as much as I could afford—and you shall have them for what they cost me."

"Agreed," said Marmaduke; "and now I have another matter to talk to you about. There is to be a benefit at the theatre on the twenty-sixth, in which I am very much interested, and I wish you to exert yourself in every possible way about it, so as to secure a good house."

"You may rely upon my doing everything in my power, sir," bowed Mr. Palmer.

While Marmaduke was engaged with the

bookseller, the tall stranger, who might have been about fifty, but was still remarkably handsome, kept his eyes fixed upon Theresa—a proceeding that Mr. Howard was not in a position to remark or to resent, as he had seated himself at a table, slouched his hat over his eyes, leant his cheek on one hand, while, with his cane in the other, he kept making a noise upon the floor, the furthest possible removed from music.

"Perhaps Miss Manners will be tempted with the Countess of Richmond's book," resumed Mr. Palmer.

At the mention of her name, the stranger seemed to regard her still more intently, and approached nearer to where she stood, under the pretext of looking at the book.

"Well," said Marmaduke, "here are ten guineas—shall we toss up whether the poor player or the relative of thirty monarchs gets them?"*

"Oh no, dear uncle," cried Theresa, "let the blind goddess have nothing to do with it, but give them at once to Carlton."

"I'm sure, ma'am," said Mr. Palmer, "you

* Bishop Fisher says of this lady, who was daughter of John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, wife of Edmund, Earl of Richmond, and mother of Henry VII. "that by her birth and marriage, she was related to thirty kings and queens, within the fourth degree, either of blood or affinity."

deserve to be rich, when you can be so liberal even to a poor person, that has no claims upon you."

"Even self-interest, sir," said the stranger, addressing Mr. Palmer, but keeping his eyes fixed upon Theresa, "is a motive for benevolence. There are none so low but may have it in their power, at one time or other, to repay a good office. Knowledge of the world is nothing more than knowledge how to put one's character and conduct out at interest; and, this being a commercial country, the business may often be carried on by retail; for which reason, put my name down for a box for the twenty-sixth, and here is the money," added he, giving the bookseller ten pounds; after which he gathered up his cloak, and, for the first time, casting a look at Mr. Howard, walked out of the shop.

Marmaduke followed him, and, looking after him as he walked up the street, kept exclaiming, "Clever—right-minded—sensible man. Egad! I should like to know him;" and then, returning into the shop, said to Mr. Palmer, "Who is my worthy friend that was here just now?—ought to know him—must know him—name—address?" added he, seizing a pen and dipping it into the ink, as he harpooned a whole quire of paper towards him.

"His name is Ormond, sir," smiled Mr. Palmer; "he is a foreign gentleman, I believe, and, apparently enormously rich. He has been staying at the Talbot about a week. He seems very inquisitive in his inquiries about all the families in the neighbourhood. He has also given me some very large orders; among others, all the 'Shakspeare Gallery,' and the 'Illustrations' of Scott and Byron, magnificently bound in russia with real gold clasps and corners. Very splendid, isn't it, sir? And this is all I know about him."

"Ask him to the tournament—ask him to the tournament," muttered Marmaduke, writing very fast; but, suddenly stopping, he added, pressing down the crown of his hat and buttoning up his coat, preparatory to his rushing out of the shop, "No, that's not the way to do the thing either—must be like other people—run after him—shake hands with him—ask him to dinner—that's it." And, so saying, he darted out of the shop and set off for the Talbot, full gallop, at the imminent hazard of breaking his neck along the slippery flags.

During his absence, Mr. Howard raised his eyes very humbly and imploringly to Miss Manners's face; but she was so occupied, looking into "The Mirroure of Golde," that she

could not reflect back a single expression of his features. So he was fain to replace his cheek in his hand, and return his eyes to the ground. Truly may it be said that "the tongue is an unruly member!" From lovers down to lap-dogs (vide the kicks got by barking among the latter); for one scrape it gets them out of, it brings them into fifty.

In less than ten minutes Marmaduke returned. "It's all right," said he, "all right; he dines with us, to-morrow. Why, Howard, what's the matter?"

"I was—I am—that is, I— have—a very bad head-ache."

Hang me if I don't think there's something in the air of Shrewsbury that makes you ill. Don't you remember how ill you were once before at the Talbot—the very day Theresa got the small-pox?" said Marmaduke. "As my illustrious sister Prudence would say, perhaps it is coming out before breakfast. Shall we go back now, and drive over after to see Carlton?"

"By no means," said Cecil, rising, "it will do me good to go there. I like to see miserable people."

"The deuce you do!" cried Marmaduke; "then I can't say I admire your taste; for there

should not be such a thing in the world if I could help it. Good day to you, Mr. Palmer. Theresa, mind how you get into the carriage, unless you wish to sprain your ancle and look miserable, that Howard may have the pleasure of seeing you."

"One must not always look as one feels," said Theresa, in a low voice, as Cecil handed her into the carriage.

"Nor say what one feels," sighed he, pressing the hand she had no power to withdraw.

On arriving at Carlton's, Mrs. Brand opened the door, putting forth as many curtseys as a tree does leaves in May. "Dear heart, Miss," said she to Theresa, "I am delighted to see you looking so well. She've got over it purely, haven't she, sir?" added she, turning to Cecil. "I'm sure, sir, you was quite as good a nurse as I was, every bit!"

"Well, Mrs. Brand, how is your patient?" asked Marmaduke, who had lingered behind to bring the books out of the carriage.

"Why, sir, he have been terrible light-headed and delirious-like all night, a raving about his poor wife. Ah, poor soul! she and the babby were buried this morning. He do know nothing of it: indeed, he's asleep now, and have been these two hours; for the doctor

gived him some opium. But the poor little girl did take on terrible, to be sure; she's now a lying on the sofa, crying ready to break her heart."

"Poor little thing!" sighed Theresa.

"Mrs. Brand, Mrs. Brand," cried Marmaduke, in a whisper over the bannisters, as he went up-stairs on tip-toe, "why don't you muffle these confounded stairs to prevent their creaking? No wonder the poor man is in a brain fever. Such an infernal noise is enough to put any one out of their senses!"

As soon as Miss Manners opened the door of the sitting-room, Blanche raised her head, and seeing who it was, ran to her, and, throwing her arms round Theresa's waist, hid her face and sobbed out, "God has taken them now quite—quite away, and I shall never, never see them again! Oh, why can't yesterday come back? they were in the house then, though they would not speak to me!"

"Hush, love," said Theresa, drawing her to the sofa, and seating the poor child in her lap, while Cecil placed a footstool for her, and then stood with folded arms looking at them both, "hush, love, or you will disturb your papa; remember how ill he is."

"Oh! I do remember it!" wept Blanche,

convulsively clasping her little hands; "he won't die too?—only say he won't, and I'll not—I'll try and not cry any more."

"No, he won't—at least, I hope and pray that he won't," said Theresa, kissing the little girl, and rocking her as she spoke.

On entering the room, Marmaduke had not dared to look at the child; but, in order to render himself, as it were, sorrow-proof, had made straight for the book-shelf, with his head in the air, his hat on the back of his head; his nose twitching and his eyes blinking. After he had carefully and separately replaced the books he had brought back among their former companions, he as carefully dusted his shoes with his pocket-handkerchief, and then, finding it impossible to stop his ears, and shut out what was passing between Blanche and Theresa, his eyes began to blink more than ever, as he rubbed them and commenced complaining of the "confounded easterly winds," after which, clearing his throat with two or three hems, and searching his pockets for some sugar-plums, with which he had come ready-armed (a precaution he always took when a child was in the case), he marched boldly towards the sofa, with no other symptom of fear than what might be suspected, from the still rampant position of his head; when he arrived

at the sofa, a fact that he was apprised of by entangling his foot in Theresa's dress, and, nearly tumbling over the stool, he addressed Blanche as follows, carefully turning his head away, and groping about with his hand to feel where she was, while every third word he accompanied by rubbing his eyes, and exclaiming, "confound these easterly winds!"

"A-hem—good child—very good child—don't cry. I'll nurse you, and wash you, and dress you, and teach you, and, if it must be, whip you myself, and I've no doubt you'll be as happy as the day is long—no doubt of it—confound those easterly winds!—don't think me an unfeeling old rascal—I'm just as sorry for you, indeed I am, as if I were to cry and look miserable—confound these easterly winds!—as that young gentleman there likes to see people—but we won't be miserable to please him—no, that we won't—and—and—now, my dear, give me a kiss."

The child slowly raised her head, having an intuitive conviction that the extraordinary harangue she had just heard was kindness in a new and strange form; Marmaduke also slowly turned his head, but it had still to undergo another process, that of being lowered ere he could perceive Blanche's face: he had no sooner done so than be started back, exclaiming,—

"Good heavens! child, where did you get that face?—Who are you?—What are you?"

"The most miserable child in the world," said she, again bursting into tears, and burying her face in Theresa's bosom.

"Poor child! poor child!" said Marmaduke, pacing up and down the room, "beg pardon—beg pardon—did not mean to make you cry, but its very strange—very strange—very."

"What is very strange, dear uncle?" asked Theresa.

"Why, that—everything—nothing—she ought to be at school. Theresa, remember, she must go, and you must find out the best, where they will be kind to her, and take care of her—poor child—poor child—I wish I had not seen her."

Theresa, who saw by his manner that he was agitated and excited by something more than the mere grief of the child, great as it was, refrained from asking him any more questions; but men, who have less tact, or less feeling, are not so tender of each other's feelings, and this it was that caused Cecil to commit the 'gaucherie' of again asking him if there was anything the matter?

"Nothing—nothing more than usual," replied Marmaduke, pettishly, "only that I'm an old fool—and—that I always am; but the poor man—we have not seen him yet."

"Mrs. Brand said he was asleep," said Theresa.

"Ah, true, I forgot. Good heavens! it is extraordinary!" added he, again looking at Blanche, and then turning away. He leant his head against the wall and sighed deeply.

"Dear uncle," said Theresa, gently laying her hand upon his arm, "I fear you are not well?"

"Very well," said he, turning round and dashing a tear from his eye. "Very well,—confound these easterly winds!—only it's a terrible thing, child, when one's head is white, that one's heart should still be green! and—poverty is a terrible thing, a very terrible thing. Howard, my boy, when you marry, let your wife be a skinny, sharp devil of forty-five, with a perfect knowledge of accounts, a keen eye to the weight of butter, and the lights and shades of beef and mutton. Let her hear no music but the jingle of keys, and the scrubbing of floors. Buy her a boy and a basket, and waste no money in presents on her beyond, it may be, a Moore's Almanack, or a Ready Reckoner for a Christmas-box."

"Very good advice," said Cecil, trying to smile.

"But do you mean to take it, sir?—do you

mean to take it?" said Marmaduke, walking up and down the room with his hands behind him.

"I'd rather not take the wife you've described, I confess," said Cecil.

"Ah, there it is, that's the way with you all; I suppose you'd rather have one of another pattern—a bale of lilies and roses, who looked moon-beams, could play on the piano, and did'nt know a pickle from a pop-gun."

Here Mrs. Brand came curtseying into the room, to say, that Carlton was still asleep, but that Mr. Lance, the apothecary, who had seen him, thought him better.

"Lance! Lance!" cried Marmaduke, "all humbug—send for Churchill, and tell him that it is me he is attending, and that I must have every attention, and be treated as the case requires—and mind you are very attentive to me too," added he, putting a couple of sovereigns into Mrs. Brand's hand; "and above all, to that poor child, till she goes to school, which will be in a day or two."

"God bless you sir," said Mrs. Brand, curtseying down to the ground, as Marmaduke went down stairs—"you may depend upon my taking every care of them both, and I'm sure, my little dear," continued she, turning to

Blanche, whom Theresa was kissing, previous to her departure—"you'll try and not take on so, for the sake of this dear good lady, and all the gentlefolks as have been so good to you."

"I will do anything for you," said Blanche, throwing her arms round Theresa's neck; "but indeed, indeed, I cannot help crying."

"I cannot expect that you should," replied Theresa, applying her pocket-handkerchief to her own eyes, "only be a good girl, keep as quiet as possible, and take whatever Dr. Churchill orders you."

"I will," sobbed the child, as they parted.

Their drive home was performed in silence, as Marmaduke found the easterly winds exceedingly troublesome; and neither Mr. Howard nor Miss Manners's thoughts were of a nature to be loquacious upon, at least before a third person. On their return, they found the whole party assembled at breakfast; Marmaduke informed his brother of the invitation he had given Mr. Ormond to the tournament.

"My dear, my dear," said Sir Romulus, "I like to put a little poetry in what I do, and manage things a little out of the common routine; now, I'd have waited to get introduced to the Algerine, at a county ball; after which, I'd have asked him to dinner—do you

approve of that plan?" added he, appealing to all around.

"Oh, beyond everything!" responded Miss Prudence.

"Who is Mr. Ormond?" asked Lady Bubble.

"A very worthy, excellent man, or I'll forfeit my ears—and Trip's to boot," replied Marmaduke.

"Oh dear, all your geese are swans, Marmaduke; and I'll give you my head if he's not some impostor!" said Miss Prudence, stirring her tea energetically.

"Done!" cried Marmaduke, "I accept the wager; for as a great man once truly observed—trifling gifts, of no value, cement friendship."

"Oh! have you heard, Marmaduke?" commenced Miss Prudence, but was interrupted by Sir Romulus calling out—

"Hush! my dear, my dear, I'm telling a witty story; Lady John was saying she did not like tea without sugar, upon which I said—well, if you don't like it, you must *lump* it—alluding to the lumps of sugar; ha! ha! ha! do you approve of my wit?"

"Oh, beyond everything! dear, how droll! but I was going to tell Marmaduke of Lord John's goodness, in making Mr. Town his private secretary; oh! 'tis such a thing for him,

with his young family; I'm sure I don't know how they all live."

"How do much poorer people's children live?" pshawed Marmaduke.

"Eh, sir," groaned Mr. Mc Phin, as he laid down his knife and fork, and raised the drum-stick of a turkey to his mouth with his right-hand, and gnawed it as he spoke—"eh, sir, it strikes me that the half of them live like young bears, by sucking their paws,* for six months out of the twelve——"

"So that when hungry," said Marmaduke, "I suppose they soliloquize with Hamlet, and say, 'must give us paws!'"

Cecil felt it a great relief to hear of Mr. Town's good fortune, as it precluded the so long dreaded possibility of his being offered that enviable post under Lord John. Miss Manners soon finished her breakfast, and rose to leave the room; which Mr. Howard perceiving, followed her out; and as she was about to cross the passage, caught hold of her dress.

"Theresa!" said he, "stay one moment, only hear me—forgive me this once—and never——" but here a servant emerged from the inner hall, and Miss Manners walked on

* It is a well known fact, that bears can subsist for the six winter months without food, by merely sucking their paws.

into the library, whither Mr. Howard followed her;—they were alone—he closed the door, and flung himself at her feet; exclaimed passionately—"dearest, dear Theresa! forget, forgive me if you can! and never! never! shall you again have cause to be angry with me!"

"It is not anger, Cecil, it is sorrow," said she, as her hot tears fell upon his clasped hands—"what chance have we of happiness! if you can, without the slightest foundation, degrade me and yourself by such unworthy suspicions? no, no, it is better to retreat with the fragment of a heart, than to have it daily broken in a thousand pieces, and linger through life with it in that state—yes, for every reason, it is better. Poor Carlton's story is still ringing in my ear—it was an interposition of Providence that I should have heard it; no man can, I fear—bear up against the eternal frettings and sinkings of poverty. Blanche Nugent was a thousand times my superior in every way; and if she could not suffice for Carlton, how should I ever suffice for you? Cecil, we will, we must part! I have no father, no brother, no relations nearer than those I am with; were I to marry you, in you not only would be centred my fate, but my life itself: what a perilous thing then would it be to risk my all, with so great a chance of ship-

wreck, amid the shoals and quicksands of jealousy and suspicion, which the warning beacons of your own impetuous temper have so clearly pointed out. No, no," faltered she, turning from him to leave the room—"you will find some one more worthy of you, better calculated to make you happy, to obtain your confidence; but none that will love you more sincerely than I have—I mean than I could have done."

"Oh heavens! what a monster—what a wretch I have been!" cried Cecil, rising and placing his back against the door, and seizing both her hands. "Only hear me, Theresa!—I solemnly swear—"

"Nay," interrupted she, shaking her head mournfully, "do not swear: men's oaths I fear are but recorded falsehoods. I want no witnesses against you."

"Well, then, I will not swear; but, by all my hopes here and beyond the grave, I here promise that if my own love will only forgive me this once, she may and shall discard me without mercy or appeal the next time I evince the slightest shadow of jealousy. It is not jealousy, dearest—it is—hang it!—you *are* so much too good for me, that I am in constant fear of losing you."

"Ah!" sighed Theresa, "perfect love casteth out fear."

"Yes," rejoined Cecil, as his arm encircled her waist, and his lips approached her ear with a strange murmuring that might have puzzled the most scientific in such matters to determine whether it was a kiss or a whisper; "yes, and perfect love cannot cast away what it has once loved."

Be this as it might, Miss Manners remained silent for about a minute: perhaps it was that she did not like to differ from Mr. Howard, or it might be that she was afraid of disturbing her ringlets, which seemed to repose very comfortably on his cheek. At length, she raised her head, and looking in his eyes as well as she could through the tears that were in her own—

"Ah Cecil!" said she, "I fear it is not we women but you men who like to be treated like fools. I am convinced that you do not like to be loved rationally and genuinely, or you would be satisfied with the sacrifices we are always willing to make to your feelings, without requiring such constant ovations to your vanity. I know that were I to say that I would never speak to, bow to, or look at Mr. Stuart Vernon, let me meet him when or where I might, that would please you more than anything I could

do. But I think it would be derogatory to you as a human being to ask such a promise, or me to make it."

"Ah, there's the difference! I would not think anything derogatory to me that could please or gratify you," said Cecil.

"No doubt, for a short time, you would not; but if I required to be treated like a fool, I should expect to be deceived like one too."

"Well, well," said Cecil, again falling at her feet, "only try me, and the very first tinge of jealousy you detect in me, you may discard me without one word of explanation or defence."

"The first time, Cecil?"

"The first time, dearest."

Whether it is that lovers have a noble ambition to push their versatility beyond the Vicar of Wakefield, who only professed to be tired of being always wise, and therefore gave his daughters half-a-crown to get their fortunes told, I know not; but certain it is that the former pyrotechnic gentry seem to have an insuperable aversion to being ever wise; for no sooner do they arrive at some resolution bordering on that Siberia of love—common-sense, than they instantly take fright, turn back full gallop, and never consider themselves happy till they are again within sight of Folly's cap and within sound

of her bells. And so it was in the present instance: Miss Manners had started with a very sensible resolve, but footsteps approached, which doubtless scared it away; so that she had only time to repeat, "The first time?" and Mr. Howard to reply, "Yes, the first," accompanied by a kiss, which was not the first, when Mr. McPhin entered, who

"Bien qu'il fût jouissant, se croyoit malheureux."

CHAPTER V.

"Oh! how many torments lie in the small circle of a wedding ring."—Colley Cibber's *Double Gallant.*

"Sic habeto te non esse mortalem, sed corpus hoc; non enim is es quem forma ista declarat; sed mens cujusque is est quisque, non ea figura quæ digito demonstrari potest."—Cicero.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

It was about ten days after the events recorded in the last chapter, and the day before Christmas day, that the family at Bubble Hall were seated at breakfast, each sufficiently content from different causes, all except Sir Romulus and Mr. McPhin, who had not yet made their appearance. Carlton was recovering slowly, and Blanche had been placed at a good school, and was daily improving in health and looks: hence the cause of Marmaduke's satisfaction. Mr. Howard had not evinced the slightest symptom of jealousy since his last attack; for neither Sir Romulus, Lord John, Marmaduke, Mr. McPhin, Cosmo, nor their new acquaintance, Mr. Ormond, were calculated to inspire it, and no other man had appeared at the Hall

since; consequently, Miss Manners and Mr. Howard were in a perfect state of felicity. Lord John had made sure of Major Whabble's four-and-twenty votes, as he had resolved upon the heroic measure of sleeping at Gorget Cottage the night of Mrs. Whabble's ball, and had given Marmaduke ten pounds to lay out in toys for the young Whabbles. So he was smooth and dense as the ice upon the lake; and this being the case, Lady John could not, of course, be otherwise. Miss Lucretia had composed an ode to Winter, beginning—

> "Ye snow-tipp'd trees, with leafless branches,
> Ye deer, that soon shall smoke in haunches,—"

with which she was much pleased, for she was a lady of a singular taste. Miss Prudence had repeated, for the ninth time, the national distich of

> "Christmas comes but once a year,
> So with it let it bring good cheer,—"

and concluded by declaring that it was a season she enjoyed beyond everything! The old lady was tacking about on her chair with anticipated delight, at the warm shawl Sir Romulus annually presented to her. Lady Bubble was singing the praises of Mr. Ormond, who had made her a present of some very beautiful Persian bracelets, upon the strength of his great inti-

macy with her brother Lionel, whom he told her was just as eccentric and romantic as ever.

Every one liked Mr. Ormond; he was so gentlemanlike, well-informed, and entertaining;—true, there was a little jealousy upon the part of the young ladies and their mother at his evident preference for Theresa; but still he was a general favourite, even with Mr. Howard, for he was too old and too paternal in his admiration of Miss Manners to inspire jealousy; and Miss Prudence had the candour to acknowledge, that for once in his life, Marmaduke had not been taken in, as Mr. Ormond had given Nettletop the best receipt for a currie and a pillau she had ever yet had; while Miss Lucretia was charmed with some lines of Hafiz on a rose; and Cosmo declared he liked both Mr. Ormond and Hindostanee—for the one never spoke Latin, and the other did not resemble it in the least. Sir Romulus had acquired some valuable hints as to domestic legislation from the Bramins quite out of the common, and therefore was also well pleased with their new acquaintance. The young ladies and Mlle. Perpignon, though not at breakfast, had each their separate causes of satisfaction: the former reflected that the hospitalities of the season must bring them oftener in contact with Colonel King and Captain

Russell, and it would be very odd indeed if they did not propose at last! Mademoiselle Perpignon's was a Druidical satisfaction, arising out of the laudable custom religiously observed at Bubble Hall, of suspending from the cieling of every room at Christmas a misletoe bough; and she therefore was luxuriating in an anxiously entangled mental phantasmagoria, in which Mr. McPhin, the Saxon god Thor, the English word 'thaw,' herself and Norma, dissolved in one large synonyme. Even Cosmo and Johndina had their visions of holidays and christmas-boxes, and were far from being the least happy of the party.

"I don't suppose," said Lady Bubble, "that I should know Lionel from Mr. Ormond's description of him; but then, to be sure, eight-and-thirty years make a great difference in every one."

"Oh, indade," said the old lady, taking a pinch of snuff, the equitable half of which went into her tea and set her coughing, "Oh, indade, I like that Mithter Ormond, of all thingths; he ith tho thivil and obleeging, and he knowth and rememberth tho many paple I knew in Ireland. I declare I've quite an affection for the man."

"Who is the happy man—who is the happy

man?" cried Sir Romulus, ' pas de zephyr'ing it into the room with an open letter in one hand and a round wooden box in the other.

"Mithter Ormond, Romulus—I think heth mighty agreeable."

"Oh, first-rate fellow, Ormond—given me most valuable information about the Bramins. But I'm going to be a great man, ma'am, and figure among all the big wigs," added Sir Romulus, pointing to his letter.

"Oh then, indade, Romuluth, I'm thinking your wig will look very thmall among the big wigs; for it thames to me to be more shrunk than ever."

"Um— um—um," bumble-bee'd Sir Romulus; "you dont understand phrenology, ma am; my organs would be all hid if I wore my wig more forward."

"Oh, indade, I don't know what you mane by your organs; but, at Crithmath, I should think it very dangereth exthpothing your head to the cold so."

"I quite agree with you, ma'am," laughed Marmaduke; "the barrel-organ is the only one that should be fully developed at Christmas."

"But what do you mane, Romuluth," resumed the old lady, "by thaying that you were to be among the big wigs?"

"A letter, ma'am, from the celebrated Mr. Cockle, inventor of Cockle's Anti-bilious Pills, which are patronized by all the royal dukes and the whole of the aristocracy! And he wants to add my name to the list."

"Why, are all the royal dukes and the whole of the aristocracy bilious?" asked the old lady. "And are you bilious, Romuluth?"

"Most people are, ma'am, at Christmas, ha! ha! ha! and anti-bilious pills are to prevent one's bills coming in, ha! ha! ha! Do you approve of my wit, Lord John?"

"Eh—ah—yes—no—that is, I don't know what bills will be brought in next session," said Lord John, slowly taking his eyes off the newspaper.

Sir Romulus, seeing his wit had not been appreciated, consoled himself with another piece of muffin, and asked Lord John if there was any news in the paper.

"Not much," replied he; "only a pamphlet, entitled 'An Inquiry into the Policy and Genius of the Duke of Arlington,' has made a great sensation in London, and is said to be very ably written."

Theresa gave a delighted look at Cecil; but he was occupied reading a letter, and suddenly burst into a loud laugh.

"What's the fun—what's the fun?" asked Sir Romulus.

"Why, another letter from my friend, Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson," said Cecil, "which, good people all, with your permission, I will read out. He is going to fight a duel, and with his friend Mr. O'Gander Braddle."

"Oh, the Algerine!" cried Sir Romulus. "The police is the only thing in such cases; write and tell him so, my dear; for, as a stranger, and all, it is a pity to let the poor d——l run headlong into danger, which a little knowledge of the customs of the country might prevent."

Cecil smiled, and suggested that, even if Mr. Simpson were inclined to set the police after himself, to prevent his fighting, that in all probability the mischief would be done before his letter could arrive to warn him.

"I should think so," laughed Marmaduke; "but let us hear what he says, for his letters are certainly unique."

"They are, indeed," said Cecil; and he read as follows, at which even Lord John laughed; but Lady John drew up and left the room, taking Johndina with her, after first securing Mr. Cockle's sample box of family pills, of which

Sir Romulus had made her a present, to poor Johndina's infinite horror.

"To Cecil Howard, Esq.
Bubble Hall, near Bubbleton,
Shropshire, England.

"My dearest friend,—When I last wielded the pen in the service of friendship, and addressed you from the hospitable mansion of my then friend, and now bitter enemy, Mr. O'Gander Braddle, I had hoped to have passed the balance of my days in my native country, and there to have from time to time reciprocated the civilities I have met in Europe, but Fate, or what General Jackson used to call the 'high pressure of events,' has decreed otherwise. Fire-arms are doubtless a very valuable pyrotechnic privilege! but one that is sadly abused in this country, where next to drinking, dirt, and abduction, duelling is the favourite amusement. When I last wrote to you—I told you since, indeed, it was the subject of my letter, that I had designed two seals, as a bridal offering to my friend, Mr. O'Gander Braddle.—Well, imagine, my dearest friend, if you can, the stupidity of the Irish engraver; instead of placing the motto he w—'may they be your's!' round the anchor burst inshed with heart's-ease, as I had directed,

he inscribes these fatal words above Mr O'Gander Braddle's crest, which, as I have already informed you, is a stag's head! The seals were sent home to him without my seeing them—and what makes it doubly unfortunate is, that I had the crest engraved upon a noble square of red cornelian, that I had brought from Philadelphia with me, so that the words are cruel legible. Nothing I could say or do since—in fact he would not listen to me—could persuade Mr. O'Gander Braddle but what I meant to insult him; so that after being taken in by that rascally engraver, I am going to be taken out by Mr. O'Gander Braddle. I sincerely wish he had never had a crest, since it has brought me into the horns of this dilemma, however, the business is not to be transacted till to-morrow morning, and I hope to realize a sure eye and a steady hand before that, as I have been firing at myself with powder at twelve paces before the glass all day, and am happy to inform you that the last pop I executed without blinking either eye—therefore, I calculate, that any man that does not flinch from himself, need not be afraid to face another. And now, my dearest friend, I have a delicate point to communicate to you, prior to leaving for the United States.—I was about to enter into the united state—that is, I had

made arrangements to enter into partnership with a very clever young woman, and smart too, Miss Florida Wiggins, of Broadway, New York. Now, in the event of my not being able to insure my life, of course all the indentures will be null and void; for, when death takes out a statute of bankruptcy against a man, let his connexion be ever so extensive, he must, in spite of himself, shut up shop. Should I fall, I rely upon you to break the matter to her, before she sees my name in the Obituary Gazette, and inclosing you a lock of my hair to set in a brooch, in case of the worst—the setting of which I have left instructions with my executors to defray,—I remain—to-morrow it may be my remains!

My dearest Friend,

Your's most sincerely,

Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson,

Late of Broadway, New York,

Presently of Gresham's Hotel, Sackville Street,

Dublin, December 21st, 18—."

Notwithstanding the sympathy expressed by the whole party for Mr. Simpson's misfortunes, it was impossible not to laugh at the nature of them, and the lock of hair he had bequeathed to Cecil.

"Well," said Marmaduke, rising, "I must be off—and as I suppose none of you have a mind for a cold drive across the common, as I shall come back that way in order to call at the Whabbles, I had better ride, and ask Mr. McPhin to go with me as far as Shrewsbury, to chuse the toys for those young d—ſs."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the butler, who was removing the urn; "but Mr. McPhin went out early this morning, and left a note for you, which I quite forgot to give you, but I'll bring it directly."

"Oh!" said Marmaduke, as Fenton went for the note with which he instantly returned. It ran as follows:—

"Respected Sir,—As I am going out for a day's pleasure, I request you to make my excuses to Sir Romulus, who, I hope, will not be displeased if he does not see me till late. I recommend Master Bubble, during my absence, to amuse himself reading the Emperor Marcus Antoninus's Meditation on Death; and remain, till that event,

Respected Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

PETER MCPHIN."

"Um—um—um" said Sir Romulus, push-

ing his wig still farther back; "the Algerine should have asked me first, for I wanted particularly to have had a rehearsal to-day. To be sure, at Christmas he has always gone out as he pleased."

"Tell Elliot to bring round Kicksywicksy directly," said Marmaduke; "and to put on the spatter-dashes."

"Yes, sir," said Fenton, leaving the room.

"Well," cried Marmaduke, as he buttoned the last button of his great-coat, drew the skirt from under him, patted Kicksywicksy's neck, whistled to Trip and trotted away, "Well, it's provoking not to have McPhin with me, as I don't know from Adam what sort of toys to get for the young Whabbles. However, if I buy the biggest that are to be had, I don't suppose I shall be far wrong. Accordingly, upon reaching Shrewsbury, he went to the best toy-shop and there purchased a large cream-coloured rocking-horse, a couple of tambourines, ditto of drums, a key-bugle, made of block-tin, a triangle, two large humming-tops, two large Dutch dolls, three hoops, and a set of large nine-pins, all of which he had instantly despatched to the juvenile inmates of Gorget-cottage, with Lord John Bubble's compliments. Poor Lord John! The nursery at Gorget-cottage was over the

state bed-room, made into such purposely for him, so that he was likely to hear enough of his presents; but Mrs. Malaprop is right; we should "never anticipate misfortunes till they are past!"

Perfectly satisfied with his purchases, Marmaduke left the shop and proceeded on his daily visit, first to Blanche, and then to Carlton. The former he found looking very pretty and more resigned, but with a fixed melancholy of expression which harmonized well with her cast of countenance. He took the little girl on his knee, always keeping the back of her head towards him, for her face seemed to produce the same effect on him as the easterly winds, and, therefore, he studiously avoided it.

"Well, Blanche," said he, kissing and patting the back of her head, "I'm happy to tell you your geranium is improving as much as yourself, since it has been in the hot-house. Theresa attends to it herself, and, about April, I think you will be able to have it back."

"Oh, thank you!—thank you!" said she, covering her face with her hands, while the tears forced themselves through her fingers; "but are you sure it is the same? for, all withered as it was, I would not give it for all the plants in the world."

"To be sure you would not," cried Marmaduke, hastily wiping his eyes, "and, therefore, I took care to have your name pasted round the flower-pot before it ever entered the hot-house. No, no! it's safe enough—gone for it's health!—gone for it's health! as the ancient Romans used to go to Egypt, when they had pulmonary complaints, and come back quite well."

"Used they?" said Blanche, raising her head; "then I wish my mother had gone there, and she might have come back well," and here the little girl wept afresh.

"Tush! what a clumsy fool I am," muttered Marmaduke, twitching his fingers and blinking his eyes. "What the d—l business had I to set off with the ancient Romans to Egypt? a-hem—a-hem!—must get out of it. No, my dear child," added he aloud, rising and taking her head in both his hands, "she has gone to a much better place, where there is Eternal health, Eternal youth, Eternal life! Good child!—very good child! you read your Bible, don't you? Well, then, you will understand, when I tell you that God has also released your mother out of the Land of Egypt and the House of Bondage, which this world is more or less to us all. Well, good-bye!—good-bye! God bless you! for I'm now going to see your father. What shall I say to him from you?"

"My love and a kiss!" said the child, putting up her lips, which Marmaduke kissed, first taking the precaution to shut his eyes, and then said,—

"Your love I'll give him honestly, but I make a point of keeping all the kisses I get for myself; and, although I'm an old fellow, I have not got a great many yet."

"I'll give you as many as you please," said Blanche, throwing her arms round his neck.

Marmaduke smiled as he pressed the little girl to his heart, and wished her good-bye, while he kept soliloquising the words, "poor child!—poor child!" till he reached Carlton's door. He found him up, but looking dreadfully pale and ill, with a look of fixed despair that was perfectly appalling.

"Well, my dear sir," said Marmaduke, I am glad to see you up, and I am the bearer of good news," added he, taking a paper from his pocket. "Here is the first proof-sheet of 'The Wonderful Power of Nature and Art.' Thanks to the magic of my Lord John's name, the book is going on swimmingly, and when the Reviews have be-praised and be-puffed it to their heart's content, then the praise shall be rendered to where it is due."

Carlton shook his head mournfully and murmured, "too late!"

Marmaduke could so well enter into his feelings that he changed the subject, and said, in a more cheerful voice, "I have just been with my little friend Blanche. She is looking charmingly! —sent you all sorts of loves, and when you are well enough, she is coming to see you."

"God bless you!" said Carlton, in a low, hollow voice, as he pressed Marmaduke's in his own shadowy hand.

Marmaduke sat with him sometime longer, but, finding every effort to rouse him ineffectual, at length took his departure, saying as a 'pis aller' at parting, "Well, remember all the faults in your book will be on my devoted head, as I have to correct the press, as it was impossible to get anything out of Lord John but his name; however, as I before said, as soon as the book is safe the Bubble shall burst."

But Carlton was leaning back in his chair with his eyes closed, and seemed totally unconscious of what Marmaduke had been saying; so the latter quietly departed, gently closing the door after him. Trip, who always acted as groom when his master rode Kicksywicksy, and who was the only living thing after Marmaduke, that that refractory little quadruped seemed to

stand in any awe of, was sitting on the step of the door with the pony's bridle in his mouth; which he now resigned into his master's hand, and was about to bark out his joy at his return, but Marmaduke cried hush! and pointed up at the windows of Carlton's room, whereupon Trip, who had long been in the habit of visiting the sick with his master, and, therefore, perfectly understood the "noiseless tenor" necessary to be observed towards them, crouched down, hung his ears (which had never been cropped), held his stern straight out, and then bounded silently on before Kicksywicksy, till he arrived at Dunderhead Common, where he made up for lost time by barking in a manner that made the welkin ring, as for about two miles he hunted a field-mouse through the snow, which heaved and palpitated over him like a young earthquake, which so tickled Kicksywicksy's fancy, that it set her neighing and curvetting in a manner so Bacchanalian, that Marmaduke could hardly keep his seat. At length Trip gave over hunting, as Marmaduke left the common and turned down the lane that led to Gorget cottage.

Gorget cottage was a white stuccoed, three-storied house, squared like a tea-canister, with a green balcony and a mahogany door. Before it was a small lawn, divided by a strip of gravel,

which gave it the appearance of a broad vapeur ribbon with green edges. Under the dining and drawing-room window, for there was but one large window to each, which were divided by the hall-door, was a square flower-plot; in the centre of one done in box were the figures 10th foot, the first regiment Major Whabble had belonged to. In the other plot were two more box inscriptions, planted in the palmy days of Major Whabble's toryism, which had been for some time on the wane, owing to a very frequent and shrewd remark of Mrs. Whabble's—namely, that she did not think the whigs, now that they knew what it was to be in, would ever go out;—these mottos were, "King and country," put 'dos à dos,' which had often opened that witty vein for which Sir Romulus Bubble was so justly celebrated, and caused him upon each visit he made to Gorget cottage, to express his wonder that so loyal a man as Major Whabble should join the country in a plot against the King! Nor did he confine this brilliant sally to his weekly visits to Major Whabble, on whom he called punctually for the sake of venting it; but he invariably retailed it to his family at dinner on his return home, which, as he had now done regularly every seven days for seven years, they always had their laughs ready as soon as he

got as far as "I must tell you what I said of Whabble's plot," which was convenient, and saved trouble.

The iron railing before Gorget cottage was of a light pea-green, and in the centre of the high iron gates was a gilt Gorget, from whence it derived its name; but to prevent all mistakes even to the dull of apprehension, the words, "Gorget cottage," figured in gilt letters within it.

When Marmaduke rang the bell, it appeared from the commotion it excited in the interior of the house, that he had arrived in an inauspicious moment. In the first place, a rug and a carpet were hanging over the balcony, while two stout two-handed nymphs were scrubbing out the room that was to be Lord John's, and which was likely to feel much more aired and comfortable from the operation, especially as the vestal grate had never yet felt a flame. In the dining-room was a long vista of amateur and itinerant deal supper-tables, tied by the leg together in ill-assorted couples, and which were perfectly visible to Marmaduke's naked eye, from the glare of the setting sun, as it streamed in at the back window of the room, and also displayed Major Whabble in a long pepper-and-salt dressing-gown, balancing himself with two fingers of each hand on the

rickety tables, and waving to and fro, in the act of rehearsing the speech (!) he intended making at supper the next night but one, while Mrs. Whabble, with her head like a porcupine from rampant white curl-papers, was seen darting through the drawing-room with a something in her hand that had very much the profile of a coffee-pot.

No sooner had Marmaduke's ring resounded through the house, than the two maids that were scrubbing out Lord John's room, as a matter of course, popped their heads out of the window; while, by a mysterious sympathy, that seemed to run through the mansion, a young gentleman's head instantly appeared out of the nursery window, from which his right hand suspended a long stick, with a piece of pack-thread and a fishing-hook at the end of it, and with this he drew up one of the maid's caps, with a dexterity that would have astonished old Izaak Walton.

"Master George!" screamed the indignant hand-maiden, placing her hands too late upon her head, as she gazed upward at Master George's grinning face, while he triumphantly brandished his newly-acquired trophy, "give me my cap, I say, this minute, or I'll tell your mamma, and then you'll catch it."

"I have caught it," regrinned Master George, giving the cap another circular flourish on the top of the stick.

"You tiresome, good-for-nothink, howdacious feller, give me my cap this instant."

"Don't you wish you may get it?" tauntingly inquired the youthful angler, holding the cap behind his back, and down went the window.

Now the architecture of Gorget cottage was on a candid plan, that had no concealments, and therefore the stables and coach-house, with a small segment of pigsty for the accommodation of half-a-dozen China pigs, the pet quadrupeds of Mrs. Jinks, were visible from the lawn: and it so happened, that during the balcony scene with Master George, a large tilted spring cart had just driven into the back yard; and it also happened, that Master James Whabble was taking a constitutional walk with the pigs at the very moment when the cart drove in; Marmaduke rang; and his brother George burst into a loud laugh at having abducted the maid's cap. Here, then, was a triple cause to excite his curiosity; but, as it had been already excited by some zoological researches he had been making in the sty among its youthful inmates, and as a squint was not among Master James Whabble's personal attractions, and he therefore could not con-

veniently look two ways at once, much less three or four, in his anxiety to investigate the contents of the cart, without losing sight of that of the sty, his foot slipped, and he fell backwards, and disappeared, head foremost, in a Mediterranean of hog-wash.

They say it is a wise father that knows his own child; therefore, the 'Père Cochon' might be forgiven for mistaking the piteous cries of Master James for those of one of his own offspring, as he rushed to the rescue; nor was the cook much wiser when she came out to play the part of one of the Humane Society, as she mistook Master Whabble's shoe, which appeared just above the anti-fragment flood, for one of the black ears of the little pigs, and tugged away at it most vigorously; while Mr. Piggy Senior did his part, by grunting, in a fine bass voice, and pushing his snout under James's head, at the bottom of the trough, which, however, had the desired effect of raising it up.

"Lor! Master James," shrieked the cook, suddenly letting go of the foot she had so long mistaken for an ear, "lor! Master James, it can never!—who ever!—why surely it can't be you; you've brought your hogs to a pretty market; what will Mrs. Jinks say?"

"Carry me in—carry me in," screamed and kicked James, in reply to the cook's question.

"Not without being washed," remonstrated the cook.

"I won't be washed," roared Master Whabble; I've had enough of wash."

"You must be washed, my dear, or there'll be no bearing on you," persisted the cook.

"I won't be washed," insisted James, "till grandma comes home, for I know she'll give me bread and honey if I say I won't."

"And I'll give yon bread and honey if you say you will," coaxed the cook, dragging him onward, "so come along, there's a sweet (!) feller."

Master Whabble was no stoic; and, like all his sex, was not proof against the flattery of ours; therefore, not being able to resist the cook's honied words, he suffered himself to be led quietly away.

Considering all these internal commotions, it was no wonder that Marmaduke had to ring twice—nay, thrice, before a footboy, inducting himself into a grass-green jacket with yellow facings, came to the gate. Marmaduke, who had perceived from the outside of Kicksy-wicksy the excitement his arrival had produced inside Gorget cottage, addressed him as follows.

"Oh, I merely wished to know if some toys

had come here, for Mrs. Whabble's children, from Lord John Bubble. I don't want to go in; it's too late."

"Yes, my lord—sir—they are just come as you rung at the gate," said the foot-boy, twitching the front lock of his hair.

"Oh, very well; that's all," said Marmaduke, giving Kicksywicksy a hint with the rein to go on; while Trip, one of whose accomplishments it was, jumped up behind, and the trio trotted away together, retracing their steps to Dunderhead Common; for it was Marmaduke's annual custom to give Mrs. Fine and Archy Dunn a Christmas-box, which he made a point of presenting on Christmas eve.

About two miles from Major Whabble's, across the common, were situated five small houses (three with slated roofs), in a row, of very modern date, occupied by an old woman, a laundress, of the name of Brough, who had had as many children as blue bags, and had washed her hands of them all except her son John, who was apprenticed to her opposite neighbour, Dobbs, the blacksmith, and whom the reader was dishonourable enough to listen to making love behind a hedge one Sunday after church. No. 2 was occupied by a shoemaker, or, more correctly speaking, a cobbler,

of the name of Jacob Short; he was a bachelor, and, therefore, led a life of uninterrupted harmony, with his magpie, soles, and upper-leathers, save when it was distracted by Mrs. Brough's too frequent invitations to tea; and, as she was a widow, he had his fears that her intention was to palm off English weeds upon him, instead of the Chinese plant. No. 3 was the residence of Mr. Archibald Dunn, and had rather more pretension about it than its neighbours, inasmuch as, that over the door appeared about a yard of wood, painted slate colour; while, in the centre of it, figured a bright yellow noun-substantive pair of buckskin unmentionables, miraculously standing alone without even the aid of suspenders; and under them was written, in letters of a paler yellow,—

"ARCHIBALD DUNN,

TAILOR TO THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY."

The setting sun, as it shone upon the well-cleaned window, also displayed the drapery of a dimity curtain, a coloured print of a gentleman in a brown frock coat and straw-coloured kid gloves, and another of a lady in a habit and 'manchettes;' while, in the centre, was an 'affiche' of Mr. Dunn's list of prices, headed by "Boys clothes extremely low."

Facing Archy Dunn's house was a large leafless beech tree, the only tree on the common, excepting a mountain ash about a mile farther on, and seemed placed as a sentinel over a gibbet, where, many years back, a highwayman had been hung in chains.

Opposite the three houses that contained Mrs. Brough and Messieurs Short and Dunn, were two of much more ancient date; the one a low irregular edifice, intersected with wooden beams, and terminating in John Dobbs' forge, at which he was hard at work; the other, a story higher, with gable ends, and roofed with red brick tiles, in the shape of hearts; from the centre window of the first story hung the sign of the Pug and Primrose, under which was written,—

"By Margery and Tony Fine.
Licensed to deal in British and Foreign Wines, Spirituous Liquors, and Tobacco. Home-brewed Beer to be drunk on the Premises."

And from under the sign, in honour of the season, protruded a huge bush of holly.

At about a quarter of a mile behind the Pug and Primrose was a large pond, where the ducks and geese belonging to the establishment swam in summer, and where the little boys skated in winter.

About ten minutes before Marmaduke rode

up to the door of the hostelry, the clouds became black as night, and the hail and sleet descended in torrents, accompanied by a perfect hurricane, which nearly carried Kicksywicksy, with her two riders, to the other side of the common. As Marmaduke at length succeeded in stopping before the door of the little inn, he did not wonder at the number he saw assembled within, when he looked at the reflection of the bright blazing faggots, from the large old-fashioned chimney, on the scarcely less bright pewter and copper vessels ranged round the walls.

"Law, Sir!" cried Mrs. Fine, herself running to the door at the sound of Kicksywicksy's well-known neigh, and forcibly holding down her black silk bonnet with her left hand, to prevent the wind carrying it off,—"Law, sir! what an evening for you to venter out. I'll take the dear soul round to the stable myself," added she, seizing Kicksywicksy's rein. "Ho, Trip, my man, how be you? Step in, sir, pray; there's no one in my back parlour; and I'll be with you immediately—as soon as I've give this dear little cretur a feed."

Marmaduke entered the house; and as he shook the sleet from his great-coat, Trip appeared to prefer reconnoitring the groups as-

sembled in the bar and the kitchen; and as Marmaduke always thought himself safe in following his example, he walked into the former, which only contained three people; one was Patty, the red-elbowed handmaiden of Mrs. Fine, on her knees before a footman—an iron one—toasting a muffin for her mistress's tea.

At a small round table sat two men, with pipes and half-empty glasses of brandy and water before them. One, who was seated, with his back to Marmaduke, in a very high-backed easy chair, with a red and white check cover on it, was Mr. Fine himself, who had been let out of the hospital to pass the Christmas in the bosom of his family; and whose head not being considered quite safe upon his shoulders, was crowned with a high stiff cotton night-cap, while his throat was incircled with a square wooden frame, like those admonitory necklaces placed round the necks of refractory cows; this obliged Mr. Fine to use some caution in raising his glass to his mouth, and altogether, gave him a very formidable appearance. His companion was Mr. John Brough, whose leathern apron and Vulcan-like appearance, gave him a less seductive look than when, in his Sunday clothes, he promised to kiss Sally present-ly.

What Mr. Fine said, from the combined

causes of brandy, tobacco, the needle-work in his throat, and his wooden collar, was not very intelligible; but Marmaduke was struck with the philosophical tone of Mr. Brough's remarks. It appeared that Mrs. Fine had positively and barbarously refused to let them have any more brandy.

"You should hit her on the raw, Tony," said Mr. Brough, thumping his clenched hand energetically on the table till the spoons danced.

Mr. Fine muttered something in reply that was unintelligible to Marmaduke, but apparently not so to Mr. Brough, who leant his head forward, frowned, closed one eye very knowingly, and replied,—

"You say she haint got no raw; lor bless you, there's no sich difference twixt women and asses, specially wives; and I'll tell you what I overheerd two sweeps say, one morning last spring, when I was in Lunnun; and you must treat she the same;—these here two chaps was a driving their donkeys, one had a side as raw as a beef-steak; so whenever the boy gave un a wallop on it—I 'spose he didn't go like fun? t'other chap's donkey was fat and lazy, and wouldn't budge for all the blows in White-chapel."

"'Vy don't you hit her on the raw, Bill?' says the first boy--and very sensible too.'

" 'Cause she haint got no raw,' says Bill.'

" 'Vell then," says the first boy, taking out his knife, "you must stablish a raw, that's all.' "

" And so it is with wives," continued Mr. Brough, "if they haint got no raw, you must stablish a raw; that is, if so be as they will have a pervoking good temper, as a hordinary blowing-up has no effect upon, why then, you must drive them into a temper, bless you; I've seen so much of it, both in high life and low life; just drive a woman mad, and while she's a raving, you keep as cool as a pot of half-and-half in October; and then all the tongues begin to wag, specially the women's, for they always set upon each other like a set of turkeys, who, no sooner is one ailing, then the rest are sure to peck its eyes out;—and then it is—'poor man! I'm sure he's to be pitied, married to such a devil!' besides, Tony, England is a fine country; there haint, nor there never will be no help for the women; all the parliament-men will take care of that; for though they be such fine smooth spoken gentlemen, with clean faces, whatever their hands may be; why, arter all, they his but hanimals, like ourselves, and they wallops their wives, turns em hout a-doors, tells lies on em as fast as a horse can gallop; all the same as we do, with this difference—that when they

are cused of it like, they denies it, upon their honour! and that smooths hevrything. Now, the worst of it his in hour walk of life, we never talks about honour; and when once we turns a wife out a-doors, and plays up old gooseberry ourselves, we've no way of persecuting and tormenting on em arterwords;—but in course 'tis but reasonable as the rich should have more tether and privileges nor the poor."

Neither Patty, the red-elbowed maid, the fresh muffin, the iron-footman, Mr. Brough, nor Mr. Fine having perceived Marmaduke, and he having heard as much, or rather more than he wished to hear, glided out of the bar, and went into the large red-bricked kitchen opposite; four men were sitting at one table, playing cards, while two were at another, discussing a roast capon, and a tankard of ale; at a smaller table, near the fire, sat a man in a Mackintosh, with his hat slouched over his eyes; some toasted cheese, a bottle of brandy, a jug of hot water, a glass and spoon, a pen and ink, a pamphlet, dog's-eared in several places, and some loose sheets of paper, on which he was writing, before him; his forehead was low, and of the murderous conformation of a Cari's; his eyebrows were bushy and low, forming a pent-house over his eyes, which were of a dense blueish lead

colour, with a film or glare over them, like those of wild beasts that feed on raw meat; his nose was short, flat, and turned-up; his chin rather under-hung; his teeth divided, in the way that Lavater says indicates deceit; his voice (which Marmaduke over-heard in a soliloquy about the weather, as he walked over to the window, and looked up at the clouds, which were gathering more densely every moment), was hissing and guttural.

Marmaduke, as the man in the Mackintosh walked to the window, could not resist casting his eye over the pamphlet on the table;—it was the "Inquiry into the Genius and Policy of the Duke of Arlington," that Lord John had mentioned at breakfast, as having created such a sensation in London—"Humph!" thought he, "no doubt some penny-a-liner or other—looks like a professional cut-throat—nothing gentleman-like, and of the amateur-brigand about him."

"A dr-readful night, sir," hissed the stranger, servilely addressing Marmaduke, and ringing-out his r's like a cur snarling; while, what rendered his voice still more disagreeable, was, that he spoke as if his teeth were tightly closed.

"Dreadful indeed," replied Marmaduke, eyeing him from head to foot, and finally looking

him full in the face, with a sort of search-warrant expression—"dreadful, indeed; and black as the d—l I take it."

"May I offer you some brandy and water sir?" asked the stranger, throwing back his Mackintosh, and displaying a hard-working looking pair of Russia ducks, as if to convince Marmaduke, that all was not as black as he imagined.

"Much obliged to you," said the latter, intuitively starting back—"but I never drink before dinner."

The stranger saw it would not do, and so resumed his seat and his pen; while Marmaduke walked to the fire, and stood with his back to it, keeping his eye all the time upon the individual in the India-rubber and Russia ducks.

Presently Mrs. Fine entered, all fuss and sorrow, at not seeing Mr. Bubble in the parlour.

"Thank you, Mrs. Fine," said he, "I prefer this blazing fire to any other; but I should congratulate you," added he, with a smile, "upon Mr. Fine's recovery."

"Oh lor sir, don't mention it; I never see such a place; the knives won't cut, and the water won't drown; a man tried to drown hisself about a week a-go, in the pond out yander,

but 'twas no use, no more nor bathing; his poor wife told me this very morning, that he was as hearty as ever."

"You see, Mrs. Fine, those that don't know how to live, don't know how to die."

"Ah, very true, sir," sighed Mrs. Fine, "but it's a pity there aint some one to teach 'em."

"Who is that ill-looking rascal?" asked Marmaduke, in a still lower voice, pointing to the gentleman with the pen and ink and Welsh-rabbit.

"Well, now he is a hill-looking scare-crow to be sure, but who he is I can't tell you sir, for I never laid eyes upon him till this arternoon—but I hope he's not one of the swell-mob, come down on a job from Lunnun; by his asking so many questions as he did about every one in the neighbourhood;—lor! now I look at him, he's the fac-similar of the devil and Dr. Foster, isn't he, sir?"

"I don't know," said Marmaduke; "for I never had the honour of seeing either of them."

"Lor, sir! that be your humbleness of spirit, for the neighbours do say as you knows every-thing."

"The neighbours are too good; for I'm sure I don't know what this is," said Marmaduke, looking through the window at a strange looking

vehicle—a gig with a head to it, on the top of which was strapped a cradle spit and a violoncello case; before it was a hamper and a harp, with a green cotton umbrella, blown up wrong side out, like a wine glass, while presently with the assistance of Patty and the hostler, two very fat female figures were squeezed out of the interior. Two minutes after, they entered the kitchen of the inn, and proved to be Mrs. Jinks and Mademoiselle Perpignon.

The former lady had been, like Vesuvius previous to an eruption, rumbling and grumbling for the last fortnight prior to Mrs. Whabble's ball, and had been to Shrewsbury to make final preparations for that great event; there she had met Mademoiselle, who, if the truth must be told, had walked in to consult a fortune-teller, who had, among other extraordinary things, thrown out vague hints about drowning, which she thought were about to be immediately fulfilled, had she not very opportunely met Mrs. Jinks, who charitably offered to take her home. Mrs. Jinks was dressed in the identical Tuscan straw bonnet and brown cloth pelisse in which Mr. Howard had had the honour of travelling with her, save that the skirt was a little curtailed by the incendiary behaviour of the Boots at the Talbot. Whatever a burnt child may do, a

burnt pelisse certainly does not dread the fire, at least, Mrs. Jinks walked over to it as closely as possible.

"Dear me! Mr. Bubble! you here?" cried she. "I do hope you are not a-foot this terrible evening—especially as aving Mumselle, I can't offer you a ride home in the chay."

"Thank you; I intend to ride home," said Marmaduke, "as I have my pony here."

"Poor dear little cretur!—you don't say so? I ope Sir Romulus and her Ladyship, and Lord and Lady John, and all the family is well? and Mr. Oward and the 'Merican gentleman, sir?"

"Poor man! I believe he is shot in a duel before this—at least, he was to have fought one two days ago."

"You don't say so!" cried Mrs. Jinks, throwing up her hands, and then placing her arms akimbo. "Lor bless me! it never can be, to be sure!—he was so kind to James! Ah, poor man! all his figures was of little use to him, when he did not know how to take care of number one!"

During this dialogue, Mademoiselle Perpignon, who had seated herself at one side of the chimney, cast her eyes round the room, and ascertaining, beyond a doubt, that there was nobody worth looking at, that is, that would

look in return, she closed them again, and kept her thoughts sacred to Mr. McPhin. She had not been long in this position, rocking herself to and fro on her chair, before a confused noise, as of many voices at a distance, broke upon the air.

"Hush! listen!" cried Marmaduke, while Trip ran hastily out, but in less than ten minutes returned, and tried to drag his master forcibly after him. "I'll go, my good sir, I'll go," said the latter; "you need not use so much violence;" and so saying, he walked out after the dog, who bounded on before.

Shortly after their departure, the sound of voices became more distinct, as they evidently neared the house; and soon a crowd appeared, bearing the body of a man. They entered the house, and Archy Dunn, who supported the head, ordered him to be laid on a table, which was accordingly done, but with his face downwards. Every one in the inn gathered round the apparently dead man.

"Eh, pure fellow! pure fellow!" moaned Archy Dunn, as he rubbed the feet of the defunct.

"Who is it, Mr. Dunn?" asked Mrs. Fine.

"Eh, it's pure Meester McPhin," sobbed Archy.

"Oh ciel!" shrieked Mademoiselle, throwing

herself upon the body; "c'est bien lui, je reconnois son doux regard!" which proves that love, instead of being blind, must be remarkably clear-sighted, as there was no part of Mr. McPhin visible but his back.

"Where was he drownded, poor gentleman?" re-interrogated Mrs. Fine.

"In your ain guse pond just," said Archy.

"Pooh! then he's not drowned at all, you may depend upon that, Mr. Dunn;—no, no—they're deeper nor the pond that goes there; for they knows as the Dunderhead pond won't drown—so it won't—nasty, good-for-nothing piece of water! Not but what I should be very sorry if anythink appened to poor Mr. McPhin—nice civil spoken man as ever was—and never drinks a drop as he doesn't pay on the nail," replied Mrs. Fine.

"Eh, it's these confoonded long commons like wildernesses, that ye have in England, that caused the pure gentleman to lose himself," whimpered Archy.

"Aye, you aint used to nothink but *short commons* in Scotland, I take it," drawled Mr. Brough, who had joined the group.

"Hoot, John Brough!" said Archy, firing up, "if I hod made shoes for horses as lang as you, I'd have larnt to be os silent as the beasties

who employed me before my betters, were they dead or alive." Mr. Brough looked hammers and anvils, but remained silent.

Marmaduke, who had a sincere regard for his nephew's simple-minded tutor, ordered every restorative used on such occasions, and proceeded to take off his wet clothes, whereupon all the petticoats withdrew, except Mademoiselle Perpignon, who preferred fainting in the same room during the ceremony. In searching Mr. McPhin's pockets, nothing was found but the little ruler he had been so long in the habit of breaking poor Cosmo's knuckles with, a black-lead pencil, and a card, containing a prospectus of Mr. Town's submarine railroad, with the words, "D——d shares — d——d woman," written at the back.

At length, after a considerable degree of friction, hot salt, hot flannel, and brandy, and being turned on his back, Mr. McPhin, chiefly owing to the indefatigable manner in which Trip licked his face while lying on his chest and keeping it warm, began to evince symptoms of returning animation. He opened one eye, upon which Mademoiselle shrieked for the second time, and exclaimed, seizing his hand: "Ah ! non, ce n'est pas lui, car il ne me reconnoit pas !"

Whereupon, Mr. McPhin sat bolt upright, as

if he had been galvanized, and rubbing his eyes, cried out: "What! that voice here too! Eh, then, I have gone to the de'il, and she is here before me! But the de'il a fut I'll stay, if she does—so he must e'en choose between us."

"The de'il—a de'il is here, sir!" said Archy, almost hugging him. "Yer safe and soond, the Laird be praised! in the kitchen of the Pug and Primrose; and though ye might be in mony worse places, I ken few where you'd be better, particularly after sic an uncoe debauch of water. I never kenned ye to exceed sae before."

"Didn't I tell you it would not drown?" cried Mrs. Fine, tapping Archy triumphantly on the shoulder.

"Ye did—ye did indeed, Meestress Fine," said Archy affectionately, pressing her hand as the tears stood in his eyes; "for yer sae canny in yer calling, that I verily believe ye ken to a look, how much spirit it takes to hove ony effec on a sea of water, or for a sea of water to hove ony effec upon it."

"Eh, sir," said Mr. McPhin, discovering Marmaduke; "then I connot be in the inferenal regions, for I'm vary sartin you'd never be there."

"No, no, you are not," replied Marmaduke; and then requested to be left alone with Mr.

McPhin. As soon as the assembled throng had adjourned to the bar, he added kindly, taking Mr McPhin's hand; "my dear sir, I do think that going out to drown yourself was an odd day's pleasure, which your note to me stated as the reason of your absence."

"Eh sir, and wasn't it a pleasure to droon one's self (hod the stupid water been deep enough), to get rid of thot confoonded woman. I told her the other day, the more she tormented me, the worse it would be for her."

"I must say," replied Marmaduke, smiling, that your's is quite a new code of gallantry; it would have been almost better to have got rid of her by marrying her."

"Hoot, sir," screamed Mr. McPhin, who, at such a proposition, was wide awake; "for the first time I've heard folly from your lips—marry her! na, na, sir, if ever I'm vicious enough to marry, it shall be something more in the shape of a christian woman, thon such a she-drogon os thot."

Marmaduke passed more than half-an-hour in reading Mr. McPhin a lecture upon the criminality of his conduct. "You know as well as I can tell you," said he, "that when man dieth the dust shall return to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God that gave it; and

now, think you, will he deal with those rash ones that force themselves unbidden on his presence?—fie upon you, McPhin, fie upon you. Your conduct induces me to believe what Lord Bacon states in his 'Advancement of Learning.' Discoursing of the mind or soul, he says—'The reasonable soul is by nature divine, and the unreasonable part of the soul, is common to us with beasts. The reasonable, he affirms to have its original from the inspiration or breath of God—the unreasonable from the matrices of the elements.' To the same purpose speaks the great Gassendus, where he treats 'De Physiologia Epicuri, cap. de Animæ Sede' and also Dr. Willis in his 'De Anima Brutorum.'"

"Eh sir, true—and the brute part was the effect that confoonded woman hod on me."

"Why, the great heathens with whom you are well acquainted," resumed Marmaduke, without heeding Mr. McPhin's last remark; "the great heathens with whom you are well acquainted, might have taught you better. You remember the saying of Socrates—'Do not think that after I am dead, that at my funeral you carry out Socrates and bury him under ground. No, you ought only to say you bury his body; but I shall go to the felicities of the

blessed above. And Plato in his 'Phœdo,' says, 'the gods first framed man of earth, and gave him a soul as mistress of his body;' and again, he says a little farther on, that 'the gods, makers of mortal creatures, having received from the THE FIRST GOD the soul of man immortal, added to it two mortal parts; the rest of the body they appointed a vehiculum, to serve the head where the soul was placed; and that the soul being an invisible thing, goes after death into a like pure and invisible place, hid from our eyes, to the good and wise God.' Plato also believed that 'God and the very essence of life, are the only things confessed to be immortal and indissolvable; and that if death were the dissolution of the whole man, then would the wicked be gainers thereby.' If the very heathens so believed, how could you, a Christian, tamper with so awful a stake as immortality."

"Every word you say is gospel, honoured sir," replied Mr. McPhin, wiping the tears from his eyes; "ond I solemnly promise never to kill myself again! but one favour, sir, I supplicate at your hands—don't let any mortal know that I used my own free will in walking into the pond, for, as Miss Prudence says, 'it would be such a bad example to that pure lad, Cosmo.'"

Marmaduke faithfully promised, that the first stage Mr. McPhin had that day gone to the other world, should never be alluded to, but as his shocking accident on Christmas-eve; and then summoned Archy Dunn, whom he despatched (the storm having ceased) upon Kicksywicksy to Bubble Hall for a close carriage. Mrs. Jinks then departed, hoping that Mr. McPhin would feel sufficiently recovered from his accident to come to Mrs. Whabble's ball, or else there would be no keeping the boys in order; but having a vague idea that this was not a very flattering ground to express her hope of seeing him upon, and not being a bad-hearted person, she facetiously added, as she shook hands with him—"I'm sure, sir, we may say, as you and I together have been through fire and water."

Mademoiselle wanted to remain and return in the carriage, but Marmaduke insisted upon Mrs. Jinks fulfilling her promise, and depositing her at home, as he said Mr. McPhin should be kept as quiet as possible. He further requested Mademoiselle not to mention Mr. McPhin's accident at the Hall before he arrived, as it might alarm the family.

The gig had not driven away half-an-hour with its fat freight, before Archy Dunn returned with the carriage, and came panting into the

room whiter than usual, and looking the very personification of fear.

"What in the name of wonder's the matter, Archy?" asked Mr. McPhin.

"Eh sir, you were talking of the de'il, ond I've always heard it counted ventursome to do so, and sure enough it was either him or a witch's broomstick that carried me to the Hall, for I've been rolled and re-rolled from ain end of the common to the ither, with the total loss of my hot that I new creped this morning; and as for the bones in my body, they feel sae pestled and mortered, thot I dinna ken whether they are my bones or not. Eh Mr. Bubble, but that pony of your's is a daft little de'il."

"I suppose," said Marmaduke, smiling, "that Kicksywicksy, as usual, has been playing off some of her tricks upon travellers; but you must drink to her better manners," added he, slipping double his usual Christmas offering into the poor tailor's hands, to indemnify him for his battered bones and lost beaver.

"The Laird above send doon his blessing on ye, sir," bowed Archy, "and that the vary first may be a gude, quiet, reasonable, decent-minded, respectable horse."

"Thank you, Archy," laughed Marmaduke; but if it's the same to you, turn the blessing the other way, and set me upon the horse."

"Just os yer honour plases," bowed Archy.

After which, Marmaduke having bestowed temporary compensation on Mrs. Fine for her husband's convalescence, Mr. Mc Phin was enveloped in blankets, and lifted into the carriage. On arriving at Bubble Hall, they drove in the back way, and Mr. Mc Phin was quietly smuggled to bed. Theresa, who met Marmaduke in the gallery as she was going down to dinner, threw her arms round his neck, and said,

"Dear uncle, has any thing happened that you are so late, and Mademoiselle Perpignon has come home in violent hysterics?"

"Nothing particular," hesitated Marmaduke, only poor McPhin has met with an accident, which I will tell you about by-and-bye, and poor little Blanche Carlton's 'Good-by' is ringing in my ear, Theresa; I hate that word, good-by; in short, a hundred things detained me," and so saying, he offered her his arm, and they went down to dinner.

CHAPTER VI.

"The play, the play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."—*Hamlet.*

"Examine the size of people's sense, and the condition of their understanding, and you'll never be fond of popularity, or afraid of censure."—*The Emperor* MARCUS ANTONINUS.

THE PLAY, WHEREIN YOUNG BLUBBER ACTS BEFORE THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY—MISS LUCY ACCEPTS AN OFFER FROM COLONEL KING OF HER OWN MAKING.—MRS. WHABBLE'S BALL.—DIVERS OCCURRENCES.—MISS PRUDENCE REFUTES A PHILOSOPHICAL REMARK OF DEAN SWIFT'S.—LORD JOHN ALMOST BEGINS TO FEEL THE WORTHLESSNESS OF POPULARITY.

"WHEN I was sick," says Epicurus, "I did not discourse the company about my diseases, or the torment I was troubled with." Now, though no Epicurean, this was precisely Mr. McPhin's case: he modestly took to his bed for several days, and, by excluding every one but Marmaduke, escaped the condolence and interrogations of the whole family. Not so Mademoiselle Perpignon. She thought it was 'de rigueur' that she should have a fit of illness on the occasion; and, being the holidays, she

had plenty of time. Accordingly, she sent off for Dr. Churchill and Mr. Lance, and insisted upon their bleeding her, though they both very honestly assured her she did not require any thing of the kind; but no sooner had they acceded to her importunities, than she got up a delirium, and kept screaming out, like Descartes on a similar occasion, "Messieurs, épargnez le sang Français, je vous en supplie!" And the second act was to rave about the goose-pond, that had nearly proved fatal to her lover. This, as the house-maids and Marmaduke, with the doctor and apothecary, were English, she thought fit to do in what she considered that language, and exploded as follows.

"Ah! çe fatal gose pone—his name Phin—but he have no fin; darefore he no swim! Ah! Petère! Petère! quel misère! quel misère!"

"If it's Mr. McPhin as you're a talking about, ma'am," said one of the maids, "he's quite safe abed."

"Comment, donc!" shrieked Mademoiselle, "in de bed of de rivère! Ah, Petère! Petère!"

"No; in his own bed, I rejoice to say," replied Marmaduke, who, despite his inclination to laugh, could not prevent his heart, from long habit, pitying the clumsiest semblance of distress.

"Oh Ciel! in an oystére bed!—le cher homme!"

"Quelles étranges nouvelles!" muttered Marmaduke.

"Devant moi, après moi!" murmured Mademoiselle.

"It freezes, doesn't it, Mr. Lance?" asked Dr. Churchill.

"And mizzles too, sir," replied the apothecary.

"Ah yes, de meesletoe;" resumed Mademoiselle, "dat shall be for de feeshe, dat shall be for de feeshe now! Oh, my heart! my heart!—he is too big!—he is too big! I shall break him in littel pieces—and den he shall feed de feeshe too!"

It was on the 26th of December that Mademoiselle Perpignon thus threatened to Macadamise her heart. After a four-o'clock dinner at Bubble Hall, that the whole family might be in time for the play, Mr. Ormond, who had, from being a general favourite, become a daily guest, was of the party; as were also Colonel King and Captain Russell; for Miss Lucy naturally thought that, the play being "Alexander the Great," seeing how au fait his majesty was at making love to two women, that it must shame Colonel King into making love to one. Mar-

maduke finding that McPhin's trip to the other world, *via* the Dunderhead goose-pond, was an 'idée fixé' with Mademoiselle, left her to the enjoyment of it, and descended to the drawing-room, where coffee had just preceded him.

"Shall I give you some coffee, uncle?" said Theresa, stopping the servant, as Marmaduke entered.

"If you please, child; and give me cream, and not boiled milk."

"Has any one an idaya how Mamselle is?" asked Lady Bubble.

"I have just come from her; and Dr. Churchill thinks there is nothing the matter with her," replied Marmaduke, sipping his coffee.

"And what do you think?" re-interrogated her ladyship.

"Why, I think if there's anything the matter, it's water on the brain; for she has got the goose-pond on the common into her head, and McPhin in it; and there is no getting either of them out."

"Oh!" said Lady Bubble.

"The Algerine's in love!" cried Sir Romulus; "and I fear McPhin won't take a calamity. Now, I recommend a calamity to every one."

"Ah, just so—just so—a"—grinned Colonel King; which Miss Lucy took for a favourable omen.

At this moment Lord John's calamity entered, ready turban'd and black satined for Mrs. Whabble's ball; and shortly after the carriages were announced.

"Where's Prudence?" asked Sir Romulus. "She's generally ready the first. Ring the bell, my dear," added he, turning to Lady Bubble, who was more than usually splendid, and did not, therefore, like the trouble, "ring the bell, my dear, and send up for her."

Miss Prudence made her appearance in a greater fuss than usual, redolent of lavender water, drawing on a pair of very large and very stiff white leather gloves—for kid they could not be called—and tucking up a very stiff grey satin gown, that rattled again; her cap had all the appearance of a cheap ribbon shop selling off, from the heterogeneous chaos of bows and ends that adorned it; while a small butterfly, in coloured stones, fastened the velvet in the front of her wig, and produced a charming effect between the bunches of little button-mushroom curls on each side; chains, and cornelian, and amber necklaces, without end, graced her neck; while a tippet, made of the down of her fa-

vourite bird, protected her shoulders. Yet such are the mysterious intricacies of human nature, that Miss Prudence was in a fuss, notwithstanding all this!

"What's in the ladle now, Prudence?" asked Sir Romulus, advancing, with a philosophical smile, and a thumb in the entrance of each of his trousers' pockets, "what is the nonsense and fuss, eh?"

"Oh dear! no nonsense at all! but a great deal of fuss, I grant you, Romulus;—oh! I am provoked beyond everything! that stupid maid of mine, Buzzard, in curling my hair, singed one of the curls right off!"

"The Algerines nearly did the same to my wig," sympathized Sir Romulus, "the last time I sent it to Shrewsbury to be tichivated; and I was obliged to soak it in cold water for four hours; they had curled it up so stiffly; and after all, my calamity dried it too quickly before the fire, and shrunk it up again!—so you see, Prudence—hunt the hare! do you approve of my wit? hunt the hair seems the favourite game in this house."

"Ah, then you can feel for me, Romulus," shrugged Miss Prudence, wriggling her fingers, which looked as if they had white bolster-cases on each of them—"but still I do say, Buzzard's conduct is scandalous beyond everything!"

"We have not much time to spare," said Mr. Ormond, looking at his watch—"it's now half-past six, and the play begins at seven."

"True!" cried Sir Romulus, with one of those graceful (considering his size) zephyr-like pirouettes that he was in the habit of making—taking his chapeau bras—a fashion he had persisted in since the year 1798; "true! and as there can be no fun till we come, as the man said that was going to be hanged—the sooner we're off the better!—so good night, ma'am," added he, holding out three fingers to the old lady; the other two being occupied in the custody of a pinch of snuff.

The old lady was taking her after-dinner 'siesta;' but upon Sir Romulus's adieu, she opened one eye, looked up, and dropped out—"Oh! good bye to you; are ye going to thee Mithuth Thiddonth or Mithuth Jordon?"

"We are going beyond Jordan, ma'am," cachinated Sir Romulus, "to a whale-fishery! at least we shall see the blubber!"

"Oh, indade! I think ith mighty foolish to blubber at a play," said the old lady, shutting up the one eye she had opened, and again sinking to sleep.

"Send Miss Manners's maid here," said Lady Bubble, as she left the room with the rest of the party.

The evening was windy in the extreme, which gave Sir Romulus an opportunity of facetiously remarking to Theresa, that he was glad to perceive she had succeeded in raising the wind for her protégé. Many were the arrangements and re-arrangements about who-and-who were to go together;—at length, the carriages were filled to the perfect satisfaction of all parties;—Miss Lucy going in Colonel King's, with Marmaduke as Bodkin, for propriety's sake. Miss Prudence was clogged, and caleshed, in a manner to defy the elements; while Sir Romulus, not wishing to adopt a 'coup de vent coiffeure,' took the precaution of tying down his wig, with his red silk pocket-handkerchief, and finally surmounting it with his chapeau bras: this had, altogether, a very novel and remarkable appearance—or as he would himself have expressed it: "was quite out of the common."

When they arrived at the theatre, Lord John Bubble's carriage, and Lady Bubble, were first; Sir Romulus and Lady John next; Mr. Simcoe received them at the door, bowing down to the ground, with a pair of wax-lights, and a court dress, consisting of a property coat and ruffles. Sir Romulus lead the way, busily explaining to Lady John the improvements he had caused to be made in the theatre; with which interesting

subject, he was so pre-occupied, that he was about to enter the state-box, in the self-same costume that he had left Bubble Hall; that is to say, with his red silk pocket-handkerchief surmounted by the chapeau bras!

"Sir Romulus! Sir Romulus!" said Lady Bubble, pulling him back, "you have no idaya what a figure you look with that red handkerchief tying up your head."

"Never thought of it," cried Sir Romulus, putting the hat under his arm, returning the kerchief to his pocket, pushing his wig back, and arranging its Hyperion curls—"it would have been the cause of some fun, if I had shown myself to them with my turban on; I wonder what they'd have thought?"

"Why, nothing more nor less than that you had hoisted the Algerine flag in good earnest," said Marmaduke, who had now joined them with the rest of the party.

Mr. Simcoe threw open the box door; three boxes had been thrown into one for the occasion: the Duke and Duchess of Arlington were already there; and no sooner were all the patrons of the play assembled, than the orchestra struck up "God save the queen." As soon as the national anthem had ceased, Miss Prudence was seized with a tremendous fit of

fidgeting, which manifested itself by borrowing every one's opera-glass: upon Cosmo's informing her that he spied Mrs. Damnemall's Polish cap and feather in an opposite box—

"Oh dear! 'tis impossible!" said she, "for the Doctor decidedly objects to plays; it was only the other day that I was asking him if he thought there was any harm in my going to the play? and he said, decidedly; now that I no longer cared about them—it would be very wrong to go; but as this was for a charity, he did not object. Ah! perhaps he has given Mrs. Damnemall leave to go for the same reason; for, oh dear! he is such a good man!"

Miss Prudence's surmises were presently confirmed, by seeing the Polish cap and feather bobbing and nodding most furiously at her: and while she was occupied in playing the mandarin to it in return, the Duke of Arlington vacated his seat in the front of the first box, and passed into the one where Cecil was seated by Theresa.

"Mr. Howard," said he, extending his hand to the former, after bowing to the latter—"a rumour has reached me, that you are the author of the very eloquently and ably-written pamphlet, entitled an "Inquiry into my Policy;" and defending me most effectually against a

recent attack; if so, you must allow me to lay aside both my vanity as a statesman, and my gratitude as a man; and to assure you, in the cool and fastidious spirit of criticism, that I have not for a long time read anything which gave me so high an opinion of the abilities of the writer."

"In presuming to attempt so great a subject as an inquiry into the policy and genius of your grace," bowed Cecil, "not to have utterly failed, I consider an ovation in itself; but to hear it from your own lips, making every allowance for the courtesy that dictates it, is indeed a triumph my most sanguine hopes never could have anticipated."

"Nay, then," smiled the Duke, "I fear, that notwithstanding the many great and good qualities I am indebted to you for, 'au fond' you must have thought, that having been so long a servant of the public, that like my master, I too was ungrateful."

"Not so," rejoined Cecil, "for I remember the fable of the lion and the mouse."

The Duke was about to reply, when the curtain rose; and he was too well bred, at a benefit in a country theatre, where so much depended upon his seeming attention, to interrupt the play. All passed off quietly, till young Blubber appeared,

when the house was, as a matter of course, torn down with applause. Young Blubber took up six feet of longitude, and carried himself so erect, that the back of his head seemed to entertain the miraculous design of touching his heels. He was altogether a fine, raw, plump-looking youth, with bursting cheeks and hands, small eyes, and a large voice, very bull-doggy and keep your distance-ish. His whole action consisted in shaking his head as if he had been repeating "fi—fo—fau—fum," then stretching first one arm straight out on a line with his shoulder, and vehemently shaking the hand at the end of it, to match the tremulous motion of his head. As soon as one arm was tired, he relieved guard with the other, which instantly fell into an ague as its predecessor had done. The tone and manner in which he gave the words, "Oh, my Statira!" accompanied as it was by his head and hand, never failed to draw down thunders of applause from the one shilling gallery; for, when he wished to melt into amatory tenderness, he always achieved the point by speaking as though his throat had been lined with fleecy hosiery, with a young bull-dog barking in the bottom of it.

Miss Manners and Mr. Howard behaved better than any of the party; that is, they laughed

till they cried, which produced the desired effect. At the end of the second act Marmaduke went behind the scenes to congratulate Mr. Simcoe on so overflowing a house.

"Wonderful talents, hasn't he, sir?" drawled Mr. Simcoe through his nose.

"Very wonderful! if he has any," replied Marmaduke, "for I never saw anything like him."

"Oh, dear, sir," nasaled Mr. Simcoe, "he comes nearer to the great McEverpuff than any living actor. Do you mark how he hisses and clips his words, and what spirit he throws into the love scenes!—nothing soft or whining about him;—he reminds me so—of—a play I saw McEverpuff in—I can't remember the name of it;—but I know there's a player in it for one thing, and to see the way he doubles his fists at heaven, as though he insisted on being heard, is the most astounding piece of acting I ever saw. And then in the love scenes, instead of wooing and sueing, and all that sort of thing, he puts his arms a-kimbo, just as you may see a Hungerford market fish-wife do when mackerel are first in, and she says to a customer, 'here they are—three a shilling—you may take 'em or leave 'em, just as you please—but I don't 'bate one farthing,' which, of course, brings the lady to her

senses more than all the coaxing and hoaxing in the world. Dear me! I wish I could remember the name of the play—I saw it the first night it came out—and how the house was packed, to be sure!—too free to be easy,—and, therefore, some very undiscriminating and injudicious individuals,—I recollect, on two occasions, during the play, when McEverpuff was sadly annoyed. They had had their orders, you understand, sir, to clap incessantly. Well, once McEverpuff's helmet fell off, and they clapped for ten minutes. Another time, he blew his nose, naturally, and the whole house rose and waved their handkerchiefs. But he's a wonderful man, sir!—a wonderful man!—he understands the business so thoroughly. When he was going to act at the Haymarket, he sent his friend, Mr. Guzzlecat, who does all the theatrical reviews, or, I may say, sham-fights for him, down to the manager to say that he would cancel his engagement if he did not insert the word 'great' in th eplay-bills, —the great tragedian, Mr. McEverpuff. 'I understood,' said the innocent manager, 'that Mr. McEverpuff did not approve of the plastering system pursued towards him, and that it was that has made him as thin as a lath?' 'No more he does,' stammered Guzzlecat, 'but it's his friends!—it's his friends! and

what's the use of friends, especially in the press, if they can't puff a man into a demi-god, or blow him into a devil?' "And you see, sir, how it answers. McEverpuff is what I call a regular dramatic steam-engine; he won't let anything come near him but his own train; the moment they do, Guzzle-cat blows the coals, more vapouring is the result, and it's all right, because as he takes all the baggage and lumber of the first class free, he's sure of their support."

Mr. Simcoe had talked himself into a fever of admiration, when Mrs. Simcoe, dressed for Miss Winterblossom, and, curtseying to Marmaduke, touched his elbow, and reminded him it was time to go and adorn for Mr. Primrose. Marmaduke, in returning Mrs. Simcoe's salutation, butted forward and rebutted backwards so often, that, at length, he felt by a sudden giving way of his own person, he had endangered the equilibrium of another. He turned suddenly round primed and loaded with apologies and regrets, when, leaning against the side-wing, with a pencil and note-book in his hand, he beheld the man in the Macintosh that he had met at the Pug and Primrose two nights before. Stammering out a hasty "I beg your pardon," instead of all the sugared regrets he had provided himself with, he hurried

away after Mr. Simcoe, and, overtaking him just as he had reached his dressing-room door, brought him to the back of the stage, and, pointing to the man at the wing, said,—

"Can you tell me who that is?"

"Why, sir, that is the very identical person I have been talking about, Mr. McEverpuff's great friend, Guzzlecat."

"God bless me!—you don't say so?" said Marmaduke. "Such a looking fellow as that for a friend is enough to send a man without judge or jury to Tyburn. What the d—l brings him here?"

"Merely a little theatrical business," drawled Mr. Simcoe, with great sang froid. "He's a very respectable man, I assure you, sir; probably you may have heard of him by his former name. His name was Nugent; but he has taken the name of Guzzlecat for some property left him by his uncle, Alderman Guzzlecat. He's been inquiring most kindly about poor Carlton, and says he may be able to serve him materially if I will let him see him.

"Mr. Simcoe!" gasped Marmaduke, seizing his arm, "on your peril—"

"What! Sir?" interrupted Mr. Simcoe, unaffectedly alarmed.

"Nothing—nothing," said Marmaduke,

calmly parting his hair. "I beg your pardon. I merely meant to say—will you have the goodness to send round word to my box, that I will meet them at Mrs. Whabble's, and they are not to wait for me?" and Marmaduke hastily buttoned up his great coat, and left the theatre.

"He's buttoned his coat quite crooked," said one of the scene-shifters, looking after him.

"Humph! that's no great matter. if he had a straight waistcoat, I take it," muttered, or rather, thought Mr. Simcoe, as he slammed to his dressing-room door.

As Marmaduke seemed mysterious in his movements, it would not be right to follow him; so we will return to Lady Bubble's box. It was the last act; young Blubber was in the arm chair, delirious, clawing it under the idea that it was Bucephalus.

"What on earth is he doing?" said Lady Bubble, in vain screwing up her eyes and using her glass; "has any one an idaya what he's about?"

"My dear—my dear," said Sir Romulus, taking a pinch of snuff, and talking loud, that the people in the pit might have the benefit of the classic intelligence, "he's out of his senses, and he fancies the chair Bucephalus."

"And what is Bucellas?" asked Lady Bubble, who was not over quick at catching names.

"Oh dear! a remarkable bad light wine, I think, that we have at luncheon very often—too often," said Miss Prudence; and, as she spoke, the curtain fell, amid an uproar of applause, the din of which was only to be equalled by young Blubber's own ranting. Miss Prudence made a scramble for the satin play-bills, saying they would be such a pretty present for the young Whabbles; and the whole party rose simultaneously, till admonished, in an important and confidential tone, by Sir Romulus, that it would be an affront to the manager to go before Master Simcoe had danced the College hornpipe, as it was announced in the bills that he was to do so by 'particular desire'—his own, no doubt.

"And won't you stay the afterpiece, mamma?" said Lucy.

"How can I, my dear, with Mrs. Whabble's ball?"

"Dear me! how tiresome!" resumed the young lady, looking full at Colonel King. "I should so like to see 'Popping the Question,'—did you ever do such a thing?"

"A—just so—just so—a."

"How?" said the young lady; and then thinking she had gone too far, began to giggle,

and pull a crysanthimum to pieces, and in order to change the subject, said, "Did you ever see such a fidget as mamma is?—how should you like such a mother?"

"I think I'd rather have her for a mother-in-law," stammered he, stumbling on something very gallant, and getting so red at his own temerity, when it was too late to recall the words, that his nose looked capable of singeing Miss Lucy's ringlets. She, however, with great presence of mind, said in a low voice, suddenly pressing his hand, and as suddenly withdrawing her own, when it had done the deed:

"Well, then, at that rate, I'll speak to her and papa to-morrow morning."

"Ah—just so—just so," nolens-volens'd the poor Colonel, sincerely wishing in his heart that matters were any way but just so. But though he felt to the fullest extent what these unfortunate words had entailed upon him, he honourably resolved to bear the brunt like a hero; nor did he shrink from this resolve, even when Lucy hooked her arm within his, on leaving the box, with a 'meum and tuum' sort of conjugal jerk that would have baffled Doctors'-Commons: though it must be confessed he did flinch a little when Cosmo, who was sent to play propriety in Marmaduke's place, cold as the night was,

was ordered into the rumble by his sister, with the resign-all-hope words, both to him and Colonel King, of—

"My dear boy, you must go outside, for we don't want you."

As smooth water runs deep, it is to be supposed smooth love does the same, and is equally silent; for Colonel King said nothing. What could he say?

On arriving at Gorget Cottage, they found it illuminated with coloured lamps, while the harp and violoncello that Mrs. Jinks had brought in the gig were twanging away rather out of tune, no doubt from the fatigues of their journey. Major and Mrs. Whabble, the former in full uniform, the latter in the next of kin—a scarlet velvet dress, with a gold band round it, and a court plume in her head, received the Bubble family, like royalty, at the door; while Mrs. Jinks hastily emerged from a small room off the hall, which was the temporary emporium of negus, cakes, and lemonade, quite forgetting in her flurry that her bright green satin dress was tucked up through the pocket hole, and that the long white feather speckled with gold spots which drooped from the left side of the ample gold tissue bolster that encircled her head, had been pinned behind to keep it out of the candle; one

white silk glove was on her left hand, the other only contained the tips of her fingers, while her plump red hand, and capsicum-looking thumb were visible above it. Her attitude in curtseying was particularly graceful, being a sort of anterior flinging out like a horse kicking.

The ceremonies of the hall door over, Mrs. Whabble conducted her 'distinguished guests' into the drawing-room, or rather Major Whabble offered his arm to Lady John, Lord John to Mrs. Whabble, and Sir Romulus to Mrs. Jinks; while Colonel King had only time, as he glanced at their paradoxical figures, which were square, yet round, to whisper to Miss Lucy, "Sure such a pair were never seen!" when propriety compelled him to offer his other arm to Lady Bubble. Sir Romulus never could be said to walk: a dignified march was always the medium by which he conveyed himself from one place to another—which was now rendered doubly striking by Mrs. Jinks's humble waddle, as she familiarly nodded her head to all her acquaintance right and left, when she re-entered the room, unconscious of her pinned feather and looped-up gown. All the young Whabbles were collected in one group, and were individually and nominally presented to Lord John, by their father, as 'the young voters;' upon which his

Lordship affably, without making one mistake, Charles'd, James'd, George'd and Daniel'd them all, as he shook hands with them.

Master James Whabble presented rather an extraordinary appearance; he had been recently suffering from a ring-worm, which had occasioned the necessity of having his head shaved. Mrs. Town, who was a great phrenologist, had taken this opportunity of requesting Mrs. Whabble to allow her to intersect it with black lines and figures, like those of the plaster casts used in studying phrenology. This was accordingly done, and poor Master James's head was felt and refelt twenty times a-day; so that he had no respite even when he put on his hat to take a walk, for that was *felt* too—as Sir Romulus would have said. Mrs. Jinks, who perceived Cecil laughing as he looked at James's cranium, laid her fat hand on his arm and closing her eyes with laughter, as she inclined her head towards his shoulder, said:

"He's a deal more figures in his head now, sir, than when the American gentleman saw him; hasn't he, sir? But, law, sir! how is the poor man? Have you heerd from him since? Mr. Bubble was a telling me that he had been shot in a duel."

"That, I am happy to say, is not true," said

Cecil, "for I had a letter from him this morning; and it seems Mr. O'Gander Braddle ultimately preferred hearing reason to pistol shots; which I am glad of, though I shall be the loser by a square brooch and a lock of hair!"

"Dear heart! that's a pity too, sir. Well," added Mrs. Jinks, patting her grandson's head, "Mrs. Town calls all these here figures and whirligigs the keys to knowledge; but, as I tell her, they aint got no locks to them, at all events, ha! ha! ha!

"He's too young for Locke on the understanding," said Sir Romulus, as elated as if Joe Miller had never been heard of.

"Instead of mocking me about my head, granma," whimpered James, "look at your own. I could mock too if I pleased."

"What, my love?"

"Why, that great tail of a feather is pinned all round, and looks so queer."

"Law!—well, what a head I have, to be sure!" cried Mrs. Jinks, hastily unpinning her feather.

"When things are very unlike," said Sir Romulus, "there is some wit in comparing them. Therefore, I may be allowed to ask—why is Mrs. Jinks like a goose?"

"Boo!—because she's fat and foolish, I suppose," said her grandson, politely poking his finger in her eye.

"Oh fie, you young Algerine," said Sir Romulus, shaking his head very awfully at him. And then added, turning to Cecil, "Do you give it up?"

"The goose, or the ghost?" yawned he.

"Oh, my dear—my dear, you're dull of comprehension to-night. The goose, of course. Why is Mrs. Jinks like a goose?—You give it up? Well, then—because she has pin feathers! Pin feathers! Do you approve of that conundrum?"

After Mrs. Jinks and Sir Romulus had laughed till they were tired at this brilliant sally, Mrs. Whabble came up to desire James and his brothers would go and amuse Cosmo in the other room; and Mrs. Jinks left Sir Romulus to go and do the honours to some new arrivals.

Lord John, whose martyrdom never ceased for one moment during the night, was duly presented, by his new secretary, to "Mrs. T." and "the boys;" while Miss Prudence had seated herself by Mrs. Dammemall, and ascertaining, to her full satisfaction that "that dear good man, the doctor," had allowed her to go to the play from

motives of charity (for the money, of course, could not have done half as much as her presence), she then poured out her woes about Buzzard's stupidity in singeing off one of her curls; but Mrs. Dannemall, who owed her a grudge for disappointing her about her son George James, and thought Miss Prudence entertained quite too extensive an idea of how far money could go, coldly replied, "Well but, my dear ma'am, as Dean Swift says, you can't expect perfection for twenty pounds a year."

"Oh dear!" almost screamed Miss Prudence, "but I give guineas!"

"Here Sir Romulus joined them, and, looking round at the strangely dressed bipeds, most of whom he had never seen before, and who really did look like the inhabitants of the zoological gardens in human masquerade, or the animals in Granville's inimitable illustrations of 'La Fontaine,' said, 'sotto voce,' to Mrs. Dannemall, "What a hetorôginus (as he always called heterogeneous), "what a heterôginus looking set."

"I fancy," said Mrs. Dannemall, "that the Whabbles have a great many Jamaica and West Indian acquointance."

"Then that accounts for their being such a

rum set!" chuckled Sir Romulus, taking one of his *pun*-gent pinches of snuff.

The young ladies and the young gentlemen were dancing in the most unfeeling manner, while poor Strauss was being barbarously murdered, when presently a scream was heard that shook the house to its very foundation. All the company rushed to the other room, from whence the sound proceeded.

"What on earth's the matter?" cried Mrs. Whabble.

"Why, ma'am," said Master Cadwallader Town, advancing with his best dancing-school bow, and his white trousers all spattered with blood, "why, Ma'am, we were playing at snap-dragon, when James Whabble's bump of benevolence, in stretching forward, nearly knocked out Master Bubble's eye, and knocked in his nose, which set it bleeding; that's all."

"All!" said Mrs. Whabble, "and enough too. Oh, Lady Bubble! oh, Sir Romulus—I'm so shocked!"

"Never mind, it can't be helped," said Sir Romulus, going up to his son, who was sitting mournfully on the sofa, with his hand to his eye and his handkerchief to his nose, "it can't be helped; but if Master Whabble's bump of benevolence knocked your eye, you should have

told him, Cosmo, that his benevolence was all in your eye!"

"So it was, sir," sobbed Cosmo.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Damnemall, "Sir Romulus is always so witty! I'll write that to George James, and to Anna Martha, that she may tell it to the officers."

"Very genteel clever woman, Mrs. Damnemall," whispered Sir Romulus to Colonel King, as he offered her his arm.

"Have you any idaya, my dear," said Lady Bubble, seating herself by Cosmo, and wishing to ascertain if he had derived any instruction from such edifying society as the Master Towns and Master Whabbles, "have you any idaya where Master Whabble's bump of benevolence is situated?"

"Yes, mamma; all in my eye, as papa said," replied the unsophisticated Cosmo, giving another groan.

"Ah, I was afeared the bys would get into mischief if Mr. McPhin did not come to look after them," said Mrs. Jinks; but come with me, my dear, and I'll bathe your eye with a little brandy."

Cosmo exited, leaning on Mrs. Jinks, to whom he afterwards communicated in confidence, that he did not think he should have

suffered half so much from the blow, had not his nose been previously so thoroughly frost-bitten in the rumble; but he soon found, as he sat in an easy-chair in the little room of the Hall, from whence Mrs. Jinks had first emerged, such sweet solace, in cakes, custards, and her conversation, that he forgot his sorrows, especially as Rochefoucault truly observes on that, as he does on all other subjects, that "there is something in the misfortunes of our best friends that does not displease us;" and it was "estonishing" as Mrs. Jinks pathetically detailed to him the history of Master James's immersion in the pig's soup—how his own actual sufferings seemed to abate, which brought him to the philosophical conclusion, that it causes one far less pain in this best of all possible worlds, to have a sty in one's eye, than to be afflicted with the bump of benevolence!

Harmony having once more been restored, the ball proceeded to the assassination of Strauss; for though Lord Finden and Colonel King had offered the band, Major Whabble for once insisted upon having his own way, and would not allow Mrs. Whabble to have them, as he said it would cost him too much. Sir Romulus having deposited Mrs. Damnemall near a whist-table, was soon fathoms-deep (and minus two buttons)

with Mr. Town, in a corner, and the Sub-marine Railroad. Mrs. Town, whenever she did condescend to mix in the frivolities of society, always came armed with a flacon of intellectual superiority, in the shape of a mathematician, geologist, phrenologist, or at least an author—the leading article of the Edinburgh and Quarterly, or historical and scientific genus she preferred; but if they were not attainable, even novel, play-writers, and poets, were better than nothing.

On the present occasion, Mrs. Town was furnished with a long dismal-looking gentleman, in sad-coloured hair, and a very moth-eaten physiognomy, on one side; and on the other with a short fat rowly-poly looking man, with a well fed bread and milk sort of face, and a head shaped like an apple; with small round black eyes, very like wild cherries, which seemed to close from the under-lid, like those of poultry.

Placed between these two antipodes, like Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy, they strove to engross Mrs. Town. The animated pincushion was a mathematician. Mrs. Town, who, as we believe we have once before stated in this interesting history, was remarkably short, had nearly got a crick in her neck, from equalizing her attentions between flesh

and bone, when, about half-past one Marmaduke arrived, and, from the lateness of the hour, resolved to stop at the nearest Town, which was the lady in question. "Allow me, Mr. Bubble," said she, "to introduce you to my two distinguished friends, Mr. Alonso Tripe, (presenting the steeple) whose poetry you have no doubt read, and who is at present engaged upon a splendid epic, entitled—'The Pre-Adamites,' in which the descriptions are most graphic and correct. My other friend, (and here the bolster was rolled forward), Mr. Maximilian Flea, the celebrated mathematician."

There was something so problematic in the name, that Marmaduke made a sort of ass's bridge of Mrs. Town's footstool, as he bent forward, bowed slightly to Mr. Maximilian Flea, and inquired of Mr. Alonso Tripe, when his poem was to be out.

"Sir," said that gentleman, closing his eyes, "it's a profound—a very profound subject; and I assure you, great as I know and feel my genius to be, I am diffident—most diffident about it. Perhaps it is a subject that none but a Byron could master—he was a wonderful poet, sir—a wonderful poet—so original! never once, amid his multitudinous writings, guilty of plagiarism, either of thought or manner."

"Though the man lives not," replied Marmaduke; "who admires Lord Byron's poetry more than I do, yet, with regard to his being no plagiarist, I cannot agree."

"How?—when?—where? sir—prove it—prove it," cried the inventor of the Pre-Adamites.

"Why," said Marmaduke, "without going into particulars, for which there is no time, I think most of his purity of thought was stolen from Wordsworth, and his pleasantry of manner in Beppo and Don Juan, he purloined from Bandello."

"Sir," said Mr. Alonso Tripe, again closing his eyes; "I was born a poet, and therefore am no critic! I have often heard my mother say, that even as an infant, I could never hear the word 'pap,' without giving my nurse a slap, which, as I could not speak, you will allow was poetry in action!"

"Of rather a milk-and-water school," smiled Marmaduke.

"Puerile and childish granted, but that pap, sir, was father, at least food to the poet! it was prepared by the Nine, with waters from Helicon, and ambrosia from Latmos, and as at the birth of Io, the earth turned to violets, so shortly after mine, everything turned to paper, upon which I strewed the Parnassian flowers of poesy!"

"A modest fool, this, at all events," thought Marmaduke.

Mr. Alonso Tripe then resumed, and after getting over head and ears in Lord Byron's Cain, Heaven and Earth, and several other mysteries, he launched out into a fine crude undigested strain of scepticism, which was the only species of folly Marmaduke had no toleration for.

"I could quite understand," said he, "any man being a sceptic, had Christianity no testimony but Christian testimony; but it is from the Heathen it derives its strongest proofs of authenticity;—exclusive of its dawn having broken upon the most learned and enlightened period of the world, and being subject to the most minute and hostile scrutiny of the Greeks, the colossal absurdities of whose own mythology made them cautious how they admitted the slightest improbability and discrepancy in any new faith—the darker ages of paganism clearly and minutely foretold it. When Augustus consulted the oracle of Apollo, as to who should succeed him in the Empire, he received for answer those lines, which may be thus translated:—

'Hence, hence, Augustus, from thy silenc'd cell,
I must not thine, my own fate I may tell;

Our tripos is turn'd infant to the babe
Of Hebrew birth, ourself to dismal shade
Of lowest hell must forthwith haste away;
So bids the Boy whom all we gods obey.'

"After which he reared an altar in the Capitol of Rome, with the inscription

'Ara primogeniti filii Dei'

upon it. And the prophecies of the Sibyls perfectly tallied with those of Scripture. One of them begins her verses with

'Know thy God that is the Son of God.'
While Erythræa, another Sibyl, has an acrostic in Greek verse, upon the words 'Jesus Christ the Son of God—Saviour—Cross,' and the total argument was of the 'Incarnation—Life—Death, Glory, and Judgment of the Son of God;' and the last two verses are to this effect: 'He whom we have discoursed of in our acrostic verses, is an Immortal Saviour, and a King that must suffer for our sins.' *

"The Emperor Constantius writes that these predictions could not be devised or feigned by Christians; because Marcus Varro, who lived a hundred years before our Saviour, makes mention at large of these Sibyls, whose number was ten, and as their writings were gathered by the

* These instances are brought forward in Oldfield's "Mille Testes."

Romans and laid up with great reverence in the Capitol, and were not to be seen or read unless by fifteen persons who were magistrates, so there could not very well be any imposition as to their contents. This Erythræa, who lived 600 years after the Flood, also prophecied the Trojan war; and Cicero, who was killed forty years before the birth of Christ, translated Erythræa's acrostic on the Advent, Life and Passion of our Saviour, which Constantine says was to be seen in Tully's works in his time. And Lactantius records, that one of the Sibyls wrote of Christ that 'He should do all by his simple word; he should cure all infirmities; he should raise the dead, should make the lame run and skip, the deaf to hear, the blind to see, the dumb to speak; with five loaves and two fishes by him five hundred persons shall be fed and satisfied to the hope of many. He should command the winds, and walk upon the furious sea with his feet of Peace.' And, after divers Greek verses, she concludes: 'Men shall say that I am mad, and a lying Prophetess. But when these things come to pass, then remember me: For then no man shall say that I am a liar, but rather the Prophetess of the Great God.'

"While another Sibyl says, also cited by Lactantius: 'He shall come miserable, contempti-

ble, and without form, that he may give hope and afford help to miserable man. He shall fall into the hands of sinners and infidels, who shall with impure hands beat him about the ears, and spitefully spit at him; and he shall give his most innocent back to scourges. When they smite him upon the cheeks he shall hold his peace, so as men shall not take him to be the Word. He shall wear a crown of thorns; they shall give him gall to eat and vinegar to drink. These are the commons which this unhospitable generation shall give him, by which misusages his face shall be so marred as his own people shall hide their faces from him, as seeing nothing in him that was desirable, that could speak him to be the desire of the nations.'

"And another Sibyl sings of Judea: 'Fool that thou art! thou canst not know thy own God, through the vizor of that contempt thou castest upon him.'

"It is also said by Phlegon that the darkness at our Saviour's crucifixion was not only seen in Judea, but in remote places, such as Egypt, Heliopolis, and many places; and that the sun retracted his light and beams from the unthankful world who were crucifying their Saviour Christ, and that the darkness was not by reason of the thickness of the air, or clouds; for that it

was so serene that the stars appeared; and could not be natural, for that the moon was the farthest off the sun," and even at so great a distance, Dionysius the Areopagite cried out,—the darkness was so supernatural, "Either God is suffering for, or sympathising with the sufferings of the world;" and in his epistle to Bishop Polycarp, bids him ask Apoliphanes what he thinks of the sun's eclipse, when our Saviour was on the Cross? for, says he, "We were then together at Heliopolis, and stood expectedly beholding the moon's interposition of herself before the sun, from the ninth hour to almost sunset. Apoliphanes can not, dare not deny these things. I was with him, both seeing and admiring this wonder, and he burst out into these words: 'These are the mixings of Heaven and Earth. Oh! what change of divine things doth this portend!' and I replied to Apoliphanes: 'Either the frame of the world is dissolving, or God is suffering;' and this happened at a time when the earth was covered with knowledge and learning, and in an age when the greatest mysteries in nature and her hidden secrets were by the inquisitive found out and analysed. Of Greek poets there were, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Menander, Cratinus, Theocritus, Callimachus, and others. Of Latin, there were Plautus, Terence, Lucretius, Archias,

Catullus, Virgil, Horace, Mantius, Gallus, Tibullus, Ovid, &c. &c., almost all contemporaries. And immediately after succeeded Persius, Seneca, Lucan, Silius, Martial, and Juvenal. So that, if any fraud had been, it must needs have been detected. To say nothing of the letters in the annals of the Edessan Chronicles of Agbarus, Prince of Edessa, that Eusebius has translated verbatim from the Syrian, to our Saviour, touching his miracles, and our Saviour's reply. But," said Marmaduke, "this is no time or place for the discussion of such subjects, though, perhaps, all times and places are fit vehicles for the truth."

"Sir," commenced Mr. Tripe; but suddenly there was a dead silence,—the notes of a piano were heard. Theresa had been importuned to sing, and Marmaduke, glad to escape from Mrs. Town and her lions, walked over, and stood beside her as, after a short prelude, she sang the following song:—

GOOD BYE.

"Good bye! good bye! oh, never
Do I hear those two sad words,
But my heart feels drooping ever,
Like the wings of Psaphon's birds:
With its flight through by-gone years,
And its memories crowding fast,
Of light mirth whose end was tears,
Those truest legends of the past.

"And I think—the lips I'm pressing,
Shall I ever press again?
And the deep and heart-fraught blessing—
Breath'd, oh! will it be in vain?
The very harshest thought of yore,
Relenting then and soft appears;
While hopes, that were all high before,
Then fail and tremble into fears.

"Yet one bright hope still lingers high,
Robbing parting of its pain,
Which, while we falter out 'Good bye,'
Whispers, 'You will meet again.'
Oh! blessed words, that fall like dew,
Upon the crush'd and drooping heart,
But for the magic wrought by you,
What tongue could sound the knell, 'We part?'"

"What a pretty air!" ran through the room, when Theresa had ceased.

"I don't know that song," said Marmaduke.

"No, dear uncle, and yet you are the cause of it. Do you remember telling me, when you came home the other evening, that you hated the word 'good-bye?' Well, that was the origin of it."

"Any young fellow would be proud of having his words so remembered by you," replied he, pressing her hand; "and, although I am an old fellow, I'm not sure that I am not so too."

Presently supper was announced, and the scramble that ensued more resembled a parish-rush on settling day than any thing else.

Nothing of any moment occurred at supper,

except that Major Whabble, being really "unaccustomed to public speaking," especially on the Whig side of the question, broke down in his speech; and Sir Romulus Bubble's concluding bon mot, afforded himself and Miss Prudence, to whom it was addressed, infinite delight: that lady was eating a lobster—some persons would have written, was eating lobster, but they would have written it wrong,—I like to be correct, it was a lobster she eat—and in excavating the upper part of the marine delicacy, she suddenly exclaimed, turning alternately to Dr. Damnemall and Sir Romulus,—

"Oh, dear!—how droll!—I can't conceive why they should call this the lady in the lobster, can you, Romulus?—it's not the least like a lady, is it?"

"Um—um—um—I suppose you think she's more like a fish-woman!—more like a fish-woman! Ha! ha! ha! do you approve of that, Prudence?"

"Oh, beyond every thing."

"Capital!" said the doctor, drinking off his fourth glass of Champagne.

Oh, dear doctor," said Mrs. Jinks, "you may well say so, for the Major is so particklar about his wine."

"Mrs. Jinks is not at all a genteel woman;

the Algerine has no idea of wit," whispered Sir Romulus to Mrs. Damnemall.

"Genteel! oh, far from it," replied the lady; "for my part, I'm quoite surprised how Mrs. Whabble married with such a vulgar mother; I'm sure the officers would never look at Anna Martha if she had any thing of the sort."

The party at length broke up, and there was an affectionate pathos in Lord John Bubble's manner, as he took leave of his relatives, that he had never yet evinced; and Lady John whispered her instructions to Lady Bubble, touching the different modes of discipline, to be pursued towards Johndina, till her return at three o'clock the next day. Miss Lucy having given her mother a hint to offer Colonel King a bed, that matter was arranged; and as Cosmo, on account of the Benevolent Institution established by Master Whabble in his eye, was taken into his mamma's carriage, Marmaduke again went as chaperon to Miss Lucy; and rolling himself up in a corner, pulling his hat over his eyes, and settling himself to sleep, he merely said, "if I'm wanted, wake me."

CHAPTER V.

"O soupirs! ô respect! qu'il est doux de plaindre,
Le sort d'un ennemi quand il n'est plus à craindre."
CORNEILLE.

"To trace all actions to their secret springs,
Would make, indeed, some melancholy mirth;
But this is not at present my concern,
And I refer you to wise Oxenstiern."—BYRON.

MISS LUCY'S MARRIAGE IS ANNOUNCED.—PARENTAL CONDUCT OF SIR ROMULUS AND LADY BLUBBER THEREUPON.—MARMADUKE EXPECTS A SCOLDING, AND IS AGREEABLY SURPRISED BY APPROBATION.—MR. GUZZLECAT GOES ON A WILD-GOOSE CHASE INTO WALES.—LORD JOHN FORMS A TABLEAU OF—
"SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS, MELANCHOLY STAR."

AMONG the many anomalies of that Mosaic monster, designated in this best of all possible worlds, human nature, the enthusiastic glow that some persons feel for the good, fine, or right actions of others (of which they themselves are totally incapable), is perhaps one of the strangest; and in no instance is this so strongly manifested as in the case of mutual friends (!) If you are in the greatest possible distress, of what nature soever it may be, though your

friend A will not, cannot, or does not move off his or her chair, or open their lips to serve you; yet no sooner does B come forward in your favour, than A's eyes fill with tears at his heroic conduct; and A's tongue is loosened to exclaim—"that indeed is a friend! were there more such in the world, society would not have the rotten core it has." Is the case one of calumny? though A knows "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," yet, in every society, will he hear you torn to pieces, without divulging one syllable, that is, one fact, that could for ever vindicate you, and by unmasking, crush your traducers; yet, let but B become your eloquent and successful champion, and A, with an absence of egotism, that is perfectly beautiful, instantly wonders how any one could have been silent in so flagrant a case, or have failed in making so plain a one understood.

The fact is, as long as vice is the capital of society, hypocrisy must be its current coin; for which reason, moral cowardice is the besetting sin of worldly people—even to a greater extent than slander and injustice. But so it has ever been, and so I fear it ever will be. Pliny says in one of his letters (to Clemens I think), speaking of the infamous Regulus, who had but one strong point in his character—iron energy, and

unwearying perseverance to achieve evil: "But the world gathers to him in a vast concourse; they all curse and detest, but they run after, and resort to him, as if they approved and loved him; and to speak my mind at once, to oblige Regulus, they copy him!" How many modern Regulus's are there? and why not? the modern English are to the full as servile and as hollow as the ancient Romans; and yet what fools the mass are! 'tis they themselves that make the power to which they succumb; let there be but one defalcation from the shrine of infamy, and see how soon the other links would give way, and the idol would stand alone; powerless and harmless, because unsupported. But this eternal acting counter to their feelings and opinions in men is, I suppose, the triumph of mind over matter, or as an ancient critic more concisely expresses it:

"Conatus supra vires et supra rem."*

On the preceding evening, when Marmaduke had rushed so precipitately out of the theatre, he had done so upon the spur of a kind impulse, that of wishing to save Carlton from Mr. John Nugent's, alias Mr. Guzzlecat's researches, which he felt would be doubly painful to him

* Jul. Scalig. Poët. lib. iii. cap. 27.

under his present affliction. But how to do this, without agitating and alarming him, was a question, the difficulties of which never presented themselves to him, till he had his hand on the knocker of Carlton's door—for he had got out at the corner of the street, lest the sound of the carriage driving up should alarm him. But brusque and odd as Marmaduke was in all the ordinary business of life, he was delicacy and tact personified in everything where the feelings of others were concerned. And by the time he had seated himself opposite the poor invalid, he was perfectly calm and collected, having merely come ostensibly to give him an account of the play, and the over-flowing house they had secured. Carlton pressed his hand in silent gratitude; but seemed perfectly indifferent as to the success or failure of the benefit.

"But think what money can do?" said Marmaduke, striking the chord that he knew would rouse him, and at the same time, most naturally lead 'to the subject he had really come about.' "With money, you can go to London; and you have often told me that your great object was to act there, that your father might see you on a public stage!"

"*Now*, my only object," gasped Carlton, his

cheek flushing, and his eye flashing with unnatural brightness, as he spoke—

"Well!" resumed Marmaduke, "money can do this."

"Perhaps you are not aware," said Carlton, with an ineffectual attempt at a smile, "that I have become rich since this morning; but still I am poor in everything but gratitude, for your, and that angel Miss Manners's kindness," added he, again pressing Marmaduke's hand in both his.

"Confound these easterly winds," cried Marmaduke, applying his pocket-handkerchief to his eyes, "but tell me, rich! rich! what do you mean by being rich, eh? 'gad, I should like to hear about that; for wealth, my dear sir, is the best commander of success, and the surest enemy-crusher in the world; all nonsense, having so many different words, as honour, talent, beauty, virtue, goodness, character, &c. &c. &c., when the one word money comprises them all."

"Very true," said Carlton; "but mine is only comparative wealth, and not bulky enough to comprise all the qualities you have enumerated. Do you know this handwriting?" added he, handing Marmaduke a letter containing a

five hundred pound bank note. The letter ran as follows:

"My dear Sir,

"A very charming young lady has made me acquainted with your undeserved misfortunes, for which I feel most deeply. I have no incumbrance but money, and yet I am so miserly, I cannot bear to throw it away. Nothing but necessity ever extorts a shilling from me. I am now driven by a power that I cannot resist to send you the enclosed £500; and every three months, be you where you may, you will receive £250. As I know gentlemen have certain ideas upon these points, whenever you regain your property, I assure you we will not lose a day in settling our accounts. Should that day, however, never arrive, by means of my death or any other accident, I am sure you will feel sufficiently repaid for any wounded pride you may now experience by the reflection, that in having accepted these trifling sums, you have been the source of some of the very happiest moments in the existence of an

"Odd Fellow."

Marmaduke did know the hand-writing: it was Mr. Ormond's. But he respected his deli-

cacy of feeling too much to betray him; so the only remark he made on laying down the letter was—"And a good fellow, too!—'tis a pity there are not more made after the same pattern. But, my dear sir, you ought, upon the strength of this, to lose no time in going to London. Blanche shall go with you, and be placed at a good school there; and although it is now nine-and-twenty years since I set my foot in the modern Babylon, I should not mind once more inhaling its smoke, if I could serve you."

"I do not thank you—for I cannot," said Carlton, as the tears fell from his eyes; "but I do bless you, if it were for only making me feel that my heart is not all withered! No, there is one green spot there still, and though it be a grave, kindness like your's falls like sunlight upon it, and at least brightens what it cannot warm."

"My dear sir," said Marmaduke, rising and walking hastily up and down as he buttoned and unbuttoned his great coat, and fanned himself with his pocket-handkerchief, for the room being small was as hot as an oven; "my dear sir, the easterly winds in this room are enough to kill you—egad! they set my eyes streaming like a Danaid's—can't stand it—'pon my soul I can't—should advise you to lose no time in going to London—that is, in leaving this."

"Why, there is no immediate hurry," said Carlton, listlessly stirring the fire.

"A-hem—I don't know that," replied Marmaduke, stopping suddenly in his quarter-deck exercise, and looking Carlton full in the face. "I heard a report to-night that did not please me." Still Carlton was silent. "In short," added Marmaduke, with a sort of Corellius Rufus look of, 'I am tired and have determined,'—in short, the same cause that drove you from Versailles is likely to drive you from Shrewsbury."

"Ha!" said Carlton, starting from his chair, and violently knocking his clenched hand on the table, "this night—this moment I'll go to London!" added he, ringing the bell. Mrs. Sutton appeared.

"Order—" commenced Carlton.

"Have the goodness," interrupted Marmaduke, "to order my carriage to the door, which is at the corner of the street."

"Directly, sir," curtseyed Mrs. Sutton; and as soon as she had disappeared, Marmaduke approached Carlton, and laying his hand gently upon his arm, said:

"My dear friend, calm yourself. London would be the very worst place you could go to to-night, to avoid the enemy, as you could be traced every inch of the way by a few bribes to the postboys."

"Where is the wretch?" interrupted Carlton. "I'll meet him—dare him—and curse him to his face!"

"You'll do no such thing," said Marmaduke. "If I had not your interest at heart quite as strongly, but somewhat more prudently than yourself, you would not have seen me here to-night. You must come home with me—there you will be safe beyond the reach of any and every search; and I will give the people of the house their instructions, so as effectually to baffle all inquiries respecting you."

"You are right—you are right," said Carlton; "but, tell me—have you seen—or what have you heard of that monster?"

"I will tell you nothing till you have left this, and I see you safely installed in your new abode." Marmaduke then began collecting Carlton's few clothes and books, and haystacking them into a portmanteau and carpet-bag, in which operation Carlton mechanically assisted, and in the midst of which Mrs. Sutton returned to announce the carriage.

"Oh—ah! my good Mrs. Sutton," said Marmaduke, slipping a golden talisman into her hand, "should any one call to enquire for Mr. Carlton, you will say that he has received letters on business, which obliged him suddenly to set

off for Wales; but that he'll be back again in about a fortnight. I'm going to drive him the first stage out of Shrewsbury, to overtake the Holyhead mail; and I'll call in a day or two and settle your account for the lodgings which Mr. Carlton will leave me."

"Oh dear, sir," said Mrs. Sutton, curtseying down to the ground, "don't mention it—whenever it's convenient to Mr. Carlton;—I'm sure neither me nor my 'usban would inconvenience him for the world."

Marmaduke, who never could stand duplicity, whether in its tragedy of hypocrisy or its comedy of humbug, at the conclusion of Mrs. Sutton's speech suddenly, though involuntarily, raised his stick, as he muttered between his teeth, "Ehem, you were always of that way of thinking, 'you d—d old crust, but you'll be burnt in a hotter oven than your own yet."

Shortly after (Marmaduke, having first purloined two of the blankets off the bed to make a cloak for Carlton) they descended; and, to keep up the mystification to Mrs. Sutton, Marmaduke, on entering the carriage, ordered them to drive to the first turnpike on the Holyhead road; but no sooner had they got safely into the heart of the town than he pulled the check, and told them to drive "home," where they had no

sooner arrived than he very hospitably installed Carlton in his own room, not so much because it had a library adjoining it, as because, being his sanctum, it was safe from all intrusion. And, after having ordered another room to be got ready for himself, to make surety doubly sure, he locked Carlton into his new apartments, and put the key in his pocket, before he set off for Mrs. Whabble's ball. So that it was lucky the prisoner wanted nothing before his return; or rather it was lucky that the next morning on his road to Shrewsbury, in order to receive Carlton's share of the money from Mr. Simcoe, Marmaduke recollected that his guest might like some breakfast and a fire before his return; and, therefore, went back with the key, giving strict orders to his own man to say nothing to any one of the new occupant of his room. Upon arriving at the theatre, Marmaduke found Mr. Simcoe in a great state of perturbation at Carlton's sudden flitting.

"His conduct is flagrant in the extreme, sir," drawled Mr. Simcoe, giving a sudden jerk to the key of the strong box as he locked it, and putting the key into his waistcoat pocket, "to absent himself just at the very moment all his friends were making such a push to serve him,—just too as he might have made young Blubber's ac-

quaintance! and, above all, just as Mr. Guzzlecat had arrived in this part of the world, and expressed such a desire to see and befriend him; probably intended to introduce him to Mc Everpuff! who knows?—might have been the making not only of him, but of the whole company! then to take himself off like a thief in the night without saying a word to any one! it's monstrous, sir! quite monstrous! You've no idea the state of mind it's thrown Mr. Guzzlecat into: had a writ of bankruptcy been served upon him, he could not have been more agitated than when he heard it. He was sitting here in my room—most affably writing a panegyric on McEverpuff's acting in the new play, which as he had not seen, he said, gave him some little trouble to get up the article in time for the Monthly Lead Mine; and in order to prepare Carlton for the honour of his visit, I had sent my eldest boy, Coleman, down to his lodgings to say, that I and a gentleman would look in upon him in half an hour—when—would you believe it, sir?" continued Mr. Simcoe, energetically slapping his thigh, and elongating his right leg, "the boy returned, looking quite flabbergasted, to say, that Carlton was gone to Wales! the night before, and would not be back for a fortnight. At this Guzzlecat turned as white as

Lady Macbeth's night-gown; and, not seeming to know what he was about, upsets the ink all over his Russia ducks (to be sure they were in half-mourning before); and, egad! sir, after slapping his knee in a kind of despair, he takes to slapping his forehead, and rubbing his face, quite forgetting all about the ink. I began to suspect, do you see, sir, that there was something more in all this than was visible to the naked eye; so, putting a bold face on it, I said, 'Pray, Mr. Guzzlecat, do you know any thing in particular about this Carlton that you seem to take his sudden departure so much to heart?' 'No—yes—d—n it—confound him—that is,' said he, knocking his forehead with his clenched hand—'I wanted to know something about him. I was sure from your description—that I had found him—the devil's in my luck.' 'Found who, sir?' asked I; and I assure you, sir, when I looked at Guzzlecat's face, begrimed as it was with ink and disappointment, while his small radishy turned-up nose was in total eclipse from one or both causes, I could scarcely help bursting out laughing! 'Oh, no one,' said he, grinding his words to powder through his teeth, 'no one—a man who, if he is the one I suppose him to be, owes McEverpuff some money.'

"Now, here you'll observe, sir," said Mr. Simcoe, winking his eye very knowingly, and jerking his right hand towards his left shoulder, "I began to smell a rat. So, said I, 'Why, I thought, Mr. Guzzlecat, you had intended to serve Carlton?' And here I flung a look at him that would have gone through an oak door."

"You have rather a gimblet eye, I perceive," interrupted Marmaduke.

"'So I did,' hissed Guzzlecat; 'but it was to serve a writ upon him!' 'Whew!' said I; 'c'est une autre pair of boots!' as they say in France—or shoes; which is it, sir? And hereupon Guzzlecat walked up and down like a man beside himself—literally beside himself; for I remarked when I once had the honour of dining with him and McEverpuff at the Garrick, that every man that got beside him tried to walk away from him; for when he takes more wine than he requires, you must know, sir, he is in the habit of retailing it—by no means neat as imported—to his friends. Well, he was walking to and fro in this distracted state, when Mrs. Simcoe came into the room to tell me that the three youngest girls must have muffs and boas; when, I do assure

you, Mr. Bubble—and I'm a judge of these things—McEverpuff, in point of stage effect, never did anything finer; Guzzlecat folded his arms, and turning round to Mrs. S. like a cucumber preserved in sugar-candy, said, 'Mrs. Simcoe, shall you and I have a walk together?'

"'Sir!' frowned Mrs. Simcoe; for she can be uncommon fine on an occasion, I assure you, sir, though you have only seen her in comedy, 'sir, my husband's presence might have spared me.' And though her eyes are blue, you have no idea what expression they are capable of. Such a look! it was perfect blue ruin, I assure you sir! 'Madam,' said Guzzlecat, bowing down to the very ground, 'I stand corrected:' and so long was he in bringing out this short sentence, that, had I shut my eyes, I could have sworn it was McEverpuff that uttered it. Mrs. S. seemed satisfied with the dignity of this apology, for she held out her hand to me for the money, then waved it to Guzzlecat and withdrew. After which, sir, nothing would satisfy him but to go down to Carlton's house to make personal inquiries into Coleman's report of his departure. I accompanied him; and there we heard that you, sir, had driven him to the first turnpike on the Holyhead road, on the preceding night. This, of course, we knew to be false."

"It is, nevertheless, true," interposed Mamaduke.

"You don't say so, sir?"

"I do."

"Well, I am surprised, to be sure!" said Mr. Simcoe, throwing up his eyes and hands. "However, sir, Guzzlecat instantly went to the Talbot and took a post-chaise on to Bangor; and while the horses were putting to, kept muttering that it was all up with him if he did not overtake Carlton. So there is evidently something more in the matter than I have been able to come at," concluded Mr. Simcoe, subsiding into his chair somewhat exhausted from his histrionic narration.

"Very likely," said Marmaduke; "but all I wish to come at is Carlton's £250, which I have come for."

"But, sir," remonstrated Mr. Simcoe, who had hoped that the best part of the business was, that Carlton's money would remain at least for some time unclaimed. "But, sir, consider—he may be an impostor; would it not be better to wait till he comes personally to demand it, when we shall have witnesses to prove that he has received it?"

And here Mr. Simcoe folded his arms, and leant all the weight of his person and his argu-

ment upon the strong-box, which he had locked so energetically on Marmaduke's entrance.

"I will guarantee his never demanding it again; or, if he does, I will refund it," said Marmaduke, resolutely holding out his hand.

"Oh, very well, sir," groaned Mr. Simcoe, slowly withdrawing the key from his waistcoat pocket and unlocking the strong-box; "you know best; but it's a bold measure."

"It would be a bolder," said Marmaduke, as he quickly counted over the bank-notes that Mr. Simcoe leisurely doled out, rejecting every provincial note and asking for a Bank of England one in its stead. "It would be a bolder to detain the property that lawfully belonged to another."

"Certainly, when that other came to claim it," drawled Mr. Simcoe. "I must trouble you for one pound five shillings, sir, the amount of the satin play-bills, which it is Carlton's business to pay."

"Give me five shillings then," said Marmaduke, flinging down a sovereign and a half.

"I'm sorry to say I've nothing less than half a sovereign, sir," said Mr. Simcoe, insinuating a thumb into each of his waistcoat pockets, and gently tapping the outside of them with his remaining eight fingers.

"Well then, at that rate," said Marmaduke, picking up the ten shillings he had put down, "you can better afford to lose five shillings than Carlton; so I'll take this."

"Oh, pardon me, sir," exclaimed Mr. Simcoe, speaking more rapidly than was his wont, as he plunged both his hands into the lowest depths of his waistcoat pockets, and instantly produced three very substantial half-crowns, and some minor stars in the shape of shillings and sixpences, "pardon me, I find I have change."

"Who would not work a silver mine, when they can get it done by the crown," laughed Marmaduke, as he buttoned his great-coat over the pocket-book containing Carlton's bank-notes—wished Mr. Simcoe good morning—remounted Kicksywicksy, and retraced his steps home.

As he approached Bubble Hall he drew bridle and slackened his pace, as, for the first time, the thought glanced across him how he should break the news to his brother, Lady Bubble, and, above all, Miss Prudence, that he had brought Carlton to the Hall. He dreaded Sir Romulus's ire at having his magisterial dignity compromised, by being placed in a position to have it supposed that he could be guilty of harbouring "paupers and vagabonds." He shrank

from Lady Bubble's matronly displeasure at having her domestic arrangements interfered with by bringing uninvited persons to the house; but he actually winced under Miss Prudence's "oh, dears!" and "I never heard of such a silly thing in all my life! What will Dr. Damnemall say when he hears of it?" This last thought made him desperate. He gave a sudden jerk to the bridle, which brought Kicksywicksy to a full stop, in the very midst of a puddle, which, from the unexpected plunge of her fore-feet, splashed up into Marmaduke's face, and inspired him with such cool courage that, placing his arms akimbo, he exclaimed aloud,—

"Well, after all, why should I be afraid of any of them?—I've done nothing very bad!—it is not as if I had stolen out and got married!"

This last reflection made all things appear smooth to his mind's eye, and, two minutes afterwards, he was again trotting briskly on, to the consolotary remembrance of Dr. Johnson's assertion that "evil is as uncertain as good."

Now, it so happened, that the morning after Mrs. Whabble's ball, while it was yet early, and Marmaduke was on his way to Shrewsbury, Miss Lucy arose, and, slipping on her dressing-gown, repaired to her mamma's room to impart to her the joyous tidings that Colonel King had

proposed for her, which she did sandwich-ways, between a kiss and 'good morning, mamma.' As soon as Lady Bubble had rubbed her eyes, and congratulated her daughter, she took up Sir Romulus's night-cap that was lying on the pillow, and which much resembled a cotton porcupine, from the rough, irregular pieces of cotton that stood on end all over it, and said,—

"Now, Lucy, be sure you make King get some of these caps if they are to be had. I bought them from a brigand at Terracina three-and-twenty years ago, and you've no idaya how warm they are. I'm sure your father would have been quite deaf and stupid long ago but for them."

"Oh! mamma," simpered Miss Lucy; "but where is papa?"

"In his dressing-room, my love. You had better not tell him about King before he shaves, for fear the agitation might make his hand tremble, and he should cut himself."

"Very well, mamma," and away tripped Miss Lucy.

Sir Romulus, like all great minds, never could confine himself to doing one thing at a time. Consequently, he dressed by instalments, first washing one foot, then walking about the room, as he did his teeth, then doing an inch or two of

shaving, and then returning to the other foot; and, as he piqued himself upon dispensing with all personal attendance, multifarious were the duties he had to perform before his toilette was completed. He had some personal objection to a bath, and, therefore, had had an enormous round wooden washing-tub made, in which the King of Brobdignag might have swam with ease and safety, but for the Scylla and Charybdis of a huge sponge, about the size of one of the Needles, and a scrubbing-brush as big as a sand-bank.

While performing his ablutions, he was in the habit of tying a towel round his head, with the ends hanging down behind, after the fashion of a Spanish Empecinado; while his wig, which he curled every day, remained on a block with a face to it, that he might judge of the phrenological effect of how far back he could place it on his own head, but, owing to his desultory manner of dressing, and a habit he had of rehearsing aloud any speeches or bon mots he had to make during the day, he had been known on more than one occasion, not only in a fit of abstraction to heat the curling irons red-hot, but to burn off the frill of his shirt by attempting to curl it in mistake for his wig. And as he was also wont for the better dispatch of business to

indite divers and sundry letters during his toilette, it had frequently occurred to him, especially since his interest in Mr. Town's submarine rail-road, to inclose with the prospectus of that wonderful plan to the ministers of the Home, Foreign, or Colonial offices, razor-strops, shaving-brushes, and boot-hooks, which, no doubt, they considered as part of the plan!

When his daughter knocked at his door on the morning in question, Sir Romulus was sitting with one leg gracefully over a chair, while, with a towel round his head, and a Turkish dressing-gown on, he leant back in another, as ever and anon he shaved the right side of his nether lip, and slowly but sonorously repeated, "Mr. Mayor and gentlemen of the Corporation,—the struggle will then be, not who can keep their heads above water, but who can get them under water!—a-hem — a-hem — very genteel man the Mayor—he'll be de—lighted with my speech—(Rat—tat—tat)—Oh, the Algerines! this is the way they disturb me, though I've told them I would not be interrupted when dressing. (Rat—tat—tat)—Come in!—a-hem—a-hem. Have I not told you," said Sir Romulus, suspending the razor and throwing a pocket-handkerchief over his wig, without turning to look at the intruder, "Have I not told you that while

sacrificing to the Graces, I would not be broken in upon ?"

"It's me, papa," said Lucy, in a most bridal voice, which naturally found favor in her father's ear.

"Um---um---my dear !—my dear ! What brought you here ?"

"To tell you that I am going to be married, papa !" simpered the young lady.

"Married ! you young Algerine ! and without my consent ? impossible !" cried Sir Romulus, flourishing his razor very formidably at arms' length.

"No, papa, but I came to ask your consent."

"That," said Sir Romulus, looking dignified and benevolent, "that is another affair, and who may the Algerine be ?"

"Colonel King," giggled Miss Lucy.

"Capital ! capital ! the very thing !" said Sir Romulus, instantly rising from his chair, and with his razor still open in his right-hand, while he closed his dressing-gown with the left ; he proceeded straight to the door, without taking any further notice of his daughter ; but having one boot and one slipper on, instead of his usual dignified march, his movements were between a limp and a stride ; in which manner he conveyed himself to Colonel King's room.

That gentleman was still asleep, but the etiquette of the host was naturally merged in "the feelings of the father!" Sir Romulus approached the bed, and hastily withdrew the curtain; thus performing a sort of practical "sluggard arise!" whereupon, the poor Colonel much alarmed, started up, and not being quite awake, and seeing Sir Romulus standing over him with an open razor, energetically addressing him as follows:

"So, King, I understand you are going to take a calamity! and that calamity is to be my daughter Lucy! my daughter Lucy!"

He clasped his hands and exclaimed: "Ah—just so—just so—a indeed! indeed! I'll marry her, my dear sir, if you'll shut up that razor."

"Ha! ha! ha! that's very good." said Sir Romulus, "quite forgot the razor! quite forgot the razor! you thought, I suppose, that I was come to cut the matter short—to cut the matter short! should you approve of that?

"Oh very much indeed," groaned Colonel King, with great sincerity; but as he had not genius enough to aim at impossibilities, and feeling that he was in for it, he replied with equal resignation two minutes afterwards, upon Sir Romulus reiterating—"and so you wish to take my daughter Lucy for a calamity?"

"Ah! just so—just so—a."

This being conclusive, Sir Romulus congratulated him upon getting into such a family, then left him to dress, and after finishing his own toilette, descended to announce the news officially to the whole party, which was received with universal approbation.

The Colonel's christian name being Nicholas, Miss Prudence, not to lose time at breakfast, said, "Nick, be so good as to give me some cavier!" and then added facetiously—"I call you by your name you know, because you'll so soon be one of us! but oh dear! you must not christen your son Nicholas, 'cause then you'll be old Nick you know! ha! ha! ha! dear, how droll!"

"The d—l he will?" said Sir Romulus.

Colonel King, naturally enough, looking rather black at this insinuation, Miss Prudence, in order to put him into good humour, said, with her mouth full of muffin, as she stirred her tea—"of course you mean Dr. Damnemall to perform the ceremony?"

"Damnemall! Damnemall! ah! just so—just so—a," said he, as he turned from Miss Lucy's tender looks, to some Dunstable larks that he liked better.

It was at this happy and auspicious crisis

that Marmaduke arrived; and having been presented to his nephew by Miss Prudence, and more officially informed of the approaching event by Sir Romulus, he took courage; and in his turn, boldly disclosed the fact of Carlton's being in the house; when, to his infinite surprise, Sir Romulus affirmed, that his protection of him did him a great deal of credit; while Lady Bubble actually dried her eyes, and hoped the poor man had been well taken care of!

But, wonder of wonders! Miss Prudence twisted her fingers and said—"Well, now do you know, Marmaduke, I must say, I do think it was most kind of you; and I'm sure Dr. Damnemall will consider it an act of christian charity; you say he is going to London in a few days: oh dear! I hope he'll make it up with his father; for as Dr. Damnemall says—no—it's Dr. Watts I think; no—Dr. Damnemall; no—it is Dr. Watts:

"How sweet it is in harmony to dwell."

"Ah! just so—just so—a," said Colonel King, helping his bride-elect to some honey; while Theresa stole round to the back of Marmaduke's chair, and imprinted a kiss on his forehead; and Mr. Ormond held out his hand to him, which he pressed with as much sincerity

as it was offered; but knowing that Mr. Ormond was one of those, as most persons are by the bye, who do it at all—who

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame—,"

he made no allusion to his kindness to Carlton, beyond a certain telegraphic look, dictated by that Freemasonry of heart common to the benevolent; and after stipulating that no one was to go near Carlton, except Cecil and Theresa, whom he already knew, he went up to inform him of the safe departure of the Spy, on his sleeveless errand into Wales!

"The poor reptile!" said Carlton, "I could almost pity him! for the wages of his infamy, I suppose, depend upon his success; and yet, if he has changed his name, his uncle must be dead, and he must be well off."

But Carlton's wonder would have ceased, had he been as well aware, as most others are, that the staple commodity of Whig policy is acted lies! from Prime Ministers down to brainless secretaries of legation, or hack writers-up of their system.

Mr. Alderman Guzzlecat, of Faringdon without,—it is true, had departed this life; but previous to so doing, had been much disgusted by the unprincipled truckling of his nephew, Mr.

John Nugent, with regard to City politics, and had therefore cut him off with a shilling. But Mr. John Nugent, who lived in an atmosphere of false pretences, or rather, of embodied falsehoods, in order to assume a fortune, if he had it not, instantly took the name—honours and armorial bearings of Guzzlecat! the credit of which, afforded him a decent supply of hats and gloves, three bottles of sherry a-day (his favourite dinner wine), and two pair of Russia ducks a-week (not including the laundress's bill), for the elongated period of twelve months! This, coupled with his honourable office of spy, and assiduous and Herculean panegyrics on the writings of ladies of thread-bare character, and indefatigable zeal in doing the dirty work of gentlemen of no character at all; added to theatrical puffs, of such hurricane force, as to blow actor, author, and audience into nothing! enabled Mr. Guzzlecat to keep his place under the table, at the convivial meetings at the Garrick.

Theresa and Cecil soon joined Marmaduke in Carlton's room, where they contrived by kindness and conversation, to make him partially forget his sorrows for a short time. Theresa who had brought her embroidery, was sitting with her frame in the window, when, about

three o'clock, a carriage drove up to the door. "Who is it?" said Marmaduke.

"Why, it's Lord John's carriage," replied Theresa, "but I don't think it can be he, for the servants are helping a man out with a night-cap on, and both his hands to his head as if he were in great pain."

"Perhaps he's ill," said Marmaduke, leaving the room, and reaching the hall in time to meet Lord John, and hear his groans.

"Good heavens! what's the matter?" inquired he of Lady John.

"Those horrid children!—those dreadful toys!" replied her ladyship, shaking her head and hands; "the racket began at six this morning, we have not had one wink of sleep, and Lord John is almost distracted, though I took his own paper pillows. Oh, Mr. Bubble, they were not at all putty toys to get—how could you give such great noisy steam-engine things to any children, especially to a parcel of great romping boys, and then to think of their putting us in the room under the nursery! so that we were in the very thick of it all!"

"God bless me! you surprise me," cried Marmaduke, "I thought the bigger the toys were for the young Whabbles, the more Major Whabble would think of Lord John! I'm really

very sorry," added he, turning to him; "can I get you anything?"

Lord John had reached the first landing; but his voice was, as it had often been before, "inaudible in the gallery," as he murmured out—"Nothing but bed—dark-room—æther—quiet, quiet."

Whereupon Marmaduke preceded him, spreading out his arms as if he had been playing at blind-man's-buff, and crying hush! till Lord John had arrived safely in his own room, where the shutters were instantly closed, and his lordship adjourned to bed till the next day, after which Lady John descended, and in return for the news of Miss Lucy's marriage, gave the whole party a graphic account of her own and her sposo's sufferings at Gorget Cottage, since they had parted on the preceding night. Marmaduke, who had listened with deep attention to the narration, with the two fingers of his right hand on his right temple, and his third and little finger on his chin,—after a pause of about three minutes, broke the silence by exclaiming, "Bless me! you astonish me! I'll change all those toys to-morrow for chess-boards."

"Pray don't," said Lady John; "we shall never sleep at Gorget Cottage again; and be-

ing her own children, I dare say Mrs. Whabble thinks the noise very putty, besides, they don't sleep under the nursery."

"Ah, that makes a difference certainly," said Marmaduke, with the same sort of calm satisfaction that he would have solved a problem in Euclid.

Four events happened during the week preceding the tournament. The most important I shall mention first.—Miss Lucy's trousseau was ordered! Gertrude Howard arrived on a visit at the Hall, to be present at the tournament; and it is perhaps needless to say, that she and Theresa became very great friends.

"The Wonderful Power of Nature and Art" was published under Lord John's auspices, and made a wonderful sensation in the literary world, thereby bringing a plentiful harvest to its author.

As Carlton felt that if he lived till then, he should not be able to act before the spring, he wished to take a house a short distance from London, in preference to one actually in town. One was therefore secured for him at Shepherd's Bush, and a good governess hired for Blanche; and in order that Marmaduke might accompany him to his new abode, and see him comfortably

settled in it, Sir Romulus good-naturedly postponed the tournament from the first to the fourteenth of January.

Cato was the only friend poor little Blanche took with her from Shropshire; but Theresa promised faithfully that the geranium should follow as soon as it was sufficiently healthy to travel. What a pity it is that every one cannot be pleased in this world!—but so it is. Since his accident, Mr. McPhin had taken to solitary confinement and silence, so that Mademoiselle Perpignon's illness was quite wasted. And although Colonel King and Miss Betsy had both done their utmost, when Captain Russell congratulated the former on his approaching marriage, to try and make him "go and do likewise;" yet his habits of subordination were too strong, and he could not bring himself to make an example of his superior officer, so therefore preferred looking upon him as a warning, which caused Sir Romulus to go about saying that he was afraid he'd never get any one to marry his youngest daughter! till Lady Bubble took him to task for so impolitic a proceeding; when, like all not over-wise persons, he thought the reverse of wrong must be right, and from thenceforth tired every horse in his stable galloping

about the country, for the express purpose of saying to people, that he had so many offers for his daughter, Betsy, that he did not know how he should keep her till the tournament! and that there he was sure all the Algerines would be breaking lances for her!

CHAPTER VIII.

"A scratch of one's finger, when one is uneasy, hurts one more than a quartan ague with a contented mind."—COUNT BUSSY RABUTIN'S *Letters*.

"What's this? what's this? is this her fault or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?
Not she, nor doth she tempt, but 'tis I,
That lying by the violet in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season."
Measure for Measure, Act i. Scene 2.

"Farewell, then, since now all is over,
I leave you for many a year;
May the waters of time coldly cover
The memory of all that was dear."—MS.

THE TOURNAMENT.

As Sir Romulus observed, upon rattling into his tin armour, had he bespoken a day, and that Algerine Apollo himself taken the order, it could not have been finer than the one the 14th of January ushered in. The frost work, which during the early morning had thrown a white veil over the woods and fields, melted into diamond drops, as at the touch of a necromancer. When the sun rose high in the heavens, and the bright emerald green sward, with its sparkling

dew-drops glittering and trembling beneath the vivid glances of the god of day, made the lawn appear as though a troop of fairies had suddenly been surprised by him at their revels, and had dropped their jewels in their flight. Mr. Ormond, who had gone away a few days before, expressing a fear that he should not be able to get back in time for the tournament, had, nevertheless, suggested a great improvement.

As we have before stated, Sir Romulus had enclosed a considerable part of the common, but this formed the back only of the large amphitheatre; the front, which was left open, and by which the different knights were to enter, presented a beautiful view of the park; and down to the first lodge, at which the guests were to arrive, Mr. Ormond had constructed a slight colonnade, of Moorish architecture, in wood; which being completely covered with evergreens, and hung with banners, common shields, and gauntlets, had a charming effect, as the sunlight pierced through the irregular arches, and the deer were seen, through the long vista, bounding over the waving fern, and quaffing the crisp thin air. In the centre of the amphitheatre was a sort of armoury, in the form of a winding staircase, hung with very gorgeous banners and housings, which formed curtains, as it were, to the banis-

ters; while the large pole or tree that ran up the centre to the ceiling was laden with armour of every description, terminating in a radius of spears, surmounting a white plumed helmet.

In this armoury a certain number of esquires and pages remained, to supply the knights with any arms they might want or lose in the fray; and their gay dresses and animated faces, as they rose pyramidically among the glittering steel and waving plumes, formed by no means the least effective part of the pageant. At each side of the entrance from the park, was a large gallery or balcony, with a canopy of crimson velvet and gold, where the principal ladies were to sit, while the mass were to occupy the amphitheatre.

So far so well. The arrangements exceeded every one's expectation; and Mr. Town, in his richly emblazoned herald's costume, looking, nevertheless, exceedingly like the knave of clubs, seemed to flush the very air by the imperious echoes of his trumpet, the shrill herald's blast of which he was practising all the morning. The guests were all to appear in the costumes of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, not to destroy the illusion. And Miss Prudence figured in a tansy-coloured fardingale, high-heeled shoes, stiff ruff, and close coif; while

even the old lady personated the Countess of Desmond,

> "Who lived to the age of three-score and ten,
> And died by a fall from a cherry-tree then,—'

in the modest refuge of a sort of nun's head gear, and snow white barbet. Miss Lucretia announced that she was Fair Rosamond, and glided about in a flaxen wig, and a labyrinth of white muslin, to which there was no clue: Lady Bubble insisted upon being Diana of Poictiers, and nobody wondered at her persecutions.

Theresa looked more than beautiful as Edith Plantagenet; and Gertrude Howard did more execution than the lances as Rebecca from Ivanhoe. Miss Prudence had settled with Dr. Damnemall that he should figure in the same costume as a bishop on one of the monuments in the church at Bubbleton, and began to grow very uneasy at his non-arrival, as he was to dress at the hall—when Buzzard, who was tired of enacting the part of a pretty page, and looking out afar, arrived with the news which she had just gathered from one of the grooms, who had been down to the Pug and Primrose to order an additional hogshead of ale (as all the gentlemen's gentlemen, notwithstanding the coldness of the weather, had already evinced strong symptoms of thirst), returned with word

that Mr. Fine had actually taken fire the night before while quaffing his favourite spirit by the chimney corner,—that Mrs. Fine, like Major Longbow under similar conjugal distress, had, with great presence of mind, ordered Patty to sweep him away and bring clean glasses; and that, in order to make sure of putting him out of his misery, she had had him strewed over with quick lime, after the ancient Roman fashion, and most probably on the same principle:* after which it appeared that Mrs. Fine, being thrifty in all things, had her weeds and widows' cap all ready, which having donned, she then sat down, unfolded a lawn pocket handkerchief, ordered Patty to attend in the bar, and "look on" till ten the next morning (bed time of course excepted), when Dr. Damnemall arrived on his way to the tournament, and so effectually exerted his powers of consolation, that he had the satisfaction of leaving her as resigned as if it had been her wedding morning!

"Oh, dear good man!" said Miss Prudence,

* Pliny ascribes the first institution of burning the dead among the Romans, to their having discovered, that those who fell even in distant wars were dug up by the enemy; and it was to prevent this second edition of their friends being published, which infringed on death's copyright, that they resorted to the burning, which was universal under the emperors, but fell into disuse about the fourth century.

when she heard the cause of his non-arrival, "that is the reason of his not being here so soon. He's enough to do, goodness knows—for he's the husband of the widow and the father of the fatherless !"

Mrs. Damnemall, however, soon arrived as Luther's wife (not in her nun's dress), accompanied by Anna Martha, who had received marching orders to attend the tournament. She was really an exceedingly pretty girl, of a very ladylike style of beauty, and looked remarkably well as an Italian lady of the fourteenth century.

Mrs. Town, who, like Sir Romulus, was always for doing something out of the common, must needs go further back than any of them, and came as the mother of the Gracchi ! her sons personating the living jewels in very short white tunics, bound with red galoon. Of the cold and inconvenience of this costume, at that season of the year, they complained bitterly, especially Master Cadwallader, who being subject to chilblains, did not at all cotton to the flesh-coloured web that had succeeded his blue cloth trowsers. Messieurs Maximilian Flea and Alonzo Tripe were also in Mrs. Town's suite—the former gentleman as Brutus, with an axe in his hand, and a remarkably stern look, which

seemed to have the effect, ever and anon, of making the Master Towns forget that they were the Gracchi and not his sons—while Mr. Alonzo Tripe appeared as Petrarch, with a hat and feather, short cloak, trunk hose, and slashed sleeves, and his own manuscript of the 'Pre-adamites' under his left arm. As we may not have occasion to return to this gentleman, it may be as well to observe, in this place, that it was remarked, by more persons than Mrs. Damnemall during the day, that Mr. Tripe was particularly attentive, or, as her mother expressed it, 'sweet upon' Anna Martha.

Mr. Howard, who thought he never could get sufficient amusement out of the Whabbles, entrapped them into dressing from Lady Morley's inimitable 'Spruggins Gallery,' Mrs. Jinks figuring as the present Mrs. S——, about the tucking up of whose train, so as to display her left ankle (which even those most skilled in anatomy might have easily mistaken, without stigmatising their science, for that of an elephant), Cecil had taken particular pains. Mrs. Whabble was ringletted and guitared into 'Suavia Maria.' The Major had put on a college cap and gown, and did duty as "my son," while the young Whabbles personated those members of the Spruggins Family who had "died young,"

which when Lord John was informed of, he could not help groaning out, "Would they had done the same!" He appeared in all the dignity of a Venetian senator, and Lady John as a Venetian Lady. The Duke and Duchess of Arlington, at Sir Romulus's especial request, were dressed as the Duke and Duchess from 'Don Quixote,' while, to the worldly Baronet's infinite surprise, Lord Francis Fitznoodle arrived from his room, where he had dressed upstairs as Don Quixote!"

"Oh, this will never do!" exclaimed Sir Romulus: "we cannot have two Don Quixotes in the lists! Bless me!—well, that's most astonishing!" continued he, scrutinizing Lord Francis's armour. "I could have sworn that was McPhin's armour—the gridiron bars—the windmill at the top—the Spanish motto on each side of the helmet that he was to go up to Mademoiselle Perpignon with—um—um—let me see—

"Inez, da me tus ojos
Por una noche:
Porque quiero con ellos
Matar a un hombre."

Marmaduke, I forget what you told me it meant?"

"It was the request of a Spaniard," replied Marmaduke, "who having an enemy that he

wished to be rid of, asked his 'lady love' to lend him her eyes to kill him with."

"Ah, exactly so," said Sir Romulus; "and this McPhin was to do 'Nolens-Volens' to Mademoiselle, who is at this very moment puffing and panting as Dulcinea del Tobosa; and in order to have more fun," continued Sir Romulus, in a confidential whisper to Lord Francis, "I have made her practise the Cachucha, to dance at the ball to-night—and to see her is worth anything!"

Lord Francis had got as far in a reply to Sir Romulus as "This is—" when Cosmo approached hastily, saying:

"Oh! papa, I quite forgot to show you this note that I had half an hour ago from Mr. Mc Phin; and when uncle Marmaduke had read it, as Lord Francis had come in plain clothes, he persuaded him to put on Mr. Mc Phin's armour, as he said you would not allow any one to appear in the amphitheatre, unless they were in armour, or a fancy dress." This explanation only seemed to bewilder Sir Romulus the more, till he snatched the note, and enlightened himself as follows:

"My dear Cosmo. Pray give my duty to Sir Romulus, and make him my humblest apologies; but I am unavoidably, and much against my

will, detained away from the tournament, by business of a very pressing nature, and which will, at least, confine me for the whole day. God bless you, my dear boy! Remember, as page to Lady John, there is no necessity for your getting into the way of the horses and spears,—so be very attentive and keep behind her dais,—merely in case she should want anything. Ask Mr. Town, if you see him, 'if he knows how many promises go to a hundred, and how many lies to two? for hang me if I do.'

"Your faithful friend and preceptor,

"PETER MCPHIN.'

"The Algerine does not even date it, so there's no sending after him to catch him!" said Sir Romulus, beating down the letter with the back of his right hand, and then opening his eyes and mouth, with a mingled expression of horror and inquiry, as though the mute armour could "prate of the whereabout" of its absent owner.

"Come, come, brother," laughed Marmaduke, tapping him on the shoulder, "you look at poor Lord Francis as if he were a second Dymas."*

* The Trojan who joined himself to Æneas when Troy was taken, and was at last killed by his countrymen, who took him to be an enemy, because he had dressed himself in the armour of one of the Greeks he had slain.

" D—d ass," muttered Sir Romulus, who had all his better-half's aptitude at catching names. " D—d ass—no—but it's too provoking to lose Mc Phin in this sort of way."

" Why, my dear sir," said Lord Francis, mildly, as he drew himself up to his full height, which might have been mistaken for the ghost of John of Gaunt, " *I* am to the full as tall as Mr. Mc Phin; therefore, I cannot see that you have lost an inch by the exchange !"

Marmaduke could not repress a smile at the unsophisticated freshness of Lord Francis's intellectual shoots, while Sir Romulus looked as if he would have said if he could—

" Ce n'est pas tout d'être un grand homme :
Il faut encore être un homme supportable."

" Well, it can't be helped," sighed Sir Romulus, " and we must go, as entering on horseback, we have to go down to the lodge—but—but—not having practised together, you must take care not to mistake me for a windmill in good earnest, but lay on me gently, and I promise in return, my lord, I'll not forget that you are my master."

" You mean," said Marmaduke, " that you'll not forget how much he is above you."

As Lord Francis and Sir Romulus made their exit at the hall door, Marmaduke and Cosmo

went up stairs into the gallery, by which there was a private entrance into one of the balconies of the amphitheatre. Lady John was already seated in state, as the tournament was to commence at one, and it only wanted half an hour of the time.

"I thought, Mr. Bubble," said she, "that you were Mr. Howard's squire?"

"So I am," replied Marmaduke, "but I came here first to pay my respects to you ladies bright, and next to look down upon this living 'parterre,'" added he, looking over the balcony, "and a very pretty sight it is; I own I should have liked to have lived in the days of chivalry and woodcraft, when the business of life was tilting for bright looks, and its repose was to—

—— "ryde on hawkynge by the river,
With grey goshawke in hande."

"I'm sure men must have been better and happier, when they lived for seven years on a sigh or a smile, won at a tournament; at least that æra was worth fifty thousand ages of the clubs, cabs, smoking, and selfishness of the nineteenth century."

"Tournament is derived from the Latin word 'Troja,' is it not, uncle?" asked Cosmo.

"Why, I am of Fauchet's opinion," replied Marmaduke; "and though this is the derivation

allowed by the generality of authors, I do not think it appears consistent with any reasonable analogy: I am, therefore, more inclined to adopt his. He says in his 'Origines des Chevaliers,' that he thinks the French word, 'tournoy' came from the practice of the knights running 'par tour;' that is, by turns, at the 'quintain,' and wheeling about successively in a circle, to repeat their course; but that, in process of time, they improved on this pastime, and, to make it more respectable, ran at one-another; which certainly bore a much greater similitude to a real engagement, especially when they were divided into large parties, and, meeting together, combated with clubs or maces, beating each other soundly, without paying any respect to rank or dignity. In one of these encounters, Robert Earl of Charlemont, son of St. Louis, and head of the house of Bourbon, was so severely bruised by the blows he received from his antagonist, that he was never well afterwards. And this, Fauchet says, was possibly the cause of the ordinance that kings and princes should not afterwards enter the lists as combatants at these tournaments: but this law was ill observed by succeeding kings, as Henry the Second of France was killed at the jousts he made in honour of his daughter's marriage.

But long before that, Menestrier says, they used hollow canes instead of lances; and, for that reason, it was called the 'Cane' game. This, probably, had its origin in the twelfth century, when Hovenden tells us, that Richard the First of England, being at Messina in Sicily, on his way to the Holy land, went with his cavalcade one Sunday afternoon to see the popular sports exhibited without the walls of the city, and upon their return they met, in the street, a peasant driving an ass loaded with hollow canes; the king and his attendants took each of them a cane, and began, by way of frolic, to tilt with them one against the other. It so happened that Cœur de Lion's opponent was William de Banes, a knight of high rank in the household of the French king*; in the encounter they broke both their canes, and the monarch's hood was torn by the stroke he received, which made him angry; when, riding with great force against the knight, he caused his horse to stumble with him, and, while he was attempting to cast him to the ground, his own saddle turned round, and he himself was overthrown; he, however, was soon provided with another horse, which he mounted, and again assaulted De Banes, endeavouring, by

* Quidam Miles optimus de familia Regis Franciæ.

violence, to throw him from his horse; but he could not succeed, because the knight clung to the horse's neck; upon which Robert de Bretuil, newly created Earl of Leicester, laid hold of De-Banes to assist the king; but Richard forbade him to interfere, desiring they might be left to themselves. When they had contended a long time, adding threats to their actions, the king was much provoked, and commanded him to leave the place and appear no more before him, declaring, at the same time, that he should ever after consider him his enemy: but, through the mediation of the King of France, a reconciliation was effected, and De Banes was again restored to Richard's good graces. They were innocent people in those days," continued Marmaduke,—" nothing more than big children — and"—

But here the first blast of the herald's trumpet sounded; after which he proclaimed 'à haute voix,' that " the most noble knight, Don Quixote, of La Mancha, was about to enter the lists, and run a tilt with any one, or every one, who should presume to dispute the pre-eminence in beauty of his liege lady, the incomparable Donna Del Tobosa."

Mademoiselle Perpignon, never doubting but that the huge mass of block-tin armour beneath

still contained the worshipped form of Mr. McPhin, began to heave and look much as the whales in the Red Sea (if there were any) may have been supposed to look, when they found it suddenly dried up; for, at that moment, she was the cynosure of all eyes, and she was amazed!

Marmaduke hastily descended and gained the armoury just in time to see Lord Francis and Sir Romulus make their entrée. It was evident that Sir Romulus had not read Quarles Enchiridion, at least that part of it where he asserts that "fundamental alterations bring inevitable perils," for he was rashly tampering with the crupper of Kicksywicksy's saddle. Marmaduke foresaw the consequences—and trembled.

Lord Francis, it is true, rode into the lists, but so calmly and stagnantly (no doubt deeply imbued with Sir Romulus's admonitions to be cautious), that he looked as if the blessing his squire had invoked upon the man who first invented sleep, had become embodied in him! while the huge white cart-horse that he rode, and which had looked like White Surrey under Mr. McPhin, now looked appalled, and appalling as a night-mare; for about half an hour it continued to advance and retreat slowly and solemnly before Kicksywicksy, who in vain en-

deavoured to rouse it into retaliation, by neighing loudly and butting her head against his long white nose; but it would not do; nothing could dispel the impenetrable patience of the carthorse. At length, wearied with her endeavours tó exasperate him, she turned her attention to her rider, and giving one sudden curvette, turned the saddle completely under her, deposited Sir Romulus on the ground, and then set off, neighing furiously, and full gallop (flinging out her heels behind), into the park; this last exploit of hers alone seemed to rouse the emulation of Spanker the cart-horse, who, to Lord Francis's great consternation, instantly followed Kicksywicksy's example with equal rapidity, amid peals of laughter from the spectators.

Marmaduke came to his brother's assistance, and had the satisfaction of hearing a volley of Algerines bestowed upon the head and heels of one of his favourite quadrupeds.

Sir Romulus was for a short time obliged to leave the amphitheatre, to see to his wounds, occasioned by the bulging inward of his tin armour on the side where he had fallen. Shortly after the herald's trumpet, sounded a more warlike blast, which was answered by another herald at a distance, and, presently the clang of armour and the clashing of spears were heard, while the

park suddenly became bright with the flash of shields and helmets, and the greensward echoed to the rushing sound of horses' hoofs. Another trumpet of parley sounded, and was again answered, when two lines of glittering knights, gallantly mounted on beautifully caparisoned horses, drew up opposite each other, and, as soon as they had fallen into the line, two bands, stationed at different ends of the park, played the beautiful air of "Oh, Richard! oh, mon Roi!" imitating the human voice, by one playing first and the other second, which had a beautiful effect, as the different cadences died away upon the air. As soon as the band ceased, a knight in bright steel armour, studded with gold, a coronet round his helmet, and a lion on the top of it, advanced, on a jet-black steed, with scarlet and gold housings, and a silver cross rising out of the white plumes on it's head; it also had a collar of particularly musical Spanish bells. No sooner had this knight advanced, than another knight in black armour, much soiled, a drooping heron's plume in his helmet, and a torn banner, with a broken ensign in his right hand, also advanced, as did their esquires; whereupon, the two knights dismounted, while the esquires held their horses, and the knight of the black armour kneeling to him of the crown, was made

a knight banneret. After which ceremony, a loud cheer ran through the ranks. The knights remounted, and advanced towards the amphitheatre, the band playing "The Red-Cross Knight."

When they had reached the entrance, the cavalcade of other knights fell back on either side, and the two knights alone entered, whom the herald announced, as Richard the First of England, sirnamed Cœur de Lion, and that most noble knight, vanquisher of the infidels, Robert de Breteuil, Earl of Leicester.

Cœur de Lion rode up to the balcony where Lady Bubble was seated, and holding up his lance, asked permission to wear her colours and proclaim her beauty. Her ladyship, who, as usual (notwithstanding her costume), had all the colours in the rainbow on, at first said she had no idaya which colour to give him, but, at length, detached a blue bow from her bosom, that had no business to be there, and placed it upon the top of his Majesty's lance, upon which he bowed down to his horse's ears, wheeled about, and re-entered the lists. While he had been soliciting the good graces of Diana of Poictiers, the Earl of Leicester had presented himself at the opposite balcony to sue for those of Miss Lucy, who, with much giggling, de-

tached a geranium scarf from her neck, which, catching on the top of his lance, Robert de Breteuil first gallantly kissed and then tied round his left arm; thus decorated, he placed himself opposite the king, two heralds and their respective esquires declaring that whichever should first lose his lady's colours in the combat, should consider himself and be considered by all present, as vanquished; upon which Cœur de Lion and the Earl of Leicester crossed lances in token of assent, and the heralds sounded to arms for about a quarter of an hour. There was a great deal of very graceful manége-riding between the King and the Earl, and then some preparatory tilting. At length they began to charge at each other in good earnest. Cosmo trembled, and whispered to Sir Romulus (who had been repaired, and had returned to the balcony) "that there were plenty of barley-sugar lances in the armoury, and as it was really becoming serious, he thought he had better go and tell the squires to give them to the combatants."

"Um—um—um—my dear!—my dear! you'd offend them," said his sire; "you must let the Algerines fight it out their own way, and if they do hurt each other, it's only in fun!—only in fun!—and you should never spoil sport, Cosmo."

Lady Langton, who was sitting next to Lady John, and who never took her eyes off the King, now uttered a faint exclamation of terror, as a sudden lunge of the Earl of Leicester's spear nearly unhorsed him. Cosmo instantly left the balcony, and returned with a glass of water, which he presented to Lady Langton with an entreaty that she would drink it, and turn her eyes from the arena, as it might make her giddy.

"Well done, Cosmo!" cried Sir Romulus, slapping his back with the utmost force of paternal approbation. "Why, how gallant you've grown!" and, after a quarter of an hour's gestation, just as Miss Prudence was observing to the Duchess that she was sure the two on horseback, whoever they were, must be hungry beyond everything, after such violent exercise, Sir Romulus interrupted her with,—

"Um—um—um—Prudence, my dear! my dear! I'm going to say a witty thing. I find that mixing with people of all nations, as there are here," said he, looking round the amphitheatre at the different costumes, "has made my son a Cosmo—polite! (Cosmopolite) Cosmo—polite!—ha! ha! ha!—do you approve of that Lady John?"

"Oh, yes! I always think it's so putty to see young people polite."

"Dear! he! he! he!—how droll!" said Miss Prudence to Doctor Dammemall, who rustled beside her in his violet pontificals; "did you hear what Romulus said?—oh, dear! 'tis so good!—so witty, to be sure! He says, 'seeing all the different dresses here has made a polite Cosmo of his son!' Very good, aint it?"

"Very!—very, indeed!" assented the Doctor; "but—a-hem!—still, I don't exactly see where the wit lies."

"Oh, dear! nor I. I never see any wit in lies; I quite agree with you there," said Miss Prudence, resting her wrists on her knees, and twitching her fingers violently.

Before the Doctor could set her right as to her mistake, a violent clang was heard, as though one of the knight's armour had been shivered to pieces. All eyes were turned on the lists, where Cœur de Lion had received a violent shock from a charge of Lord Leicester's, who, with the point of his lance bore off in triumph Lady Bubble's blue bow, amid the cheers of the multitude, while Richard, raising his vizor and discovering the features of Sir George Langton, owned himself fairly vanquished, and Lord Leicester at the same time raised his, saying, "Ah! just so—just so—a!" while he gallantly went to present his newly won trophy to Miss

Lucy. The trumpets now sounded a victory, and the vanquished and the victor slowly rode out of the lists into the open air, where two pages awaited with fresh horses, still more richly caparisoned, which they mounted, and joined the cavalcade of knights, that consisted of the officers of the —— Lancers.

While the spectators in the amphitheatre were still descanting upon the respective merits of the last combatants, the sound of a herald's trumpet at a distance was heard, which was duly answered by Mr. Town; and after a lapse of a quarter of an hour, a knight in birght purple steel armour, richly mailed with gold, a cuirasse, perfectly blazing with jewels, no feathers in his helmet, but only one large star of brilliants, and mounted upon a beautiful cream-coloured Arabian, followed by a Mameluke page, on a black Arab steed, rode slowly into the amphitheatre, and was announced by the herald as "the unknown knight of the star of the east," anxious to gain the favour of the fairest lady present, whose beauty he was willing to maintain against this and all other kingdoms, if he could find any knight present who thought his "ladye love" sufficiently beautiful, to contend against so fearful an odds? After this proclamation, the unknown knight rode slowly

round, looking, scrutinizingly, at the assembled ladies; but, before he had completed the circuit, the herald announced that a knight of the swan, the only one present, accepted his challenge. The unknown knight bowed, and flung down his gauntlet; and at that moment Mr. Howard rode into the amphitheatre; the bridle of his horse was decorated with white Provence roses, like the wreath that Edith Plantagenet wore in her hair; one large rose graced the centre of his shield, while the device above it was a Cupid making his way through a crowd of hearts, surrounded by the motto of—

"Je ne cherche qu'un."

Having taken up the unknown knight's gage, they both rode round the amphitheatre together, till they came to the balcony where Gertrude Howard and Theresa were seated, when the knight of the star of the east suddenly stopped. So far so well, Cecil concluded that it was his sister's colours he was about to solicit; perhaps Lord Mornington, in this gallant incognito, had come to the tournament? But he was suddenly more surprised than pleased, when the unknown knight, in an evidently feigned voice, begged for a rose from the yet fairer bosom of the beautiful Edith, which he assured her he would preserve with his life.

"Sir, knight," interposed Cecil hastily, "you are not perhaps aware that I have already the honour of being the Lady Edith's champion; and it is her beauty that I have promised to assert against all the kingdoms you have staked."

"So much good taste deserves good fortune, and so now against myself I'll wish it yours. So e'en let the lady trust the honour of her beauty to us both, and whosoever shall best maintain the brightness of its fame, by guarding the leaves of the roses she shall give us unscattered in the fray, his be it to be proclaimed her knight, from this time forth for evermore."

Cecil actually vaulted in his saddle with ill-suppressed fury; and so blinded was he by jealousy and suspicion, that he instantly decided the unknown knight was Mr. Stuart Vernon! the figure, the height, and above all the feigned voice, put it beyond dispute. Before, however, that the tempest within him could vent itself in words, the knight of the star of the east appealed to the assembly:—

"Fair, is it not? most noble lords and ladies—if not, say so—and the matter shall be referred to the arbitration of the separate, but high court of chivalry, to which my antagonist belongs."

"Oh! most fair," rang through the crowd.

"Then it is a match?" said the unknown

knight, looking round as he poised his lance (which he had hitherto held up towards the balcony) on his right foot.

"A match—a match," echoed the heralds, and sounded to arms. Mr. Howard was now deadly calm, the big drops stood on his forehead, his under-jaw quivered, and his face was so ghastly, that had not his vizor been down, he would have frightened the spectators into the belief that he was the phantom of some departed hero. "She will not—she cannot—she dare not! give him the rose from her bosom, that his aspiring lance is held up for;" and for about a minute his breath was suspended, as the unknown knight bowed gracefully; and Theresa with a smile, that seemed to all present that of an angel, but which to Cecil's distempered vision was the grin of a fiend, detached the rose from her bosom, and affixed it to the end of his lance.

"The cold-blooded heartless coquette!" muttered he, almost audibly, "it is my heart's blood she wants, and she shall have it!" So saying, or rather thinking, he dug his spurs so deeply into his horse's flanks, that the poor animal, astounded at so sudden, and unnecessary a piece of cruelty, almost reeled under him; and it was not until it had partially recovered, that Mr. Howard had sufficient presence of mind to walk him quietly into the lists.

Poor Theresa's heart failed her, when she saw the frenzy with which he had spurred the noble animal he rode. "Was it—could it be that he was again jealous?—after his so recently made vows of faith in her, and distrust of himself—jealous! and of what? a mimic pageant. Oh! no—no—it was impossible; that apparently frantic movement must have been a mere piece of stage effect;" and Theresa drove back the tears that had gathered in her eyes, and believed what she wished, as every woman does, when she is analysing what she loves!

For some minutes after Cecil and the unknown knight had measured lances, the former bore himself so listlessly, that most persons thought that he knew nothing of the knightly art of tilting; but Theresa, who had often heard him say, and who perfectly coincided with the axiom, that men, if they were wise, would avoid shewing any excellence in trifles,—for they are apt to get credit for them, at the expence of more valuable talents,—thought he was merely practically illustrating his own principle, and again turned the woman's side of her heart upwards, and admired his absence of vanity in so doing.

Miss Prudence, after wondering who the unknown knight could be, with diamonds, and

sapphires, and emeralds enough about him to set up a jeweller's shop, expressed another wonder about the Mameluke page; which was, how those East and West Ingen! people, who eat nothing but rice, which is so very white, could be so very black! This miracle Dr. Damnemall explained on philosophical principles.

"Why, my dear madam, don't you know your black Padusay cloak?"

"To be sure I do—well?"

"Well, though it is as black as jet, as ink, nay, as the d—l himself, yet don't you perceive it is lined with white-rabbit skin? and it is precisely upon this plan that these people are constructed, for though white within, they are black without!—and then again, what can be more black than white lies."

"Oh dear, I do enjoy sitting next you, beyond everything, 'tis a continual feast of instruction and delight. I can't think where all your ideas come from; for, do you know, such things never come into my head; but then men, you know, of course, are so superior to women, that it would not be right we should have any ideas, as long as we have you to instruct us. Now, what is your opinion?—do you think there will be a man to every woman in heaven?"

"Oh dear, no," said the doctor, closing his

eyes, and shaking his head solemnly; "for where are they all to come from, when there is here an average proportion of at least a dozen women to every man, or more if they please, while there are a numerous class of women as you must be aware, who remain sola all their lives."

"Oh, but I did not mean that, exactly," said Miss Prudence; "I mean, which do you think get to heaven the most?"

"Those who try the most, depend upon it," interposed Marmaduke.

"Oh dear, I wish you would let the doctor answer—what can you know about it?"

"At least as mucn as you do not know about it," retorted he.

"Dear, what a noise to be sure," cried Miss Prudence, stopping both her ears, and all eyes were turned towards the arena. If Cecil had been listless in the onset, he soon changed to the other extreme; and in the vehemence or rather fury with which he charged against the Unknown Knight, he seemed not only to forget all the courtesies of chivalry, but even the common rules of good-breeding. At length, in self-defence, the Knight of the Star of the East, was obliged to adopt violence on his side, and in one shock, as he came against Cecil's horse, shook him so terribly, that more than

half the leaves of the white rose in his shield, were scattered in every direction! A murmur arose among the spectators—the heralds were preparing to sound a victory! and according to the laws of the tournament, Cecil ought to have given in, instead of which, he made another desperate lunge at the Unknown Knight, who, dexterously parrying it, turned it aside by a very slight pressure of his lance on Cecil's shoulder; but slight as it was in appearance, it seemed to be powerful in effect, for Mr. Howard sank back apparently exhausted, when his faithful squire, Marmaduke, flew to his assistance, and helped him to dismount. The Unknown Knight was eager in expressing his hopes that he had sustained no injury?

"A scratch—a mere scratch," gasped Cecil, as he limped along leaning on Marmaduke's shoulder; but as he spoke, he hastily snatched the stem of the white rose from his shield, and threw it angrily on the ground. The movement was not lost on the Unknown Knight, still less was it lost upon Theresa, who felt that had he flung her heart down as bitterly and trampled on it as he had done the flower she had given, and he had received with so much love, it could not ache more heavily than it did! Poor Theresa! she who had believed—who had

hoped all from him! Alas! alas! hopes are the blossoms of life, and the earlier and more luxuriantly the heart puts them forth, the sooner are they blighted and scattered to the winds, and no after-sunshine can ever bring others to it's withered stem.

"What's the matter?" asked Miss Prudence.

"Good heavens! I hope he is not hurt!" exclaimed Lady Langton, and every one was in commotion to know the extent of Cecil's accident, except the one who felt the most anxiety about it, and the consciousness of so doing, kept her spell-bound to her seat. It was, however, soon ascertained that Mr. Howard had sustained little or no injury, and with this Theresa was for the present obliged to console herself. The banquet was to be at five, of which it now only wanted an hour—which hour was filled up by amateur tilting, upon the part of some of the retinue of knights. Though her eyes were mechanically turned on the lists, Theresa saw nothing, nor did she hear the expression of surprise on every side, as to the Unknown Knight being the only one present, who, at the close of this encounter, had not raised his vizor.

"Have you any idea who your very splendidly apparelled knight, is, Miss Manners?" asked the Duchess.

"No—yes—that is I think I can guess," said Theresa, abstractedly; "but it is not fair to betray his secret, till he chuses to discover himself."

"Dear me, how pale you look! I fear you are not well, Miss Manners," said Gertrude Howard.

"I am not very well," replied she, "this balcony is so hot."

"Hot! I feel like a fragment of the North Pole."

"The fact is," whispered Theresa, "I feel rather faint, and will steal quietly away; I shall be all the better for half an hour in my own room."

She rose accordingly, and glided out unperceived by all but Cosmo, who followed her into the gallery.

"Theresa! can I get you anything? you don't seem well," said he.

"Nothing, dear, thank you! but pray go back, and don't say anything about me; I shall be better in a few minutes—the din and clang of the amphitheatre has given me a head-ache, that's all!"

"I'll go for mamma's eau-de-luce."

"No, don't, dear; I have some in my own room."

"Oh, very well! but I hope you'll be able to come down to dinner, or else there will be no one there that I care for—for though I like Miss Howard very well, and she is very pretty, and all that, yet I do not love her as I do you. There is poor Johndina to be sure, but then she's not let to stir or move, and can't answer my questions as you do; I know I'm very ignorant, and I'm ashamed to ask any one else the things I ask you—not even uncle Marmaduke, for he laughs at me, and you never do."

"Nor never will, my poor boy," said she, with a faint smile, "but go, dear, now, for Lady John may want you."

As soon as Cosmo had returned to the tournament, Theresa walked hastily on till she came to the large staircase, which she descended, and crossed the hall to the other staircase that lead to the gallery, wherein her own room was situated; two or three times she stopped and listened, but the house was painfully quiet. The beating of her own heart was the only sound she heard, save when occasionally a dull and distant echo of the noise in the amphitheatre broke on her ear. She stopped before Cecil's door—there was evidently no one with him, at least she heard no voices, and she had seen Marmaduke and the unknown knight

return before she had ventured to leave the balcony: she knocked gently at the door, but receiving no answer, knocked again, louder than before.

"Who's there?" thundered Cecil.

"It's me—Theresa—do let me in!" and she turned the handle of the door, but it was locked.

"Oh Miss Manners," said he, with a bitter laugh, which was rendered more discordant by the clanking of his armour, as he walked towards the door, and added—"Mr. Stuart Vernon, the unknown, or rather the well-known—too well known knight is not here! so your anxiety must seek him elsewhere.

"Cecil! dear Cecil! do open the door."

"Excuse me, Miss Manners," you should be glad of any barrier between you and such a fool, as could believe himself the sole occupant of a heart so vast as yours, and which is consequently capable of containing so many."

"This, then, is the result of all your promises—all your solemn vows?" sobbed Theresa.

"No one should know better than Miss Manners, that vows are things to be violated at pleasure."

"Cecil! you are mad!"

"Oh! so you triumph in your work, do you? ha! ha! ha! it's a pretty pastime, truly."

"Dear, dear Cecil! on my knees I ask you to open the door!"

"What! is the honourable! most honourable Horace Stuart Vernon such a recreant, as to require you to kneel to him, that you come first to practise at my door——?'

"Cecil! once for all! do you remember your stipulation? 'if ever you detect the slightest tinge of jealousy in me, you may."

"Discard me without note or comment," interrupted he in a hurried voice, almost inarticulate from excitement—"perfectly! I perfectly remember it! and am ready to abide by it; I want no explanation of, nor any note or comment, on what is so very plain."

"You will be sorry for this when it is too late," murmured Theresa, in a broken voice, as she buried her face in her handkerchief, and left his door, to shut herself up in her own room.

Those who have ever (and it is to be hoped the number is few), wantonly flung from them the one heart that really loved them—for, to the life of each, there is never allotted more than one—the affections of all others being but counterfeits that

"Come like shadows, so depart,"

those alone can comprehend Cecil's feeling, as he heard the echo of Theresa's retreating foot-

steps. He had rashly, and in spite of every warning, both from her and from his better self, passed the Rubicon of fate, that divides happiness from misery, and seemed to awake from the shock on the other side, in an eternity of desolation. He sat in a sort of stupor, till long after the night had closed in; he neither felt nor thought, for his heart seemed numbed; nor was it till the music from the ball-room broke upon his ear, that he recovered even his external senses: all the events of the last few hours crowded on his memory in vague confusion, like the reminiscences of a horrid dream; and a plentiful flood of tears at once restored him to consciousness and torture.

"Good God! what have I done? said he, clasping his hands. "Was I mad, after all?—that man, that I have so hated and would have annihilated, may have been nothing more than a part of the pageant, instituted in the plenitude of poor Sir Romulus's absurdity—and Theresa may have been bound by him to keep up the mystery! If so, how she must despise me! Her forgiveness I cannot—dare not ask!—no, no, there is nothing left for me but to leave this as soon as possible—and go and be miserable for the rest of my life. Theresa!—Theresa! you know not—you never can know

how deeply—how madly—how wildly I adore you! And yet she knelt to me, and I spurned her!—madman, brute that I was!" and here a fresh flood of tears came to his relief. "At all events," thought he, rising and ringing the bell, on his way to unlock the door, "I may take one last look at her. Girouette," said Cecil, leaving the room as his servant entered, "I have got letters that oblige me to go to London immediately; so pack up my things as soon as possible, and order a post-chaise to be here at eleven to-night."

"Whew!" whistled Girouette, when his master had left the room, shrugging his shoulders, and throwing open all the wardrobes. "Quelle maison pour les depits amoureux! Dere is pauvre Mademoiselle Perpignon always in de loave fever, and now I can see by him eye dat my mastere be in a loave storm dat shall all have blow over when I have had de trobel to pack all his tings. I knew dere should be someting extraordinaire to happen, when I see Saire Romulus debout dis morning, walking about comme un homme naturel! Ciel! mais j'étois confondu!" And Girouette continued to soliloquise in what he called English, being very vain of the proficiency he had made in that language during his stay at Bubble Hall.

What convenient things vizards must have been! People now-a-days can only mask their faces with words. Cecil pulled his down as he entered the ball-room. Sir Romulus was standing near the door.

"Ah—I'm glad to see they've put you together again so soon," said he, and added, in a whisper, "Do you know, I was in a sad fright about your cork leg all the time you were tilting—um—um um—it would have been a very serious thing, my dear, if the stump had got additionally injured."

"Once for all, my dear sir, I do assure you, that I have no cork leg."

"Um—um—um, my dear Howard, you are additionally steeled just now against truth. Very genteel looking girl your sister."

"Do you know," said Cecil, "who my antagonist was?"

"Haven't an idea—haven't an idea;—no one has yet seen his face. But the Algerine keeps it up capitally—capitally! I know one thing—he seems very attentive to Theresa."

This was precisely what Mr. Howard did not want to know: so he walked on, and in the doorway, leading to the drawing-room, met the Duke of Arlington.

"This is the prettiest fancy ball I ever saw," said the Duke.

"Very pretty," said Cecil. "But has your Grace any commands to London?—for I am obliged to go to-night."

"To-night!" echoed the Duke. "I am glad you have told me; for there is a little matter of business I wished to consult you about," added he, taking Cecil on one side. "The fact is, Mr. Howard, I am in sad want of a private secretary. May I venture to hope that I shall find one in you? If so, I will endeavour to leave as much leisure at your disposal as possible."

"There is no post that your Grace could have offered me," bowed Cecil, "that I should feel so much pride and pleasure in filling."

"But," rejoined the Duke, "you are not perhaps aware of all it will entail upon you? It is absolutely necessary that my private secretary should live in my house."

"That," said Cecil, who felt to the fullest extent the delicacy of the Duke's kindness in the method he had adopted of providing him with a home,—"that, by adding pleasure to honour, is only enhancing my obligations and my gratitude to your Grace."

"Well, then," said the Duke, extending his hand to him, "have the goodness to drive to Arlington House at once; and will you tell

them that we shall be in town this day week? Oh, by-the-bye, the Duchess will be very happy to give Miss Howard a seat in her carriage back to London."

Cecil tried to express his thanks, but his heart was too full to speak: so once more bowing to the Duke, he passed on in search of Theresa. "But yesterday," thought he, "and how she would have rejoiced at so fair a dawn of my—then it would have been our—future prospects! But now, I have no prospects. Would I had no future!" So thinking, he walked on amid the different gay groups in quest of Theresa, but for some time in vain. At length, just as he was about to relinquish his search, he perceived her in the conservatory; her back was towards him, and the knight of the Star of the East, whose jewels blazed with double splendour beneath the artificial light, seemed busily explaining to her some points about a tea-rose, that had lately been added to her collection. Cecil entered noiselessly, and walked on behind the shelter of some large heaths and magnolias, till he came opposite to where Theresa stood. She was pale as the beautiful and delicate flower whose leaves rested on her hand. Cecil's heart stood still, as if to gather up her last looks. The

unknown knight continued to keep his vizor down.

" How pretty Waller's lines upon a rose are," said Theresa, listlessly, as though her thoughts (as was really the case) were far distant from her words.

" I know some, by another old poet, far prettier," said the unknown knight; " I believe Belinda is the heroine, but I'll transpose it to Theresa:—

'Theresa, see from yonder flowers,
The bee flies loaded to its cell,
Can you perceive what it devours?
Are they impaired in hue or smell?
So, though I robb'd you of a kiss,
Sweeter than their ambrosial dew,
Why are you angry at my bliss?
Has it at all impoverish'd you?'

The voice that uttered these lines was familiar to Cecil's ear; but he was too excited, bewildered, and indignant, clearly to remember to whom it belonged. The tone was certainly not that of a lover, even his distempered judgment was obliged to admit: but then, what impertinent familiarity from a man who must be almost, if not quite, a stranger to her! As usual, hurried away by the impulse of the moment, he was on the point of rushing forward and forcibly raising the vizor of the unknown knight, when Theresa, unasked, unoffered, put

her arm through that of the stranger and said, "Come, let us go and see what they are about in the ball-room." They walked out of the conservatory together, and Cecil, from his ambush, followed them with his eyes till they were out of sight, when he flung open a door that opened on the lawn, and rushed into the air. He took off his helmet and walked along hastily for some time, greedily inhaling the cold clear air. The darkest thread in the web of fate is the first moment that tells us

> "We have dreamt—we must waken, and never
> Recall the fond visions of youth."

* * * * * * * *

The eternal stars shone out brightly and calmly as ever, instinct with the destinies of the countless millions that had been, were, and were to be! but the waning of the young moon warned Cecil that the night was getting on. He had walked through a dark avenue till he found himself in the park by the Moorish colonnade; he entered the now deserted amphitheatre, which was in darkness, save where the oblique rays of the moon and stars fell upon some glittering piece of armour in the armoury; the gallery door having also been left open in one of the balconies, the light from it streamed down in a focus upon the summit of one of the mimic

mountains of San Marino, and produced a strangely shadowy and mysterious effect. "Ah," thought Cecil, looking athwart the surrounding gloom, "how full of feelings, thoughts, hopes, fears, mirth, and movement you were a few short hours ago!—how still and desolate you are now! You are but an epitome of the quick changes of the human heart; one moment overflowing with all that hope and happiness can give; gorgeous with the bright pageants of imagination, and harmonious with the music of sweet thoughts; the next, void and dark! But there is this difference between you—you are calm and unscathed in your desertion, whereas joy never quits the heart without sorrow entering to take its place. He walked mechanically up into the balcony, and kneeling down by the chair, where Theresa had sat, burst into a paroxysm of tears. "They are not the first, nor won't be the last," said he at length, rising and walking hastily into the gallery, where he perceived that something hung from his arm; it was a small blue crape scarf that Theresa had worn that morning. "You are kinder than your mistress," thought he, as he kissed it again and again, and placed it in his bosom, "for you cling to me still!" When he arrived at his own room, he found Girouette sitting on a port-

manteau, neither sleeping nor waking, but nodding in "a fond space" between the two, with a travelling cap on his head, and an old number of the "Charivari" in his hand.

"Ah! ça," said he, regaining his feet; "so Monsieur, no go to-night aftere all?"

"What put that into your head?" asked Cecil. "I'm going this very moment, so wheel over the writing-table—help me off with this armour, and give me my fur surtout."

"Oh pardon, Monsieur," said Girouette, as he executed all these orders in the rotation they were given.

Cecil wrote a short note to Sir Romulus, thanking him and Lady Bubble for their hospitality, and regretting that business of importance required his immediate presence in London, where he hoped they would always command him if he could be of any use. He then wrote another, longer, and more affectionate, to Marmaduke, telling him of the Duke of Arlington's kindness, promising to write to him soon, and begging his best wishes to all the ladies of the family. Having sealed them, and won golden opinions from all the servants, and taken a personal and most affectionate leave of poor Trip, while he in vain tried to coax Bruno away from his nightly post at Theresa's door, and was therefore obliged

to leave him, in less than another hour, Cecil Howard was seven miles on his road to London!

Tired with the exertions of the day, the guests separated soon after mid-night—the Unknown Knight alone remaining. In the midst of Sir Romulus's self-gratulations upon the tournament having gone off so well, Fenton brought in Cecil's two notes. "That is delightful," cried Marmaduke, on reading his, in allusion to the Duke of Arlington's kindness; while Sir Romulus, on the contrary, bumble-bee'd his displeasure by saying—"Um—um—um—the Algerine should not have gone away without saying one word to any of us."

"No, it was not putty of him after being here so long," deprecated Lady John.

"Oh, not only that, but I would have given him Town's Sub-marine Railroad plan; and it would have been the making of him! had he presented it at the Home-Office; besides, it would have delighted the Duke, with my notes and all the pleasantry and fun I have thrown into it. Um—um—um—very wrong of him."

"Oh dear, I quite agree with you, Romulus; and, do you know, I really believe he actually went away without taking any supper! Now, I should be sorry to say a word against the young man that was not strictly true, but I've

my reasons for what I say, for I was in the supper-room above twenty times to-night (of course to see that the company had all they wished), and I'm confident I never saw him once!"

"Ith Mithter Howard gone, Romuluth?" asked the old lady.

"Yes, ma'am, to London."

"To Lunnun!" rejoined she, scratching her left ear; "oh, then I hope Nettletop put him up something to ate; for Lunnun ith not like Dublin, you know—ith a mighty quare plathe for getting any thing in, I belave; and I'd be thorry the poor young man wanted any-thing; for, do you know, I think him a mighty purty young man."

"I think he might have stay'd for our wed-ding," giggled Miss Lucy, twisting her ringlets.

"Ah, just so—just so—a"——

"I think all the people have gone mad to-day," said Sir Romulus, "for there's that Algerine, McPhin, has never come back yet."

"Poor fellow," said Marmaduke, who had sundry misgivings about Mr. Mc Phin's ab-sence, which were increased to certainty when a whole fortnight elapsed without his making his appearance.

"So many departures require at least one

arrival to balance them," said the unknown knight, raising his vizor, walking round, and very tenderly embracing the old lady.

"Ah! get away—will you—who on earth are you? I declare I don't know whath come to the men now-a-days," screamed Mrs. Manners; but, raising her eyes to the face of the knight, added, "Oh!—ith you Mithter Ormond; then, upon my word, you're old enough to know better."

"I could not know better than my own mother," said he, affectionately pressing the old lady's hand. "I am not Mr. Ormond, but your son Lionel, mad-cap as you used to call me some five-and-thirty years ago." Here the old lady embraced her son, as did Lady Bubble; the former laughing and crying alternately, and filling up the interstices with, "Oh! indade, you were alwayth a wild odd fellow, Lionel: and exthacly wan (one) inch and a half taller than Lord Edward Fizgarld, the year of the Rebellion; now poor Percy. Theresa's father, wath two inches shorter, which uthed to make the boyth in Sthavens (Stephens) green thay, that you had too much *manners* and Parthy too little."

The whole family now crowded round Lionel Manners—overwhelming him with questions—which as soon as they would allow him to speak, he answered as follows:—

"Had not Marmaduke kindly asked me to the house," said he, "I should have contrived to get here; but having been absent so many years, the whim took me to know you before you knew me; for which reason I took up my abode at the Talbot, and, from my inquiries about you in the neighbourhood, heard a pretty good character of you all, more or less. I next resolved upon stealing a niece to take back to India with me. Lucy is going to be married, and I've no doubt her sister will soon do the same."

"Oh, the Algerines so beset me about her," said Sir Romulus, looking at his wife for approbation, "that I don't know which to answer first."

"Well, then," resumed Lionel, "Theresa is the only one that remains for me. I confess, I let her into my secrets three weeks ago, and now, like a true woman, she wants another fortnight before she can make up her mind to give me a definitive answer; and this delay cannot be on account of that Governor-General of all lady's movements—dress, for that was all provided three months ago, for whoever should come out with me."

"And are you really going to return to India—and so soon, Lionel?" asked Lady Bubble.

"I must go back for two years, at least," said he, "and then I shall return and live and die amongst you, if I am not gathered to my fathers before."

Day dawned before the family separated, so much had they to ask and to hear; and the old lady said, as she leant on her long-absent son, going up stairs:

"I knew there was something remarkable about you, Lionel, by my liking you so much when you were Mithter Ormond."

While Miss Prudence said, as she parted from him at her own door—"Oh dear, I hope you have ordered plenty of Hodgson's brown stout and pale ale, which I see advertised—specially for going out to Inja."

The ensuing fortnight was a weary one to Theresa; she watched the opening of every door with painful and breathless anxiety, in the hope that it would bring a letter or some tidings of Cecil—but none came!

Mr. Manners had very soon perceived his love for her; and discovered what was equally plain, the ungovernable jealousy of his temper: he spared his niece the embarrassment of confessing it to him, by himself acquainting her with it; adding, at the same time, that he was willing to do everything to promote their union,

by amply providing for them, if once he could be convinced that Cecil was effectually cured of his absurd jealousy—for if not, it would be sealing Theresa's misery, to link her fate with his. The scene at the tournament was then planned by him, to test Cecil's fervent protestations of reform—and the result has been seen.

When Cecil reached London, he felt as if he had been out of his senses, and had suddenly regained them. When the folly, the injustice of his conduct stared him appallingly in the face, he felt so humiliated, that he dared not write to Theresa. "She would despise me!" said he, "for after what has passed, how could she believe anything I would say?" upon this, anything but comfortable reflection, he sat down, determined to await the will of fate.

The fortnight at length passed, and Theresa

the succeeding ones had done, without bringing anything. At last the day arrived that she was to quit the home and companions of her childhood; and, with the exception of Marmaduke, she regretted the former more than the latter. In quitting inanimate things that we have loved, or that we have tended, there seems a voiceless reproach about them, that goes straight to the heart; whereas, with the human

beings who profess to love us most, we know that others will soon supply our place in their wants, which is the high-road to their affections—and to them we may return: but the flowers we have watered, the air we have breathed, when we leave them, it is for ever! we may return, but they have passed away, and no longer exist, but in the shadowy land of the things that were.

After Theresa had taken leave of them all (feeling, to her astonishment, that she even loved Miss Prudence better than she had had any idea of), and imprinted the last kiss on Marmaduke's silver hair, she went to the little morning-room up stairs, where Cecil had first told her he loved her—for that spot, be it where it may, is always hallowed ground to the heart—and there she knelt down and breathed the last prayer she should breathe in that house for him! She had left a letter and some music with Marmaduke for him, but begged he would not send it till after she had sailed. If Theresa's eyes were red and swollen as she whirled rapidly along the road to London, it was nothing unusual; for most women verify the Persian proverb of—"I cried the day I was born, and every day shows why."

Mr. Manners went to the Green Park Hotel,

which was strange, considering that Arlington House was in Piccadilly.

As Theresa was standing one morning in the window, and her dress-maker had just been announced, her attention was arrested by seeing a very pretty woman stop at the door of the hotel, and leave a card; she was about to drive away, when Cecil Howard passed. The lady kissed her hand to him with great empressement, and he, apparently nothing loath, stopped, and leaning on the carriage, entered into conversation with her.

"What a pretty person," said Theresa aloud, with more agitation than she could control; "I wonder who she is?"

"That, ma'am," replied Madame Valley Hirondal, the dress-maker, "is Lord St. Quinten's carriage, and that lady is his daughter, Lady Annette Lovell. She is very pretty; I have the honour of working for her ladyship. There was a report some time ago, that she was to be married to old Sir Headworth Clavering: Lord St. Quinten wished it because he was so rich; but they do say that her ladyship likes Mr. Howard—the handsome Mr. Howard, Lord John Bubble's nephew—and that he is desperately in love with her. Thank you, ma'am, that will do, I only wanted the measure of your waist; I

see you are tired standing; sorry to have detained you so long, but you shall have every thing home punctually at six o'clock this evening," and Madame Valley Hirondal curtseyed herself out of the room.

Two days afterwards Theresa Manners sailed for India.

END OF VOL. II.

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